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BATTLE REPORT

BATTLE REPORT

PACIFIC WAR: MIDDLE PHASE

Prepared from Official Sources by
Captain Walter Karig, USNR
and
Commander Eric Purdon, USNR



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The illustrations for this book were selected and edited by Captain E. John Long, USNR, assisted by C. Earl Cooley, SP (P) 1/c, USNR, and Miss Delia Rinalli. Charts and maps were drawn especially by Mr. George Sixta. All pictures are Official Navy Photographs unless otherwise designated. Official Combat Art work is indicated by the name of the artist.



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Author's Foreword

A FEW months before his death, Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox directed that the story of the Navy's part in World War II be prepared in "a nontechnical, readable form, the good and the bad." At that time the war was in full fury, but at once the preparation of a series to be known as BATTLE REPORT was started, and in the fall of 1944 the first volume was published by Farrar & Rinehart, Incorporated, for the Council of Books in Wartime, subtitled *Pearl Harbor to Coral Sea*.

This first book told the story of what has been loosely called the "Defensive Phase" of the Navy's war in the Pacific. Starting with the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, it chronicled the events of the next six months, when the remnants of our fleet fought a series of battles against overwhelming enemy odds, playing for time until Allied production could get into gear to make these odds a little more equitable.

The second volume, *The Atlantic War*, covered the operations half a world away, and this, the third volume, returns to the Pacific to tell how our fleet, holding the Japanese at the Coral Sea, defeating them at Midway and, in the "Defensive-Offensive Phase," laid the groundwork for the offensive that was to carry our forces to overwhelming victory.

In this volume, as in the preceding ones, the authors' main task has been editorial selection and arrangement. They have had access to a great amount of material which at times sorely taxed their determination to keep the book a simple account of what happened to Navy men and Navy ships. As such, Volume III is not a definitive history of the war in the Pacific during this period; this was not the purpose of the series. It is hoped, though, that it presents a well-rounded account, as seen by the men who fought to stem the tide of defeat.

Designation of personnel as USN or USNR has been abandoned throughout the book, because at this stage of the war the difference had become meaningless. Out of 187,333 commissioned officers in the Navy at the end of 1943, 149,853 were of the Reserve, most of whom were

newcomers to the naval profession, having joined in time of national emergency; United States Naval Reserve implies peacetime membership and training. Under the system of officer training and procurement, which will see Annapolis graduates furnishing only half of the commissioned personnel in a few years, the significance of the initials will become progressively less.

In gathering the material, the authors were helped by many, among whom are Rear Admiral Thomas H. Robbins, Jr., USN, Captain Cleveland McCauley, USN (Ret.), Captain John S. Phillips, USN, and Lieutenant Commander George Porter, USNR, of the Office of Records and Library; Commander Vincent Engels, USNR, and his corps of able historians: Lieutenant Commander Robert A. Knowlton, USNR, Lieutenant Commander Leonard Ware, USNR, Lieutenant Colin G. Jameson, USNR, Lieutenant J. Cutler Andrews, USNR, Lieutenant Carl Bridenbaugh, USNR, Lieutenant W. B. Lewis, USNR, Lieutenant Henry A. Mustin, USNR, Lieutenant Peter H. B. Frelinghuysen, Jr., USNR, Lieutenant Henry V. Poor, USNR, Lieutenant C. Van Woodward, USNR, Chief Specialist (X) L. C. Smith, USNR, and Chief Yeoman William F. O'Donnell, USNR; Lieutenant Robert I. Curtis, USNR; Lieutenant Commander William J. McNichol, USNR, of the Bureau of Naval Personnel; Lieutenant Earl Burton, USNR, coauthor of *BATTLE REPORT*, Volume II; the Misses Helene and Estelle Philibert of the Reference Section, Office of Public Information; Lieutenant Howard H. Lampman, USNR, who supplied much of the information on the Aleutian campaign; Commander Cedric Worth, USNR, of the Office of Naval Operations, Colonel Merrill B. Twining, Lieutenant Colonel F. C. Thompson, and Lieutenant Colonel John H. Earle Jr., of the United States Marine Corps.

Chief Yeoman Elvina Joan Sudol, USNR (W), again ensured that our scribbles were presented in legible type, and Miss Julie Eidesheim was the editorial stylist. To all of these and the many others are due the thanks of

WALTER KARIG
ERIC PURDON

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Introduction

IT WAS an incredible map of the world, as we view it in retrospect, that lay spread on the table of the White House in Washington on May Day, 1942.

All of continental Europe save neutral Switzerland, Sweden, Portugal, Turkey and scarcely friendly Spain was under the evil banner of the Crooked Cross. And these neutrals knew they survived by sufferance only.

The Mediterranean was a Fascist lake, in which only Gibraltar and Malta remained unconquered but besieged. From the Atlantic almost to the delta of the Nile, North Africa was enslaved.

Great Britain, upright under continuous bombing, maintained tenuous contact with Canada and the United States across an Atlantic Ocean whereon one was rarely out of sight of the tragic flotsam that marked another U-boat's victim. Armed Germans roamed Greenland, advising the Fuehrer's forces what tomorrow's weather would be so that the strategy ashore and afloat could be devised to enlist Nature as an ally.

Westward from the 180th meridian down to the equator and then slanting across New Guinea to enfold the East Indies to the head of the Bay of Bengal, Japan had drawn a new boundary in blood. Most of modernized China was hers; Siam, Burma, American Wake and Guam, the Commonwealth of the Philippines, England's fabled Singapore, and the incredibly rich Netherlands East Indies.

From Germany and Japan the Axis empire-builders had marched and flown as far as feet and wings could carry them, and had spilled into the sea to reach for the lands beyond them. The United States of America, the only power on earth which could match that empire in resources and manpower, was hemmed in upon itself.

Only two precarious paths of communication linked this country with its beleaguered allies—one across the Atlantic to England and Russia's arctic coast, the other the long and tortuous Pacific seaway to Australia. If the banners of the Swastika and Rising Sun were not to

meet, those sea lanes had to be broadened into safe highways across which the wealth of produce, industry and manpower could be hurled from America to Asia, Africa, Europe and Australia. All that the United States could produce was worthless save to repel invasion of its own soil unless the seas could be made safe. Our armies were landlocked.

In Pearl Harbor, men still toiled to restore the damage done to American naval might by the Japanese attack of six months before. The United States Asiatic Fleet was scattered and broken; so was Britain's and the Netherlands'.

If the proverbial Man from Mars could have been shown the map of the world as it was drawn on May Day, 1942, he must certainly have returned to his planet with the advice that Martia make friendly overtures to Hitler and Hirohito—oh, yes, and to Mussolini. That would have been the case because the Martian, coming from an arid planet, could not understand *seapower*.

Neither could Hitler or Mussolini. To them, seapower meant warships fighting in the classical manner. They did not have many of them, and furthermore they used their fleets cautiously, sparingly, preferring to run away rather than suffer damage.¹ Contrarily, the United States went on the offensive with its decimated fleet and started forthwith to carry the fight to the enemy on all seas.

Japan, an island empire more dependent upon the sea even than Great Britain, had a lively appreciation of seapower—so lively, in fact, that it would not risk its future by challenging the United States fleet by formal declaration of war—and so, Pearl Harbor.

Japan had a powerful Navy; her Army too was powerful not only in arms but in political influence. Its prestige in the government and with the public became dominant after the conquest of Manchuria and the invasion of eastern China, both of which the more conservative Japanese feared as risky adventures bound to exact retaliation from the Occidental powers. As in Hitler's occupation of the Rhineland, the militarists' greater conquest was not of alien territory but of their own people. "Heute Deutschland, morgen die ganze Welt" had its Japanese paraphrase.

Reluctantly the Japanese Navy joined in the preparations for a war of aggression, counter to its own conception of a function limited to pro-

¹ See BATTLE REPORT, Volume II, *The Atlantic War*.

tect Japan's expansion in East Asia. That Navy argued against Japan's adherence to the Axis, the Tripartite Pact, and lost. Committed to fight the world's great seapowers, the Navy did its best, but that best was hampered by the Army's insistence that the primary function of a fleet was transportation. Thus Japanese submarines, after the first year of the war, ceased to be a problem to the United States because they were mostly employed in carrying supplies to their Army's outposts in the Indies, American submarines having destroyed Japan's cargo fleet.

Much of this was suspected here, and all of it has been verified by captured Japanese records and interviews with prisoners of policy-making rank conducted by the Joint United States Army and Navy Assessment Board. Even at the risk of getting still further ahead of the story as contained in this volume, it might be noted as an illustration of applied seapower what evaluation of enemy ship losses the Assessment Board has produced. Here it is, in tabloid:

Total losses of Japanese ships of 1,000 tons or more, sunk by United States agencies, were 2,325 ships displacing 9,236,930 tons. The agencies, in order of percentage of tonnage destroyed, were:

U. S. Submarines	56.5%
U. S. Naval Aircraft	23.8%
U. S. Army Aircraft	6.9%
Mines	4.3%
U. S. Surface craft	3.5%
U. S. Navy ship plus plane	1.4%
Navy-Army combinations	0.6%
Miscellaneous and unspecified	3.0%

Thus is illustrated how that gloomy map of May Day, 1942, was completely changed in less than forty months by the application of sea-air power. In the Atlantic, it was the carrier-destroyer combination that beat the Nazi submarine and enabled us to transport millions of men, and supplies for millions more, across that ocean. In the Pacific, it was the carrier-submarine team that broke the line erected by Japan around 12,500,000 conquered square miles and used that line with which to strangle Japan economically and militarily.

But these observations exceed the scope of this volume and anticipate Volume IV. Let us return to the world of May 1, 1942, and regard it

from a viewpoint close to where the International Date Line crosses the equator. The sound effects should be the tinkling of samisen and the breath-taking boom of the giant gagaku drum. Ameterasu, the Sun Goddess, beams down upon her favorite sons. They have done well.

PART ONE

The Turning Point . . .



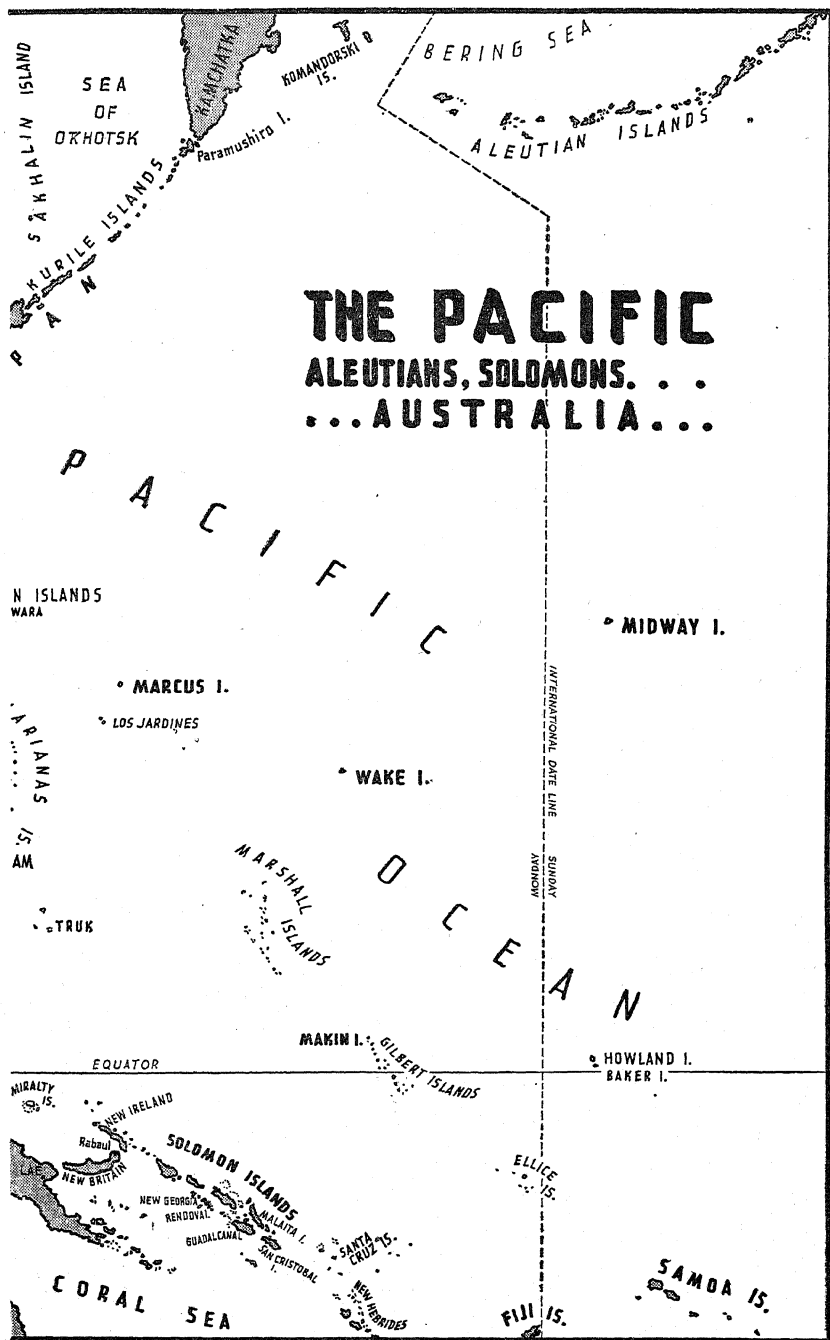


FIGURE I

CHAPTER ONE

The Coral Sea

I

VICE ADMIRAL INOUE sipped his morning tea pleasantly. Short, squat and ambitious, he speculated on the dispatches that were reaching him at his Southeast Area Fleet headquarters at Rabaul. They augured well for the Greater East Asia War. The last bastion in the Philippines, Corregidor, could not last more than two days; even now the warriors of Dai Nippon were tightening the cordon around this crumbling fortress. On the mainland of Asia, the insignificant trickle of supplies from the democracies to the Chinese would now cease with the routing of Stilwell from Burma—any day should see the start of a successful advance into India.

The admiral sucked the tea noisily through his teeth. What was it the American general had said? "I admit we got a hell of a beating in Burma . . ." Where indeed hadn't the Americans received a hell of a beating? The strong, sure tentacles of Japanese might were spreading throughout the Orient, reaching southward, creating and consolidating bases for further offensive action.

Today, on this bright, warm morning of May 4, 1942, the forces of the Sun God were firmly entrenched at Rabaul and Gasmata in New Britain, Kavieng in New Ireland, Salamaua and Lae in New Guinea, on the Watom, Ulu and Dyaul islands, Kieta and Buin on Bougainville Island, and on the Buka and Faisi islands in the Solomons. These centers of supply in the New Guinea-New Britain-Solomons area threatened all Melanesia and—at long last—Australia itself.

In five months the Japanese had increased their empire to approximately twelve and a half million square miles: in area, about six per cent of the world's surface. And daily the impetus of her attack grew. What could stop it? Certainly not the weak forces of America, Britain, Australia

and the Netherlands. Today the occupation of Florida Island was being achieved by Imperial Marines of the Kure SLF swarming ashore from the transports *AZUMAYAMA MARU* and *UKINOSHIMA*, in Tulagi Harbor; merely indicative of more landings to come.

In a short while, the conquest of the lower Solomons would be complete, and the long thin line of communication between the United States and Australia could be nullified at will. The imminent invasion of Port Moresby in New Guinea would provide a steppingstone to Australia, and the waters of the Japan Sea would lap the shores of the Western Hemisphere, from Alaska to the Strait of Magellan.

Then what? A short mopping-up campaign to ensure the co-operation of survivors before throwing full might against the North American continent? Time enough to decide that. Admiral Inoue was a realist; he knew Japan's march of conquest could not be stopped. Indubitably the Allies realized it too; its obviousness should be apparent even to such a dogged and bullheaded people. In a few months—a year at most—this same fleet would be anchored in San Francisco Bay, perhaps New York. It was destiny.

Admiral Inoue grinned mirthlessly. It would be interesting to decree a Shinto celebration throughout the United States and Canada on December 25, 1942. Politely he inserted his little finger in his right nostril and scratched.

The admiral knew that an Allied force was operating some four hundred miles southeastward of Guadalcanal Island. On May 2, a sighting report had been made by a scouting submarine. It was unfortunate, of course, that further amplifying messages had not been received. However, there was no cause for alarm. It was unlikely this force knew of the landing on Florida Island; even if it did, what could be done about it? The American Admiral would not jeopardize his fleet by attacking; operating so many thousands of miles from adequate bases, its presence was little more than a bluff, an attempt to save face. . . .

Admiral Inoue knew that he wouldn't order his ships into such an engagement, even with such a powerful armada as he now commanded. So he was confident. He was too confident. And by so being, he overlooked one important thing: The men in the enemy task force were not Japanese, but Americans and Australians. They were not cruising the blue waters of the Coral Sea avoiding trouble—they were looking for it.

A knock on the cabin door and the sound of sucked-in breath brought

the admiral out of his reverie. Boredly he took the dispatch from his aide. Then his body tensed with anger. It was unbelievable!

American aircraft were attacking Tulagi.

2

The morning of May 1, 1942, south of the Solomons, had dawned cool and clear. As the stars disappeared in the lightening sky, the dim outlines of eleven ships gradually sharpened and took shape. All flew the ensign of the United States.

In cruising disposition, an aircraft carrier, three heavy cruisers, six destroyers and a tanker sped through the waters of the Coral Sea. Aboard each vessel the navigator and quartermasters pored over the calculations of their morning's star sights. Accurate navigation, always important, was more so today. For this was the day of rendezvous. The task force, under command of Rear Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher, would be joined by another, fresh from a respite in Pearl Harbor, commanded by Rear Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch.

Rendezvous didn't mean relief and a return to base for these ships, already over two months in the area and veterans of the Salamaua-Lae attack in March.¹ Instead, it meant reinforcement, the addition of much-needed strength to pit against the new Japanese threats.

And Admiral Fletcher wanted to renew his acquaintanceship with the Jap. He had fine ships with him: his flagship, the aircraft carrier YORKTOWN (Captain Elliot Buckmaster); the heavy cruisers ASTORIA (Captain Francis W. Scanland), CHESTER (Captain Thomas M. Shock) and PORTLAND (Captain Benjamin Perlman); the destroyers HAMMANN (Commander Arnold E. True), ANDERSON (Lieutenant Commander John K. B. Ginder), RUSSELL (Lieutenant Commander Glenn R. Hartwig), WATKINS (Lieutenant Commander Thomas E. Fraser), MORRIS (Commander Harry B. Jarrett) and SIMS (Lieutenant Commander Willford M. Hyman). And the tanker NEOSHO (Captain John S. Phillips) had proved herself a heroine ever since the first day of the war.

There were fine ships coming in Task Force 11 to join him. The carrier LEXINGTON (Captain Frederick C. Sherman); the heavy cruisers MINNEAPOLIS (Captain Frank J. Lowry) and NEW ORLEANS (Captain

¹ See BATTLE REPORT, Volume I, Chapter 15.

Howard H. Good); the destroyers PHELPS (Lieutenant Commander Edward L. Beck), DEWEY (Lieutenant Commander Charles F. Chillingworth, Jr.), FARRAGUT (Commander George P. Hunter), AYLWIN (Lieutenant Commander George Phelan) and MONAGHAN (Lieutenant Commander William P. Burford).

At half past six in the morning—0630 as the Navy puts it—the two forces joined, on schedule. As casual as keeping a date on the library steps, as punctual as a business conference, the fleets met and merged on what landmen choose to call the “trackless sea.”

Admiral Fitch had brought his ships a long way. He had left Pearl Harbor for the vicinity of Christmas Island when he was overtaken by orders from CINCPAC—Commander in Chief Pacific Fleet—to change course for the Coral Sea, more than doubling his journey. His ships needed fuel.

So, after the first swift exchange of greetings, the newcomers were ordered by Admiral Fletcher (now in command of the combined task forces) to join a reinforcing group cruising in the vicinity, to refuel. “Need gas? You’ll find a service station just over the horizon, yonder.”

The Navy’s equivalent of highway gasoline pumps was the oiler TIPPECANOE (Commander Atherton Macondray) guarded by the heavy cruiser CHICAGO (Captain Howard D. Bode) and the destroyer PERKINS (Lieutenant Commander Walter C. Ford). Like automobiles on a Sunday morning the ships slid up to the oiler in their turn, the hose lines were rigged, and the vital fuel was pumped into their empty bunkers.

Meanwhile Admiral Fletcher’s original force “topped off” from the NEOSHO. The task was barely completed, on May 2, when the Admiral was handed intelligence reports that the Japanese were preparing to advance on Port Moresby, on the Australian side of New Guinea.

What Admiral Fletcher did not know was that the Japanese fleet would split, after the New Guinea port was in process of occupation, and its carriers would proceed to attack Townsville, Australia, where American troops were being disembarked and General MacArthur was assembling his forces.

It would have made no difference in Fletcher’s plan. He sent word to Admiral Fitch, whose ships were still two days from completing their refueling, to get under way at once. The risky but uniquely United States Navy business of refueling while under way was to be employed, and Fitch was to rendezvous on the morning of the 4th with the Australian

heavy cruisers AUSTRALIA (Captain H. B. Farncomb, RAN) and HOBART (Captain H. L. Howden, RAN). Further orders, depending on the intelligence reports in the interval, would be delivered at Lat. 15°S ., Long. 157°E .

As for himself, Admiral Fletcher was shoving northwestward forthwith. As his ships slanted toward the equator, a scout plane from the YORKTOWN broadcast a frantic message: Japanese submarine on the surface, in the path of the task force.

Other planes converged on the spot, and churned the area with depth bombs. Whether they got the submarine or not, the news was probably out to the Japanese command that an American fleet was bearing down.

So Admiral Fletcher stuck to his course, refueling his hard-working destroyers during the morning of the 3rd, sending his aerial scouts as far ahead as their safety permitted to watch for enemy ships, submarines or aircraft. And then, at the close of an uneventful day, at seven o'clock in the evening came a report which, as the Admiral says, "We had been waiting two months to receive."

The Japanese were occupying Florida Island in the Solomons, landing at Tulagi.

Here was a chance to hit the enemy and the Admiral did not hesitate, nor wait for the rest of the ships at his command. He detached his tanker NEOSHO, with the destroyer RUSSELL as escort, and sent her to the rendezvous already arranged with word of a new meeting place at Lat. 15°S ., 160°E ., the morning of the 5th.

The YORKTOWN, ASTORIA, CHESTER, PORTLAND, HAMMANN, ANDERSON, PERKINS, WALKE, MORRIS and SIMS piled on steam and headed for Tulagi.

The pack was on a scent—most literally with a vengeance.

3

All night long the task force sailed to the north at high speed, and by seven o'clock in the morning was 100 miles southwest of Guadalcanal Island, and in position to launch YORKTOWN's attack groups.

It was not a good day for flying; showers and scattered squalls, as well as wind gusts, hampered the planes but did not deter them.

The attack group consisted of 12 torpedo planes (TBD) of Torpedo

Squadron 5, under Lieutenant Commander Joe Taylor; 13 scout planes (SBD) of Scouting Squadron 5, under Lieutenant Commander William O. Burch, Jr.; and 15 bombers (SBD) of Bombing Squadron 5, under Lieutenant Wallace C. Short, Jr.

Within a few minutes the squadrons were airborne and streaking northward toward the mountains of Guadalcanal, on the far side of which lay their objective.

Each squadron flew independently and the scouts were the first to get there. Below them in Tulagi Harbor and near-by Gavutu Harbor they saw their enemy: two large cargo ships or transports, a smaller cargo ship, four minesweepers, two destroyers, one light cruiser of the Jintsu class, a number of small motor torpedo craft and five seaplanes moored off Makambo Island.

Down they roared to the attack, followed a few minutes later by the torpedo planes and then the bombers.

In all, three separate assaults were made throughout the day. After releasing their bombs and torpedoes the planes flew back to the YORKTOWN, refueled and rearmed, and headed back to Tulagi. The Japs got no rest, and by late afternoon they were licking their wounds and surveying their damage. Irreparably lost were one of the destroyers, KIKUZUKI, a cargo ship, the five seaplanes, and assorted small craft; damaged were the cruiser, a minelayer, the other destroyer, and cargo ships. The cost to us was light: three pilots lost their way returning to the carrier, two of them making a forced landing on Guadalcanal Island where they were rescued that night by HAMMANN. The other was forced down at sea, and despite an intensive search by the destroyer PERKINS, was not located. Two torpedo planes, three bombers and three scouts were damaged by shrapnel but successfully returned to YORKTOWN and were subsequently repaired.

As the onslaught progressed, the task force steamed to the west in an arc above Rennell Island. Then, the mission accomplished, with the attack groups back aboard the carrier, it headed south to the rendezvous.

There was elation in the ships as they headed away from the holocaust on Florida Island. Numerically superior in the Southwest Pacific, the Jap should now realize that his southward expansion would not be unopposed, nor was he confronted by only a token fleet. Task Force 17's strategy was the doctrine of the United States Navy: "Attack and reattack! Seek out the enemy; seek him out and destroy him."

There was satisfaction at the success of the Tulagi strike, but there was realization too that this was but a small pattern in the larger fabric of the southern war. As they joined the ships of Admiral Fitch the morning of Tuesday, May 5, the strands of the tapestry were being woven. Intelligence was bringing in ominous reports—a large number of enemy ships of every type, including three aircraft carriers, were in the New Guinea-New Britain-Solomons area. Later messages indicated that the advance on Port Moresby would begin in a day or two by way of the Jomard Passage in the Louisiade Archipelago. . . . It was likely that the Japanese would attempt to establish a base in the Deboyne Islands en route. . . . The Imperial Japanese Carrier Division 5, containing SHOKAKU and ZUIKAKU, was somewhere off Bougainville. . . .

Tuesday and Wednesday, the task force steamed toward the Louisiades, fueling from the NEOSHO. On Wednesday morning, May 6, Admiral Fletcher's operation order to the force was put into effect. Task Force 17¹ was now composed of an attack group of cruisers and destroyers for making day and night attacks on enemy surface vessels, and a support group of carriers and destroyers to protect the carriers.

Operating in conjunction with the combatant ships were a fueling group and a search group. Captain John S. Phillips commanded the former, which consisted of NEOSHO and TIPPECANOE with the destroyers SIMS and WORDEN as their respective escorts. The search was the seaplane tender TANGIER and 12 patrol planes, commanded by Commander George H. DeBaun, and operated from a base at Noumea, New Caledonia.

Through the day of the 6th, the code room of the flagship hummed with activity as the intelligence reports were deciphered. A battle was shaping up. Even the mess boys realized that, but a battle of what far-reaching consequence no one knew.

Then, cutting through the welter of code and static, came a message "in the clear," in plain English, and its effect on every man in the fleet

¹ Its organization was this: Attack Group—Rear Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid: Heavy cruisers USS MINNEAPOLIS and NEW ORLEANS. Rear Admiral William W. Smith: Light cruiser USS ASTORIA and heavy cruisers USS CHESTER and PORTLAND. Captain Alexander R. Early: Destroyers USS PHELPS, DEWEY, FARRAGUT, AYLWIN and MONAGHAN. Support Group—Rear Admiral J. G. Crace, RN: Heavy cruisers HMS AUSTRALIA, HOBART and USS CHICAGO. Commander Francis X. McInerney: Destroyers USS PERKINS and WALKER. Air Group—Rear Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch: Carriers USS YORKTOWN and LEXINGTON. Captain Gilbert C. Hoover: Destroyers USS MORRIS, ANDERSON, HAMMANN and RUSSELL.

was to make him hotly impatient for a shot at the enemy. Beamed from the Philippines to Pearl Harbor, the message read:

GOING OFF THE AIR NOW. GOODBYE AND GOOD LUCK: CALLAHAN AND MC COY.

The call letters were the Navy's transmitter on Corregidor.¹

The Philippines had fallen, freeing enemy forces to strengthen the Japanese drive south and east.

4

Admiral Fletcher, studying his charts and intelligence reports, prepared to hit the oncoming Japanese by next daylight. He ordered the *NEOSHO*, with her escort *SIMS*, to clear out to the south.

Next morning, Thursday, May 7, he sent the support group under Admiral Crace and the destroyer *FARRAGUT* ahead to Jomard Passage. There were indications that enemy transports escorted by light cruisers were already there en route for Port Moresby. (Later in the afternoon Japanese bombers and torpedo planes attacked them but were successfully beaten off.)

The main body of Task Force 17 moved northward, aircraft scouting far ahead. From one flashed the electrifying news: Two enemy carriers and four heavy cruisers north of Misima Island!

Then another message: Two heavy cruisers under way. The air hummed with reports of enemy contact. Enemy torpedo bombers were aloft. A pause. Two of them—Kawanishi types 94—downed.

The clang of the battle alarm sent pilots scrambling to their planes aboard the *YORKTOWN* and *LEXINGTON*. Two enemy carriers! The reported *SHOKAKU* and *ZUIKAKU*?

The *LEXINGTON* planes, led by Commander William B. Ault, took off first. Fighting Squadron 2, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Paul H. Ramsey; Lieutenant Commander Robert E. Dixon's Scouting Squadron 2; Bombing Squadron 2 of Lieutenant Commander Weldon L. Hamilton; and the torpedo planes of Torpedo Squadron 2, led by Lieutenant Commander James H. Brett, Jr., left the flight deck and climbed into the cumulus-clouded sky. Eight SBDs remained over the ship as an antitorpedo-plane patrol.

¹ See BATTLE REPORT, Volume I, Chapters 17-18.

The YORKTOWN group followed. They were the same men and planes that had struck at Tulagi three days before.

Ninety-two planes headed toward the reported target 160 miles away. Nature was on our side that day, for a frontal area hid our ships when the attackers took off; a front that extended fifty miles to the north. Beyond that, where the Japanese were, the weather was fine, an unlimited ceiling and a 20-mile visibility.

The combined air groups from our carriers were well on their way when the YORKTOWN search planes that had made the sighting circled the carrier and landed. What the pilots' feelings—and indeed the Admiral's—were, when they made their verbal report, can be imagined. What had actually been seen were two heavy cruisers and two light cruisers. No mean target, to be sure. But what they wanted was carriers; to smash the Japanese control of the air. There *were* carriers in the vicinity; there was excellent indication of it. But where? Their whereabouts was still a mystery.

If fickle Nature was with us, so too was her quixotic sister Fortune. The attack group was by now nearing its objective. The aircraft were not recalled, even if cruisers instead of carriers appeared under their bombsights. And this decision to keep them going was extremely good, for almost immediately upon the mildly disappointing report of the search pilots came news over the radio that Australian shore-based reconnaissance planes had spotted a carrier, sixteen miscellaneous warships and ten transports, only thirty miles from the cruisers located by the YORKTOWN scouts!

Promptly the attack planes were ordered to make a slight change of course to concentrate on the juicier target. Seven minutes later, LEXINGTON's planes, which were leading, were overhead the enemy north of Misima Island.

"We came over at 12,000 feet," Lieutenant Commander Dixon said later. "Enemy fighter planes were in the air, but they barely reached us as we eased off into our dives. These fighters came right on down with us in a terrible free-for-all mix-up, staying with us right to the water. Naturally, we went for the carrier first.

"It was obvious we had caught them by surprise. They had a number of planes on deck, and one was coming up from the hangar deck in the elevator. I could see them all clearly as I kept my eye on them, sighting for the release point."

Two confirmed hits were made by Scouting Squadron 2: one on the carrier's stern and the other in the middle of the flight deck. Then the bombers and torpedo planes took over in a co-ordinated attack.

"The next few minutes," said the then Lieutenant Commander Jimmy Flatley, "were beyond description. The sight of those heavy dive bombers smashing that carrier was so awful I was physically ill. They followed each other at three- or four-second intervals, and those powerful explosions were literally tearing the big ship apart."

The bombers laid five 1,000-pound bombs squarely on the flattop while the TBDs were credited with 9 out of 12 drops.

When the LEXINGTON planes were through, the carrier was in mortal agony. Vainly she turned into the wind in an abortive attempt to launch some protective fighters. But all she accomplished was to present a perfect target to the approaching YORKTOWN fliers.

Scouting Squadron 5 and Bombing Squadron 5—armed with 1,000-pound bombs—screamed down from 18,000 feet. The damage they inflicted was tremendous, so much so that the last bomber pulled away rather than waste his bomb on the shambles. He aimed at a light cruiser near by. A direct hit on the cruiser's stern sunk her.

Only a small section of the doomed carrier's bow was visible through the heavy smoke pouring from her entrails as the torpedo planes came in to the dropping point for the coup de grâce. Only two light guns were firing from the heavily listing ship.

Suddenly it was all over. All ten torpedoes found their mark, and within three minutes the carrier, subsequently identified as the SHOHU, slipped beneath the water.

One hundred and sixty miles away, the men of the task force listened to the action at their battle stations. The ships' loudspeakers were cut into the plane's intercommunication radio circuits. All they could hear was a confusion of commands and conversation dimmed by distance and atmospheric disturbance.

Then there was silence, and a voice, jubilant with victory, reached through the fleet:

"Scratch one flattop! Scratch one flattop!"

The action off Misima cost us six planes, and the crews of five of them. Lieutenant Edward Allen, executive officer of the LEXINGTON's Scouting Squadron 2, and winner of the Navy Cross off Rabaul the previous February, was shot down by SHOHU's fighters. Lieutenant (jg)

Anthony J. Quigley of the same squadron, despite the loss of his plane's control wires, managed to make a crash landing on Russell Island, where he and his radioman were later rescued by Australians. LEXINGTON lost one other plane, a fighter from her combat air patrol, which was believed to have collided with a Zero.

The YORKTOWN lost the other three, one SBD and two fighters.

These were not our only losses as May 7 came to an end. To the southeastward, the doughty auxiliary oiler NEOSHO, and her escort SIMS, which had been detached the day before, were discovered by Japanese aircraft ¹ and sunk, with the loss of 379 lives. Only thirteen enlisted men survived of SIMS' entire complement.

It was the end of a heroic career for NEOSHO. Following the carnage at Pearl Harbor, she had been the only remaining fleet oiler in the mid-Pacific and had carried her life-giving loads all over that ocean. And now she had met her end on the eve of the turning point of the war. Though seven direct hits from 24 Japanese bombers made her a total loss the afternoon of the 7th, she refused to sink for three days, and then only when a rescuing ship, HENLEY, fired two torpedoes into her.

The NEOSHO took orders only from her own side.

These were our losses. That day the Japanese lost one aircraft carrier, SHOKO, with most of her crew and planes, one light cruiser, and 23 other planes were shot down.

But the showdown was still to come.

5

The combat patrols, as tired birds, were returning to their carriers at sunset. YORKTOWN's flock was circling above her. The landing officer was on the flight deck, ready to direct the planes as one by one they would come in to land. The "airedales" were ready too.

Suddenly, along the starboard side three planes flew by, flashing their landing lights on and off. This was hardly correct procedure, but it was obvious they wanted to land. They banked across the carrier's bow

¹ Actually, it was learned three and a half years later through interrogation of Japanese officers, the enemy scout planes wrongly identified NEOSHO as a carrier. This explains the ferocity of the enemy attack on a relatively unimportant target. On their way back to the carriers SHOKAKU and ZUIKAKU, the Japanese bombers saw the American carrier force, but they had expended all their bombs on the oiler.

to make another circle and, in a fleeting moment, through the darkness, were recognized.

"Japs!"

If the *LEXINGTON* was surprised, the Nipponese pilots were more so. Their welcome was too hot to be the hospitality they expected, and, disillusioned, they streaked off into the night in search of their own ship.

Radar tracked them, and a few minutes later revealed the confused Japanese circling, thirty miles to the eastward, and apparently landing on a Japanese carrier.

Admiral Fletcher, on the basis of this radar information, pondered the advisability of delivering a night surface attack. It would have been good tactics by conventional naval practices, but he decided against it. "Had there been assurance of our surface force making contact, it might have been advisable for the carriers to retire to the southward," he says. "But had the surface force failed to make contact during the night, they might have met a disastrous air attack next day. All things considered, the best plan seemed to be to keep our force concentrated and prepare for a battle with enemy carriers the next morning."

Thus was made the decision that opened a new chapter in the long annals of sea power—a major naval battle, in one way a decisive naval battle—fought without contact of ships. The long eye of radar, the long voice of radio, and the long arm of carrier-borne aircraft were to combine sea power with a giant's reach.

At dawn our scouts took off to settle definitely the position of the enemy. Covering all points of the compass in a wide arc, the planes hunted.

To the northward into a frontal area flew Lieutenant (jg) Joseph Smith of *LEXINGTON*'s Scouting Squadron 2. The weather front was the one which had protected our force the day before. Today it was to help the Jap, for inside it Joe Smith found the enemy: two carriers, four heavy cruisers, and several destroyers, steaming south at high speed.

Across 170 miles of water to our task force came his contact report—and at precisely the same time the chatter of a Japanese scout sped back to his fleet. Our forces had been sighted too. The battle would start from scratch.

Aboard *YORKTOWN* and *LEXINGTON* the ready rooms resounded to the call of "Pilots, man your planes!" And as the first of the attack group roared off the *YORKTOWN*, Admiral Fletcher turned the tactical com-

mand of the task force over to Admiral Fitch. The Battle of the Coral Sea was entering its decisive phase.

The two opposing attack groups—American and Japanese—left their carriers at about the same time and, although both flew the most direct route, neither saw the other. The Japs flew high, and the Americans flew close to the water; squalls and limited visibility hid each from the other as they passed to their respective targets.

Shadowing the Japanese task force was Lieutenant Commander Robert Dixon. Following Joe Smith's report, Bob Dixon had joined him and remained above the enemy, sending additional data to our fleet and directional signals to our oncoming attackers.

At eleven o'clock, the attack began. The YORKTOWN's scouts and bombers dove steeply on one of the carriers, SHOKAKU, while the torpedo planes of Torpedo Squadron 5 protected by four fighters swung in to drop their "fish."

"We dived on the starboard carrier," Ensign John H. Jorgenson of Scouting Squadron 5 said. "The skipper, Lieutenant Commander Burch, led and I followed. I saw the skipper's 1,000-pounder hit smack on the carrier's deck. After releasing my bomb, my plane lurched and started into a left spin. I pulled out and discovered a shell hole in the left aileron and wing, leaving the wiring and tubing protruded.

"I started climbing and three fighters jumped my tail. Their bullets ripped into the plane, especially the wings and front end of the fuselage, passing over my right shoulder and tearing off the rear of the telescope and wrecking most of my instruments. Others hit the back of the armored seat. One bullet passed through the oxygen tube lying on my forearm and three grazed my right leg.

"I took cover in some clouds but three more attacked from above and ahead. One came in head on and I shot into him until he veered off smoking. After this, my engine began to lose power. I picked up a group of Douglas scout bombers and came home.

"I tried to land with flaps down, but the plane was uncontrollable. I sat the plane down in the sea, and I was picked up four minutes later."

Six sure, and three possible, 1,000-pound bomb hits were claimed on SHOKAKU as well as three or four torpedoings. Actually only two bombs struck the carrier, but they were sufficient to render SHOKAKU useless for months to come. If any torpedoes struck, they were duds.

One of the bomb hits was scored by Lieutenant John J. Powers. He

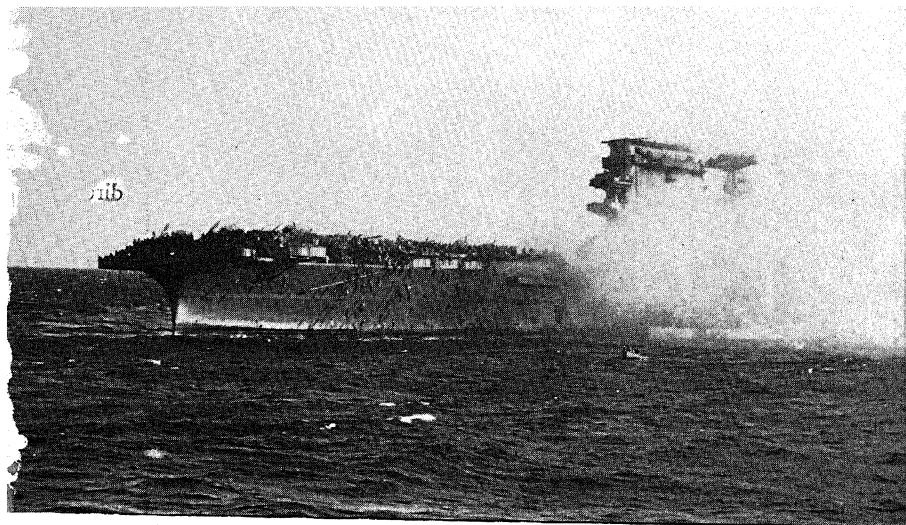
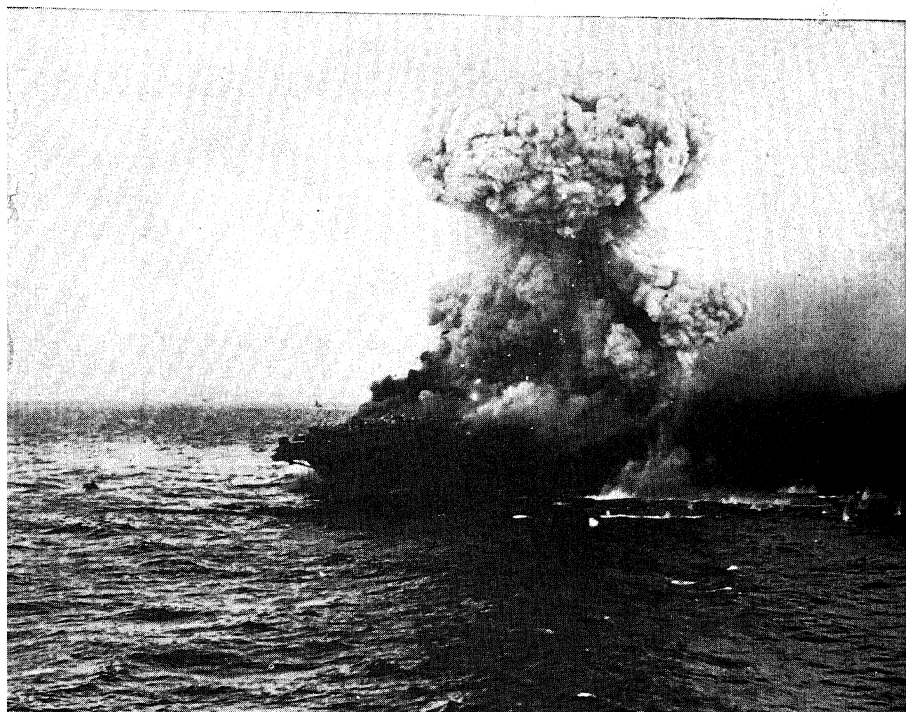


PLATE I—The Battle of the Coral Sea, May 4-8, 1942, marked the high tide of Jap aggression southward toward Australia and New Zealand. But U. S. victory at the Coral Sea was not without price. (*above*) "Abandon Ship!" is ordered aboard the carrier LEXINGTON, and, while a destroyer takes off the wounded, the rest of the officers and crew slide down lines into the water. Not a man was lost in this operation. (*below*) Explosions rend the LEXINGTON as gasoline tanks and ammunition stores are ignited. The hard fight to save the ship finally had to be given up.



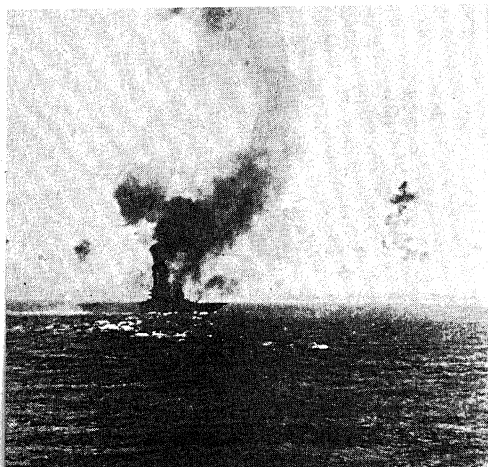
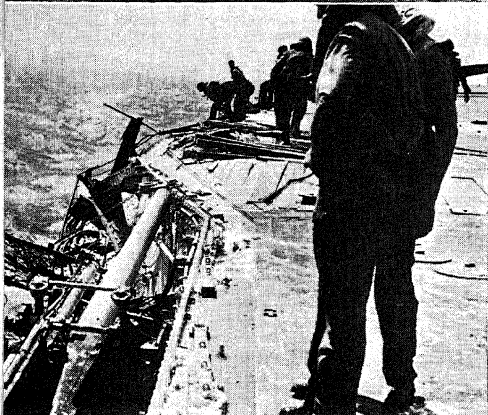


PLATE II—Because Jap planes singled out the U. S. carriers for the brunt of their attack, the YORKTOWN and LEXINGTON drew apart in order that they might safely make evasive maneuvers at high speed. Screening ships followed, so that at the end of the Battle of the Coral Sea the two groups were several miles from each other.

(above) Vice Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher, commander of Task Force Fox, as the U. S. Coral Sea squadron was designated.



(upper left) The LEX, badly hit, still throws a terrific barrage of antiaircraft fire, fighting off a Japanese dive bomber and torpedo planes.

(center left) Between attacks, repair crews work on the flight deck of the LEXINGTON, where a Japanese bomb struck a glancing blow during an early phase of the battle.

(lower) Death throes for the LEX. Flames sweep the ship as the torpedo war heads let go, sealing the fate of the stout-hearted carrier. Note plane blasted from the deck by the force of the explosion. Admiral Fitch and Captain Sherman have just left the ship.



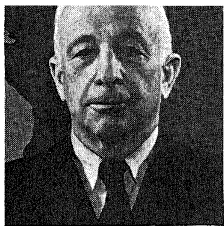


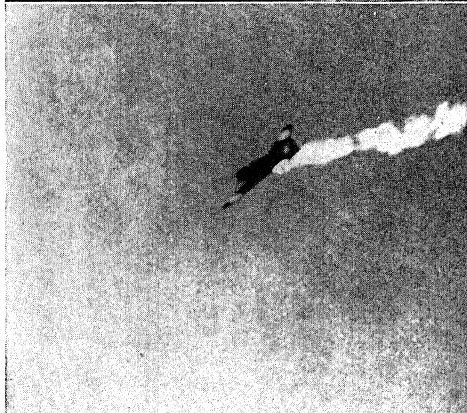
PLATE III—The Battle of the Coral Sea was remarkable in that it was the first major engagement in naval history in which the issue was decided without surface ships having exchanged a shot. Purely a long-range air action, each side, at the same time, sought to deprive the other of air support by the same means—carrier-based plane attacks on its opponent's carriers.

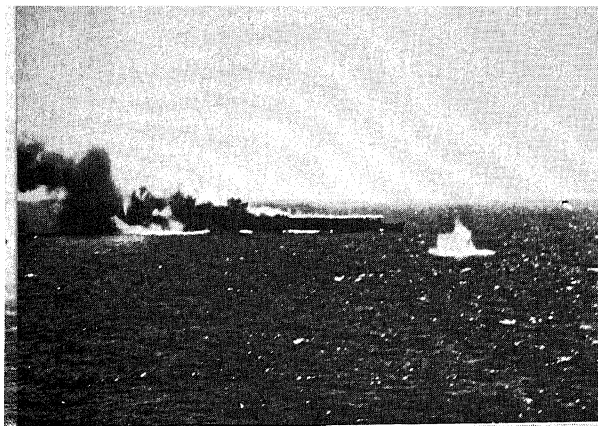
(above) Rear Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch, who commanded all air operations in Task Force Fox.

(upper right) Three of many U. S. naval heroes of the battle: Lt. Comdr. J. H. Flatley, commanding VS-2; Lt. S. W. Vejtasa, and Lt. (jg) John A. Leppla. Lt. Vejtasa shot down three of seven Jap Zeros which attacked him. Lt. Leppla and his radioman accounted for seven Zeros during the two-day battle.

(right center) A Jap plane shot down by the LEXINGTON's accurate antiaircraft fire.

(lower) Flotsam of battle—another Jap fighter, shot down during the Coral Sea fight, beached on a reef.

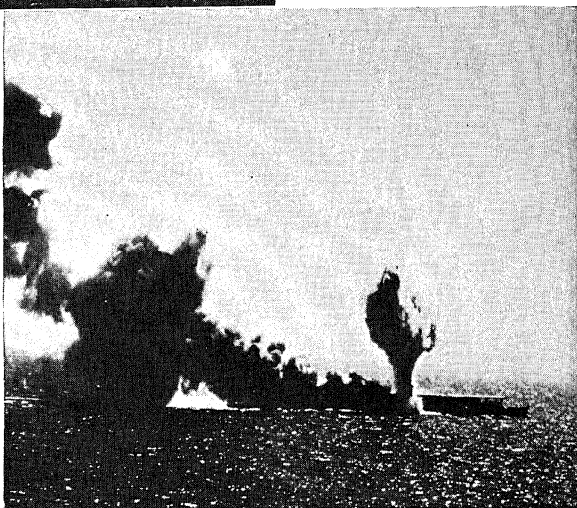




(above) Vice Admiral T. C. Kinkaid, commander of an attack group, Task Force Fox.

PLATE IV—Revenge for the loss of the LEXINGTON "came in advance"; the day before her own planes and those of the YORKTOWN sank the Jap carrier SHOKO and a light cruiser.

(above) The SHOKO, burning badly from dive bomber attacks by U. S. Navy carrier planes, is about to receive a "fish" from a torpedo plane. Note white splash of torpedo, which has just been dropped by plane veering off to right.



(center) The Jap carrier SHOKO shudders under the impact of a torpedo hit. SBDs from the LEX were credited with 9 hits out of 12 drops. In addition, LEX bombers laid five 1,000-pound bombs squarely on the flight deck.

(left) "Scratch one flattop" was the jubilant word our flyers sent back by radio to the task force. Here the SHOKO is a blazing shambles, just before she slipped beneath the water.





(above) Rear Admiral William W. Smith, commander of an attack group, Task Force Fox.

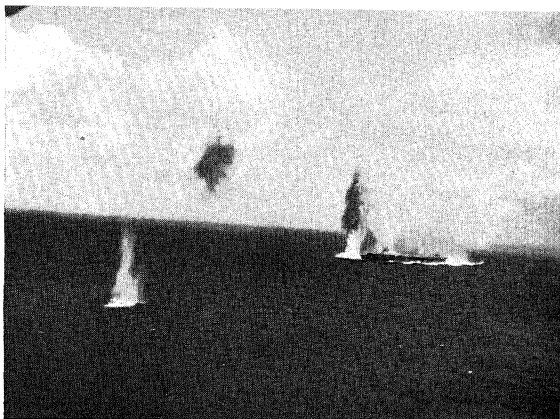
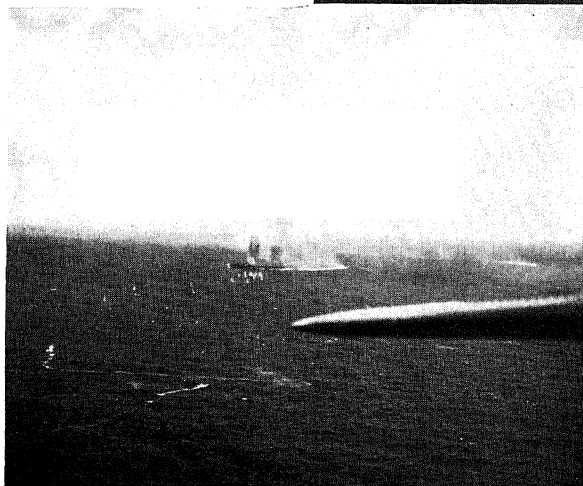


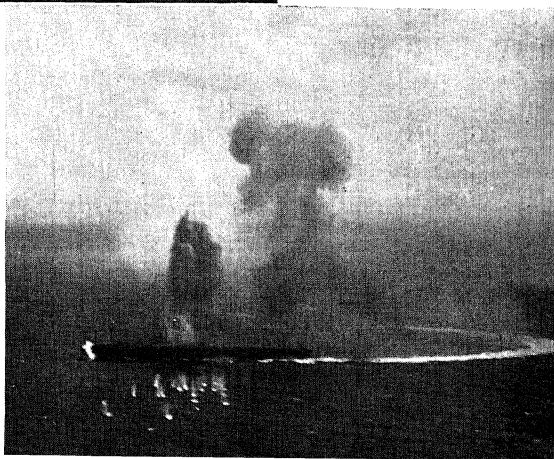
PLATE V—Another Jap casualty of the Battle of the Coral Sea was the big carrier SHOKAKU, left ablaze as a result of many direct hits. This action took place on May 8, and resulted in damage also to the Jap carrier ZUIKAKU. Both, however, limped away.



(above) Through early morning mists Navy planes get the range on the SHOKAKU, despite intense antiaircraft fire.

(center) At the height of the attack a blaze like a dragon's tongue breaks out at the SHOKAKU's bow. Note aerial torpedo wakes in left foreground, and splashes from strafing antiaircraft fire.

(right) Twisting and turning in desperate evasive maneuvers, the SHOKAKU nevertheless takes a direct bomb hit from a Navy plane. Debris flies high in the air, while the blaze in the bow rages on. The SHOKAKU escaped, and survived until June 19, 1944, when she was sunk off Japan by a U. S. submarine.



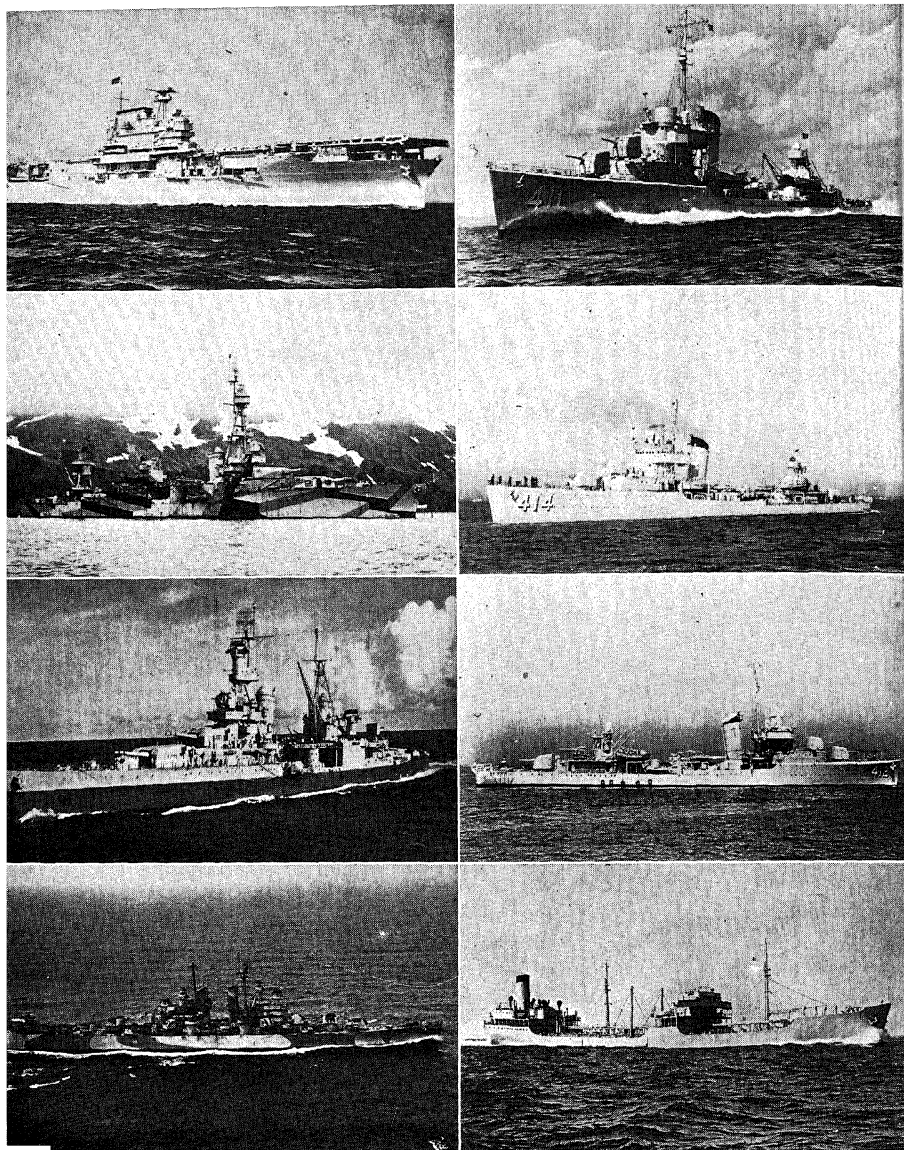


PLATE VI—Veterans of the early South Pacific fighting. Already the names of some of these valiant ships are half forgotten by the public, but their deeds are written large in the Navy's Hall of Fame. They fought "at the end of the line" when the going was, in the words of the sailor, soldier and marine who was there, "really rugged." That means fighting far from base, beyond the limit of human endurance, with what you have, which was often much too little.

Left row, top to bottom: USS YORKTOWN, carrier; USS CHESTER; USS PORTLAND; USS ASTORIA, cruisers.

Right row, top to bottom: USS ANDERSON; USS RUSSELL; USS HAMMANN, destroyers; and USS NEOSHO, oiler.

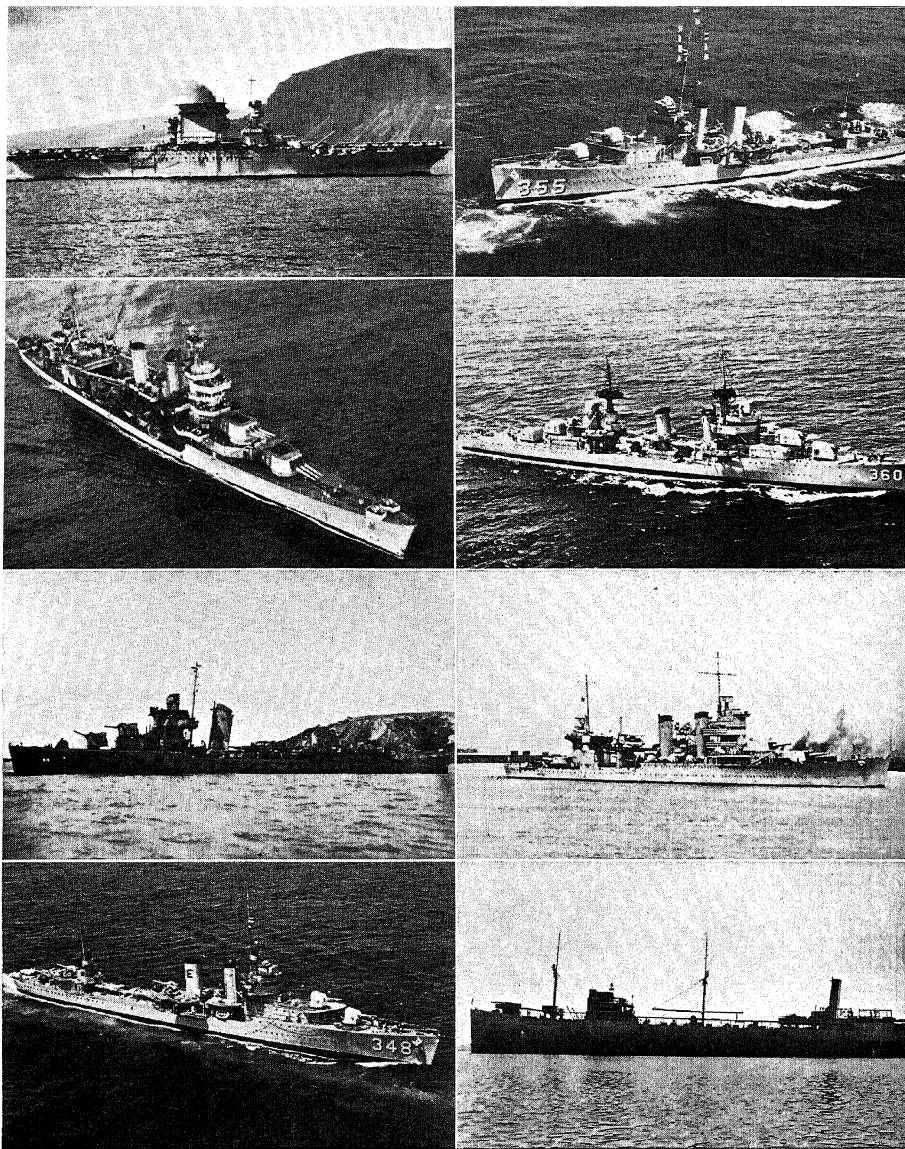


PLATE VII—When the Japs thought they were in hiding these ships were out looking for trouble! And when the news came that the Japanese were occupying Florida Island in the Solomons, landing at Tulagi, there was naturally only one objective, whatever the risk—Tulagi! Too late the Japs sensed the determination of our “shoestring fleet” and, after the Battle of the Coral Sea, never really regained the offensive in the South Pacific.

Left row, top to bottom: USS LEXINGTON, carrier; USS MINNEAPOLIS, cruiser; USS WALKER, and USS FARRAGUT, destroyers.

Right row, top to bottom: USS AYLWIN; USS PHELPS, destroyers; USS NEW ORLEANS, cruiser; and USS TIPPECANOE, oiler.

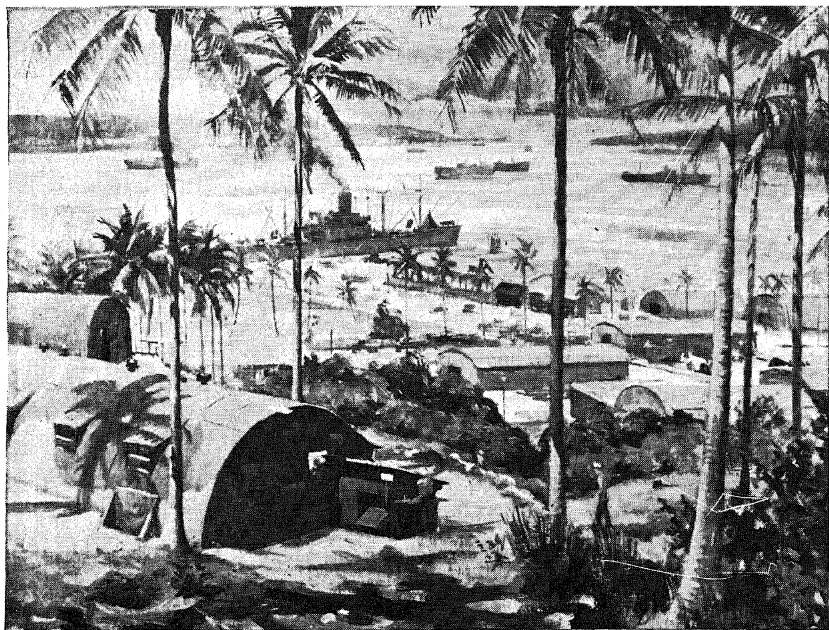


PLATE VIII—For months Luganville on Espiritu Santo, New Hebrides, was the chief South Seas supply base against the Japs. Here came cargo ships and transports with needed food, fuel and reinforcements. (*above*) From the optical shop a superb view unfolded of Aora Island and Segund Channel. (*below*) Warships overshadow the traditional inter-island trading schooner as task forces assemble in the harbor. (*Oil painting by Lt. Comdr. William F. Draper, USNR.*)

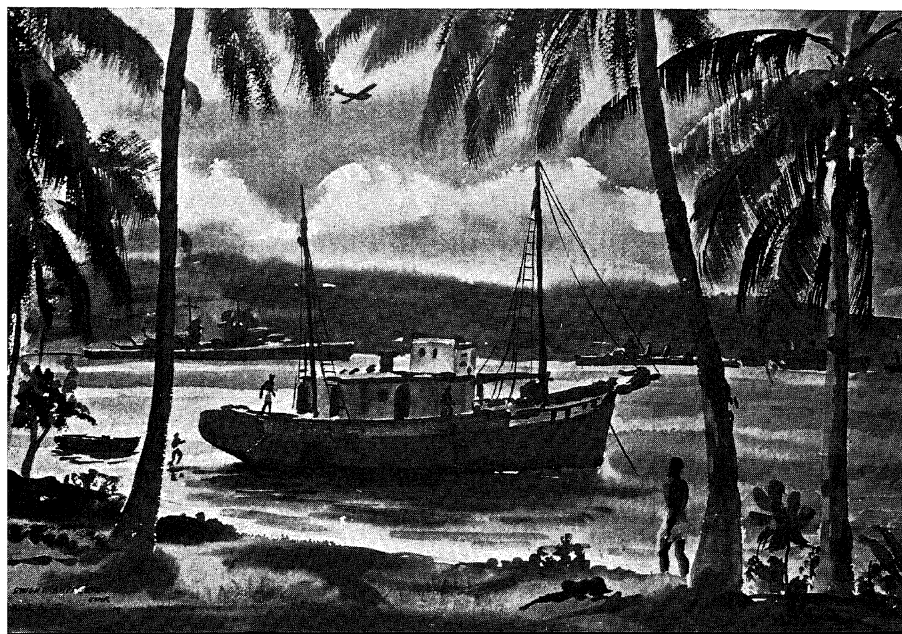
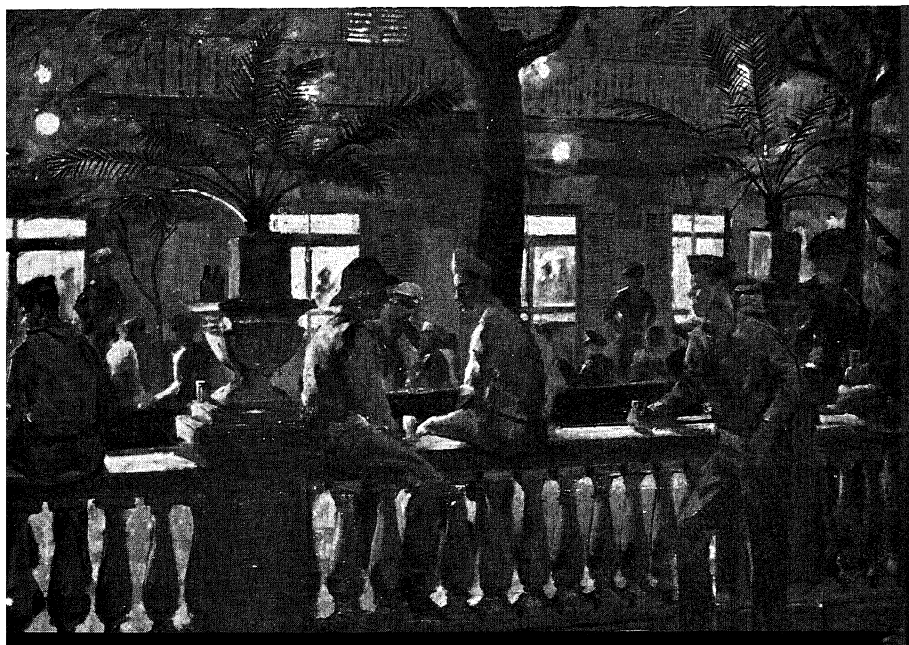




PLATE IX—Most important of the Navy's early South Seas bases was Noumea, capital of New Caledonia. (*above*) from Semaphore Hill bluejackets scan the Great Roads. In the harbor, ships lie at anchor, awaiting word which will send them to battle zones. (*below*) Every officer who has served in early South Pacific campaigns knows this oasis—the terrace of the former "Hotel du Pacifique" at Noumea. (*Oil paintings by Lt. Comdr. William F. Draper, USNR.*)



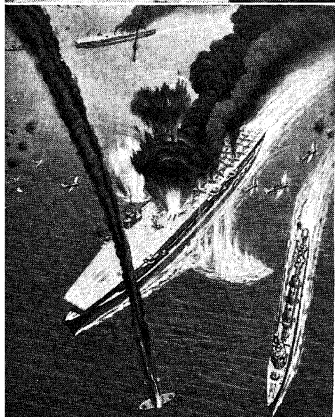
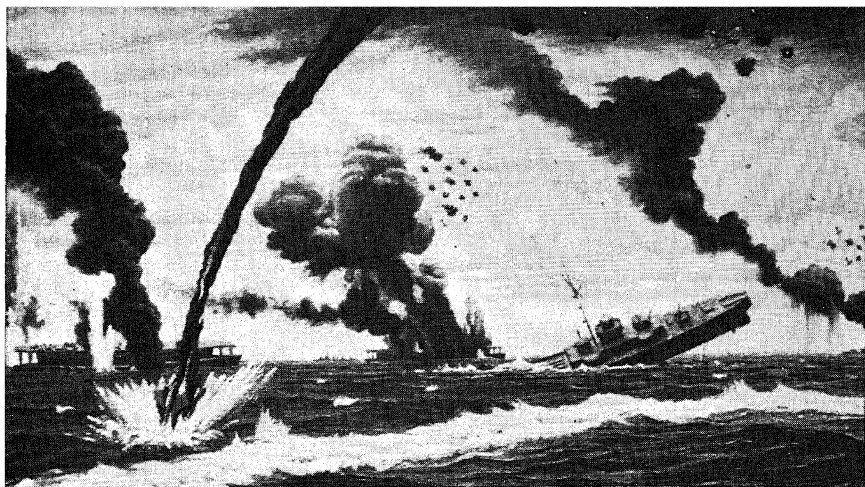
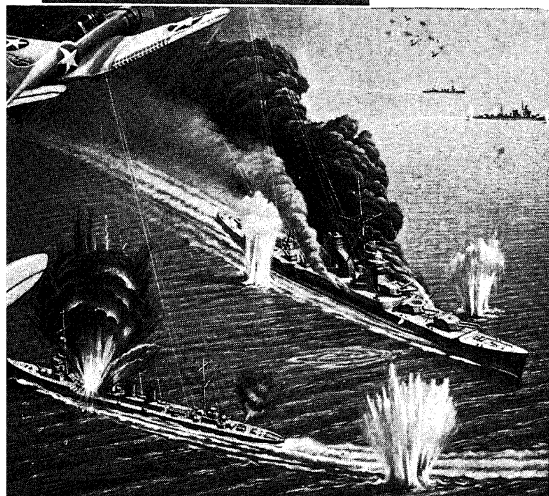


PLATE X—The turning point of the Pacific war was Midway—a colossal naval and air battle that finally broke the offensive power of the Japanese fleet and its eastward drive toward Hawaii, Alaska and the United States. Over, in and under thousands of square miles of ocean, hurriedly assembled U. S. forces met the great challenge in three days of fierce, unremitting attack, June 4-6, 1942. On these two pages an official Navy combat artist, Lt. Comdr. Griffith Baily Coale, USNR, graphically depicts some of the most thrilling moments of Admiral Nimitz's sea-air victory. Coale, who witnessed part of the battle, based his paintings on official reports and eye-witness accounts.

(upper) This striking panorama of the death throes of the Japanese fleet now hangs in the Mess Hall at the U. S. Naval Academy, in Annapolis, Md. Inspired by the famous "fish-eye view" report of Ensign G. H. Gay, USNR, it shows a KAGA class carrier (right), its planes caught on deck, and two other Jap carriers (left) burning. In the center, a light cruiser makes its final plunge. Gay, the sole survivor of the gallant Torpedo Squadron 8, was picked up by a Navy patrol plane after floating ten hours in the water amidst the Jap fleet.



(center) Aerial attack on the Jap carriers KAGA and AKAGI by U. S. Navy carrier planes. Both were sunk June 4, the air-damaged KAGA by the U. S. submarine NAUTILUS.

(lower) Navy planes run a heavy gauntlet of Jap ack-ack to attack the cruisers MOGAMI and MIKUMA. The MIKUMA went down; the MOGAMI limped back to Japan, later to be sunk in the Philippine campaign.

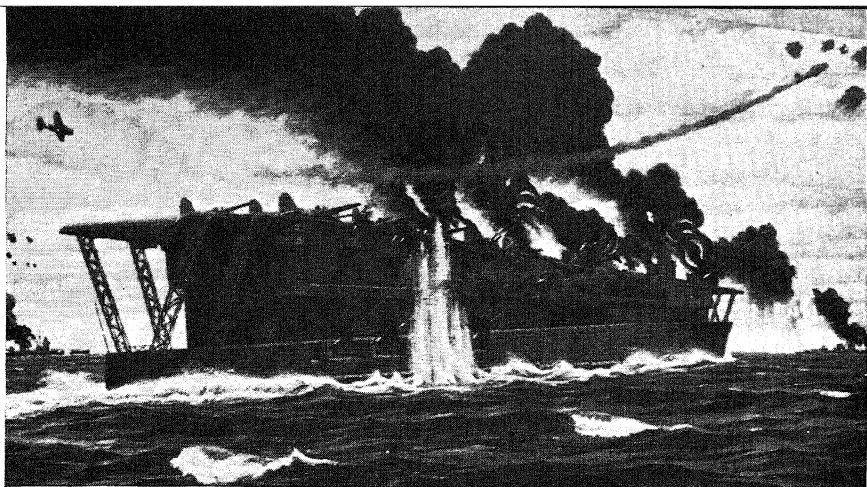
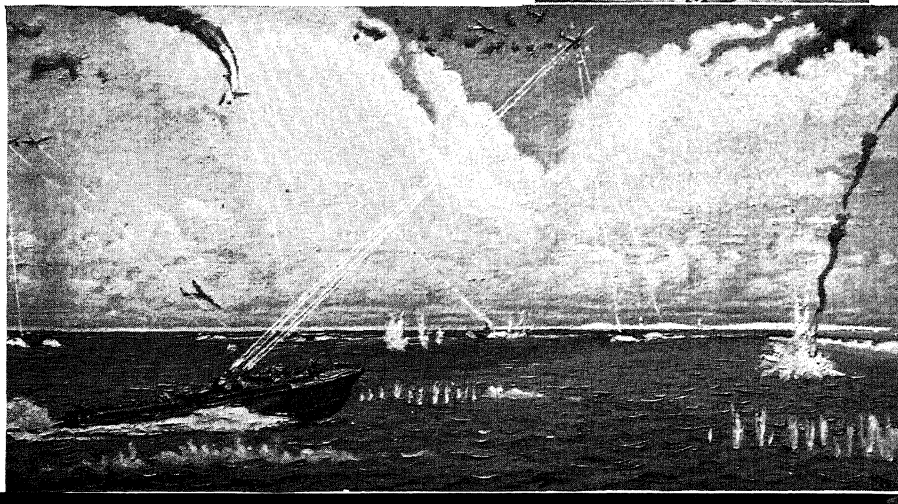
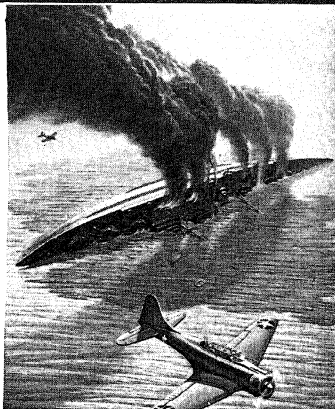
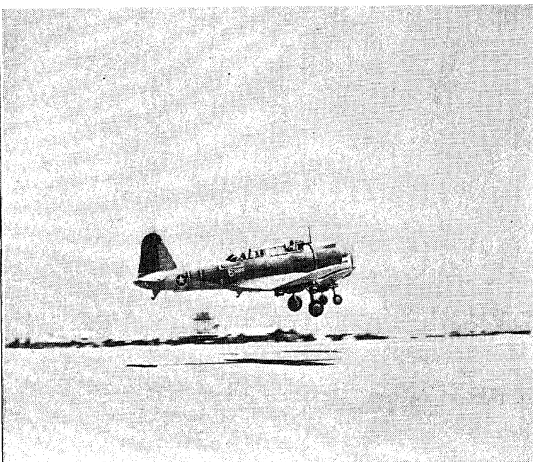


PLATE XI—307 American lives and 150 airplanes was the price paid for victory at Midway. There were subsequent losses, but nothing like the cost to Japan for her first major thrust across the date-line. Four carriers, a cruiser and a destroyer sunk; a battleship, cruiser, oiler and destroyer damaged; and 2,000 lives and 250 aircraft lost. Six months after the attack on Pearl Harbor, the balance of power in the Pacific was restored and Japanese offensive action ended forever.

(center) Navy carrier planes soar above the prostrate hulk of the MIKUMA, as the Jap cruiser capsizes at sunset, June 6, 1942.

(lower) Midway saw action during the battle when Japanese carrier planes were repulsed by the island's air force and a squadron of PT boats. Here a wounded Navy patrol bomber comes in low, two Zeros on her tail. PTs, their twin 50-calibre machine guns keeping up an incessant fire, roar to the rescue of its crew.

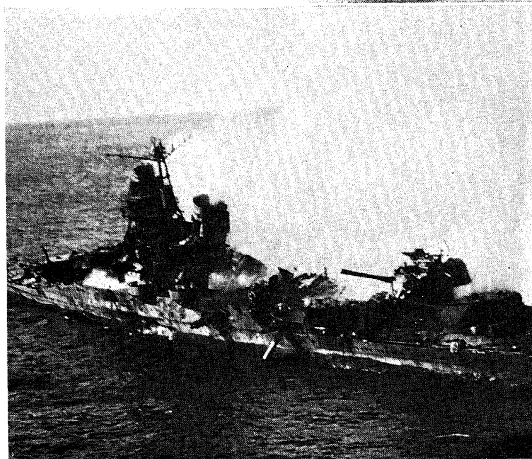
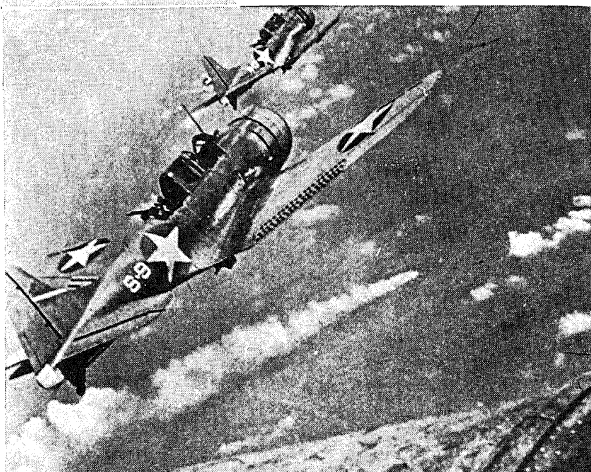




(above) Rear Admiral Raymond A. Spruance, task force commander, Battle of Midway.

PLATE XII—At Midway Island, spearhead of our Pacific base system in June, 1942, were assembled such quantities of Navy, Marine and Army planes that Midway's limited air facilities were taxed to the utmost. Ground forces were also strengthened.

(above) "There go the Marines!" Leatherneck fighters take off from Midway's runway to seek out the enemy. The Marines had from 16 to 34 aircraft engaged in the battle and scored one indisputable bomb hit on a Jap warship.



(center) Douglas dive bombers from U. S. Navy carriers have found the Jap fleet and are preparing to peel off for the attack. A Jap warship, hit on a previous run, burns fiercely below. It was at Midway that the Navy's new torpedo bomber, the TBF, had its baptism of fire.

(left) Bombed to a shambles by U. S. Navy carrier planes, the once proud Japanese heavy cruiser MIKUMA wallows in the Pacific swells just before sinking, June 6, 1942. The MIKUMA had been refitted with 8-inch guns, in flagrant violation of the Washington Treaty.



(above) Rear Admiral Robert H. English, commander of submarines, Battle of Midway.



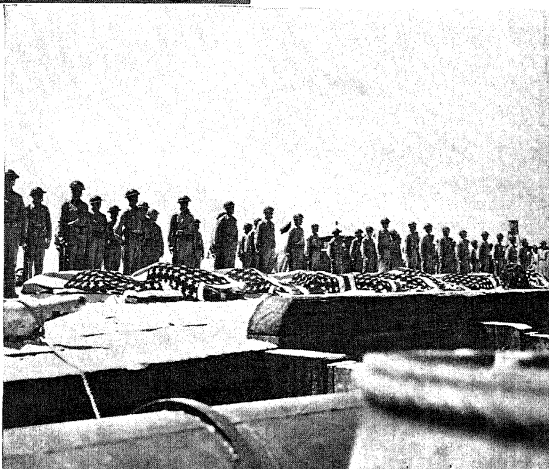
PLATE XIII—There were anxious moments on Midway when reports told of strong Japanese forces converging from three directions. The island was hit by a bomb the first morning of the attack, but our air forces, both land and carrier based, carried the fight to the enemy, who was never able to send an effective striking force to the remote outpost.

(above) Oil tanks on Midway burning after direct hits by Japanese bombs. Not even war seemed to upset the island's famous gooney birds, who sat calmly on their nests (foreground) during the attack.



(center) This group is typical of the stout-hearted Navy PBV crews, who did a little of everything in the Battle of Midway. PBVs served not only as advanced scouts, seeking out the enemy, but they were also rigged with torpedoes (one scored a hit) and bombs, and they did a magnificent job of picking up stranded fliers.

(right) Toll of victory. At memorial services held for those killed in the action of May 4-6, each coffin was draped with the flag the men had served so well. Jap casualties were also buried with honors of war.



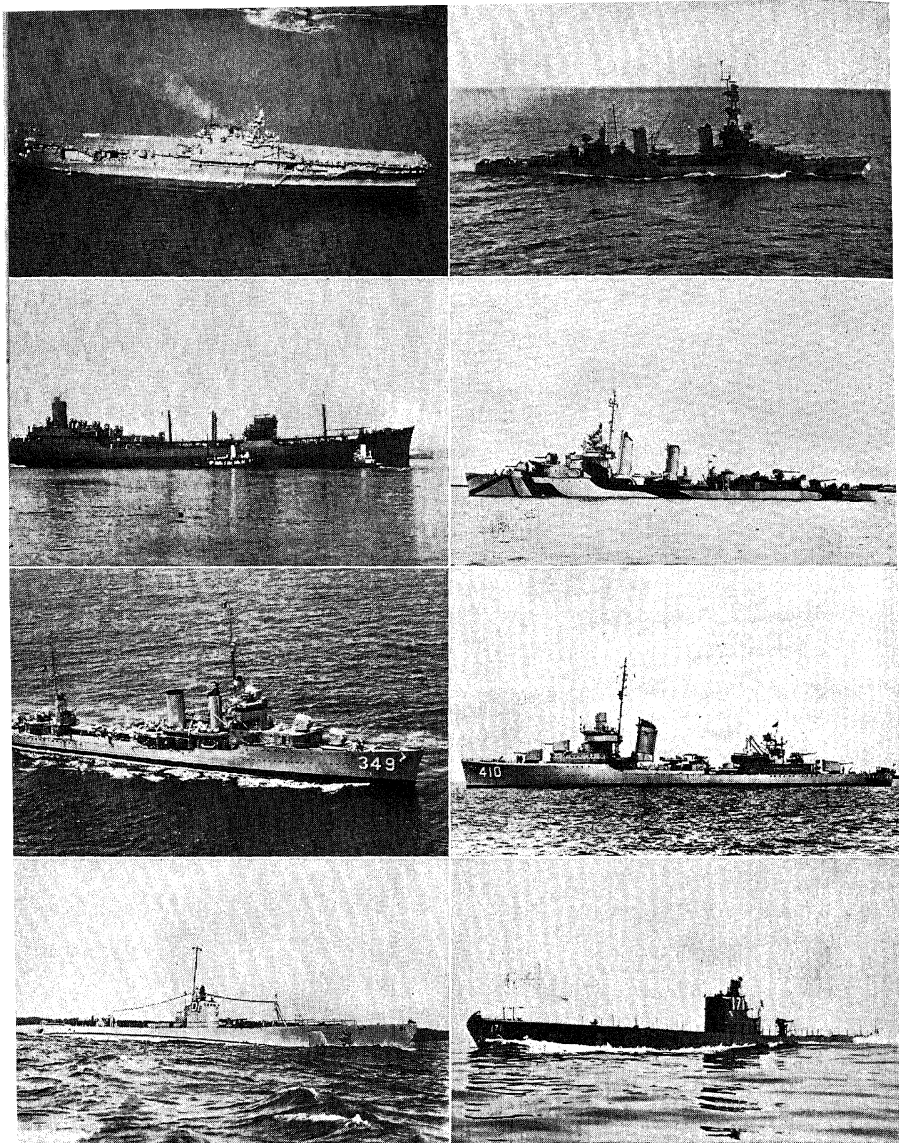


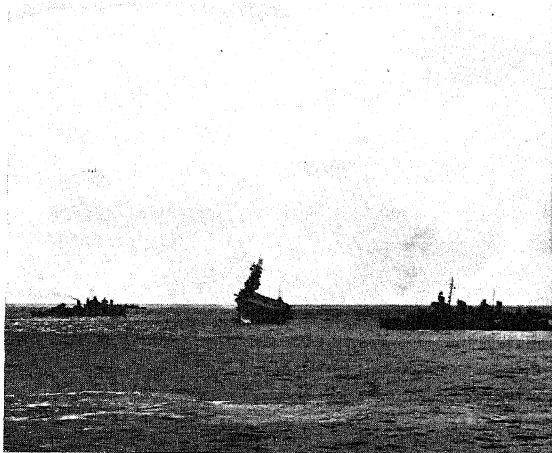
PLATE XIV—The vast armada that Admiral Nimitz sent to check the Japanese rush eastward was made up of many craft, of many kinds, each playing a vital role. Among them were the carriers ENTERPRISE, which had raced from the South Pacific, was refueled, rearmed and supplied at Pearl Harbor in two days, and the YORKTOWN, on which an even more remarkable job of speedy rehabilitation was done at Pearl.

Left row, top to bottom: USS ENTERPRISE, carrier; USS GUADALOUPE, oiler; USS MONAGHAN, destroyer; and USS DOLPHIN, submarine.

Right row, top to bottom: USS PENSACOLA, cruiser; USS CONYNGHAM, USS HUGHES, destroyers; and USS CUTTFISH, submarine.

PLATE XV—The carrier YORKTOWN became a casualty of Midway after the battle was broken off. Damaged in the Japanese plane attack of June 4, her salvage and damage control crews made good progress until the afternoon of the 6th. Then a Japanese sub struck, sinking her escort, the destroyer HAMMANN, and sending two torpedoes into the already weakened hull of the carrier. At 5 o'clock in the morning of the 7th, the YORKTOWN turned on her side and slid beneath the surface.

(right) Escort ships hover around the stricken YORKTOWN, whose list is increasing following the torpedo attack.



(center) As calmly as if they were going home from the graveyard shift in a shipyard, members of the salvage and damage control crews stroll the slanting deck of the carrier. The man in the right foreground has already donned his "Mae West," or kapok life preserver.

(right) Until the last minute, Captain Elliot Buckmaster, skipper of the YORK, was determined that she could be saved. Here a fire-fighting detail works through a pall of smoke on the main flight deck. But it was her bulkheads, weakened by explosions, and her sprung and warped watertight doors, that spelled the doom of the battle-scarred veteran.



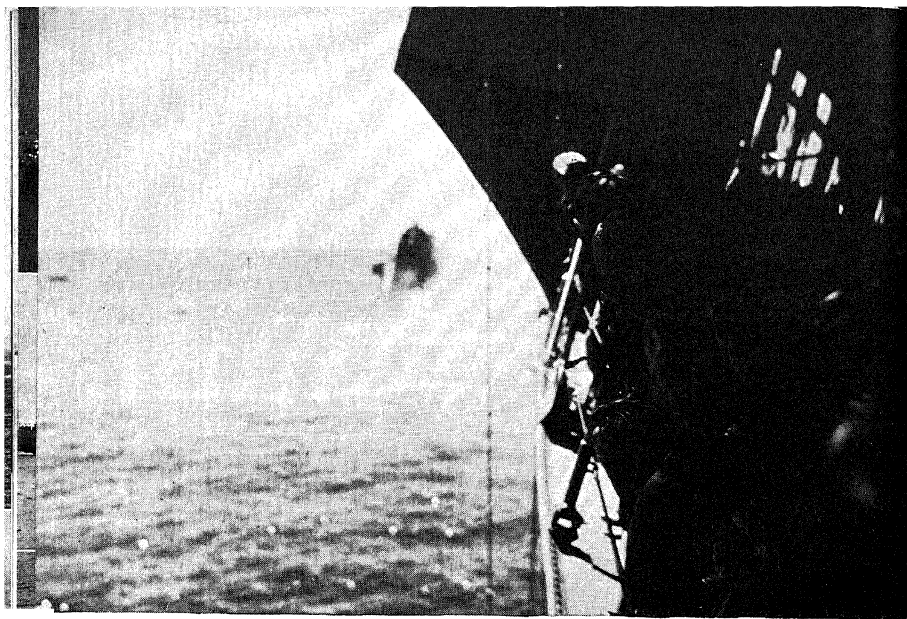


PLATE XVI—(above) The last moment of the USS HAMMANN, victim of a Jap torpedo aimed at the YORKTOWN. In order to supply power to the stricken carrier, the HAMMANN had been lashed alongside. So, of the spread of "fish" from the Japanese sub, destined for the flattop, one found its mark in the unfortunate destroyer, breaking her back and sinking her in four minutes.

(below) This is how the wounded, in the Battle of Midway, were transferred at sea from smaller craft to large ships with more complete hospital or first-aid facilities.



had pledged himself to hit a Jap carrier, "come hell or high water." And today he did. Aiming his plane for the Japanese deck he held it there until there was no possibility of a miss—and the resulting explosion destroyed him as well.

Fifteen minutes after the attack the carrier was burning fiercely as our planes, hidden by the clouds, joined up for the flight back.

The LEXINGTON's group was dogged by ill-luck. Of 12 torpedo planes, 18 dive bombers, 4 scouts and 9 fighters, only 11 torpedo planes, 4 scouts and 6 fighters found the enemy—in their case the carrier ZUIKAKU. The increasingly poor visibility was the cause, but Lieutenant Commander Jimmy Brett's torpedo planes and Commander Bill Ault's scouts found a clearing in which were many ships: a carrier escorted by a cruiser and a destroyer.

At three minutes to eleven, our scouts and TBDs attacked. "We slid through a bit of scud and came out astern of the carrier," said Lieutenant Commander Brett. "Her lookouts recognized us and she began a sharp right turn. All the antiaircraft guns in the unit opened up on us, bounced us around some, but didn't stop us.

"Just before I let my fish go I could see the carrier well. Her decks were empty—all her planes were in the air, either defending the ship or pounding our own carriers. We let go, and then we were busy dodging fighters, calling down our own fighter pilots, and heading home."

No direct hits were made on the ZUIKAKU, but fragments killed scores of the deck crew and the near misses put the ship out of commission for a month, laid up in Truk for repairs.

The enemy fighters during the attack were engaged by our fighters, one of whom was Lieutenant Noel A. Gayler, who became the Navy's leading ace following this day's engagement, having brought down a total of eight enemy planes in combat.

Enemy fighters or fuel shortage accounted for all but one of the scouts and two of our fighters. Commander Ault was among them. In radio communication with the LEXINGTON, he could not find his way back, and reluctantly was told at a few minutes before three o'clock that his only hope lay in trying to find land.

On his own now, Commander Ault's voice was heard for the last time as he said, "Okay, so long, people. Remember we got a thousand-pound hit on the flattop."

The last of LEXINGTON's attack group landed about two o'clock. As

they came in the smoke that wreathed the flight deck showed them that the carrier had been attacked, but they thought the "Lex" had beaten the Japs off successfully. As they came to a halt, climbed out of their cockpits and went to make their reports, they saw differently. At that moment, LEXINGTON was a doomed ship. The Japanese had left, but the carrier was still fighting—fighting the wounds she had suffered.

6

That same morning, when the position of the enemy had been established by Joe Smith and Bob Dixon, Task Force 17 prepared to repel the attack that was sure to come to her. The YORKTOWN and LEXINGTON were in the center of a protective screen of cruisers and destroyers—and, aboard all the ships, men waited at their battle stations, scanning the sky into which their attack groups had vanished, watching. . . .

Overhead buzzed fighters of the combat air patrol and 16 SBDs as antitorpedo-plane patrols for the carriers.

Shortly after eleven o'clock the enemy appeared. Fifty or sixty aircraft, they came in layers extending from 10,000 to 13,000 feet. Torpedo planes flew the lowest, then fighters, then dive bombers, then more fighters.

They were fifteen miles away when three of our fighters spotted them and immediately rushed to repel them. Two more fighters, coaxing their last bit of speed, screamed in to assist.

As the torpedo planes glided in at high speed on our carriers, the SBDs attempted to intercept. Not one of YORKTOWN's patrol escaped damage in what Captain Buckmaster described as "a splendid example of courage and devotion to duty; although outnumbered and opposed by faster and more maneuverable aircraft, they were not outfought." In the melee, however, they shot down four enemy fighters and damaged several others, four of which were listed as probables. The LEXINGTON's scouts got eight enemy torpedo planes, four of them before they could launch their torpedoes; one dive bomber and one fighter. A LEXINGTON fighter pilot said later that the SBDs that day were like "a small boy sent to do a man's job."

In the attack, both carriers maneuvered evasively, and as a result YORKTOWN and LEXINGTON drew apart; when the action ceased, they were separated by several miles. Without signal, the screening ships near-

est each carrier followed. With the YORKTOWN went ASTORIA, PORTLAND, CHESTER, RUSSELL, HAMMANN and AYLWIN. The MINNEAPOLIS, NEW ORLEANS, MORRIS, ANDERSON, PHELPS, and MONAGHAN followed the LEXINGTON.

The Japanese peeled off simultaneously in separate groups to attack the carriers. The torpedo planes came in first on the YORKTOWN, and Captain Buckmaster called for flank speed and turned the ship with full rudder to parallel the course of the torpedoes aimed at his ship. Anti-aircraft fire was intense from all the task force. Three planes dropped their fish from the port quarter and then were disintegrated by the anti-aircraft fire from the carrier. Another group attacked from the port beam; two were shot down, one before launching its torpedo and the other after. A third group, impressed by the anti-aircraft barrage, dropped their torpedoes well astern. A mile away, a single plane approached parallel to YORKTOWN's starboard side, swung in and fired. But Captain Buckmaster saw him too, and brought his ship hard right; the torpedo passed harmlessly across the bow.

Then the dive bombers came. Fifteen to eighteen came out of the sun, aiming at the island structure. Only one bomb found its mark, although there were some very near misses; three explosions close aboard lifted the screws clear of the water, and fragments pierced the hull above the waterline.

The lone hit struck the flight deck fifteen feet from the island. Penetrating the flight deck, it tore through a ready room, the hangar deck, the second deck and the third deck before exploding in the aviation storeroom, killing thirty-seven men and injuring others. A fire broke out that was shortly brought under control. Near the scene of the explosion was Repair Party 5, under the command of Lieutenant Milton E. Ricketts. Though his men were all killed, wounded or stunned by the blast, and himself mortally hurt, Lieutenant Ricketts opened the valve of a fireplug, partially led out the hose and directed a stream of water into the blaze. Then he fell, dead.

The damage caused by the bomb hit and the near misses did not affect the operation of the ship. The carrier continued to steam at high speed. Not knowing, at once, whether the engines or the shafts had been damaged, the engine room was asked by the bridge if he wanted to run slower. The answer was short but definite:

"Hell, no. We'll make it!"

And she did.

The LEXINGTON was having trouble. Another group of torpedo planes and dive bombers were closely co-ordinating their runs.

"Torpedoes," said Captain Sherman, "were coming from both starboard and port . . ."

Some passed from starboard across the bow, two others ran parallel on either side, still others crossed the bow from port; two ran directly beneath the keel.

Then two hit. The big ship lurched on her right side as one torpedo struck on the port side forward and the other opposite the bridge. As she righted herself the carrier was shaken by a 1,000-pound bomb that hit the flight deck just aft and above where the first torpedo had struck. Then a 500-pounder struck the gig boat pocket, killing many men, and another exploded in the smokestack.

Near misses took their toll. Two large-caliber bombs exploded on the port side aft and tore holes in the hull large enough to be mistaken for torpedo damage; fragments from other misses caused numerous casualties among machine gunners in the after signal station.

The ship was listing six degrees to port when the surviving enemy left and fire—always the aftermath of attack—was raging in three parts of the ship. The damage-control parties worked feverishly. The firerooms were partially flooded; pumps were controlling the water. Oil was shifted to compensate the list. Repair parties combated the fires and worked on the damaged elevators that had jammed from the force of the explosions.

Despite all this, LEXINGTON was making 25 knots.

Forty minutes past noon, Commander Howard R. Healy, the damage-control officer, telephoned Captain Sherman on the bridge.

"We've got the torpedo damage temporarily shored up," he said, "the fire's out, and soon will have the ship back on an even keel." He paused, then continued: "I would suggest, sir, that if you have to take any more torpedoes, you take 'em on the starboard side."

The Lex apparently would live to fight again. The men were still at battle stations, and stewards' mates handed around sandwiches, apples and coffee. Below-decks, at the dressing stations, the wounded were tended by the doctors and hospital corpsmen. Commander Morton T. Seligman, the executive officer, made an inspection of the ship; the damage appeared to be under control, so he made his way to the sick bay to see how the wounded were.

Suddenly, about a quarter to one, a terrific explosion below decks blew him through a hatch scuttle.

Lieutenant (jg) John F. Roach, the ship's junior medical officer, whose place in battle was at a dressing station near the firerooms, thought with others that the blast was a "sleeper," or delayed-action bomb, going off.

He answered a call to go up to the hangar deck where "there were many wounded." Accompanied by a corpsman he went forward in an attempt to get up to the hangar deck, but the compartments were flooded with oil or water so that he was forced to take a circuitous route.

"Finally arriving at the hangar deck," he said, "we found it to be in semidarkness and filled with smoke. Men were being brought out of Main Control up onto the hangar deck. Some of them had already died. Most of the injuries appeared to be burns complicated by the effects of noxious gases."

"The wounded were brought up on the hangar deck and there given emergency treatment," Dr. Roach said later. Work in the hangar deck was extremely difficult, due to the lack of light and the very heavy, acrid smoke. The surgeons donned gas masks which, while not filtering the poisonous carbon monoxide, did remove most of the smoke and made it possible for them to work.

As the surgeons and corpsmen toiled, and the stretcher parties added their tragic burdens to the lines of wounded, the flame and smoke bore down on the improvised hospital and drove them aft. As fast as the injured were patched up they were evacuated to the flight deck. When Dr. Roach left the hangar deck, its entire forward end was a mass of flames and the smoke was so dense that strong flashlights were useless. "We were fortunate in finding our way out simply by feeling our way," he recalls.

Herculean efforts were made to control the fires, but they continued to spread aft. As the fires gained headway, frequent additional minor explosions occurred below-decks, from either hot ammunition or gasoline vapors. The fires gradually ate through more and more communication lines. All lights forward went out. The fire main pressure dropped. The telephone circuit to the emergency steering wheel went dead and Captain Sherman steered for a while with the engines. Smoke filled spaces below-decks.

Shortly before three o'clock Admiral Fletcher was informed that the

fires could not be brought under control, and four minutes later the LEXINGTON signaled for help.

"The forward part of the ship was ablaze," said Commander Seligman, "both above and below the armored deck. We had absolutely no means left to fight the fire, which was now spreading aft on the flight deck. It was inevitable that the torpedo war heads on the mezzanine of the hangar deck would explode from the heat.

"I sent word to the chief engineer that it looked as if we would have to abandon ship. I then proceeded to the bridge and reported the situation to the commanding officer. He immediately ordered that the engineering department be secured and personnel evacuated to the flight deck.

"I must comment on the heroism of the personnel. It was an inspiration. The first thought of all was for the wounded."

Life rafts were readied. With the LEXINGTON dead in the water, Captain Sherman ordered preparations to abandon ship. All water pressure on the hoses had gone, but hoping to the last that the fire might still be brought under control, if he got water, Captain Sherman asked Admiral Fitch for destroyers to come alongside and pass over fire hoses.

"The Admiral directed destroyers to come alongside," Captain Sherman related, "and told me to disembark my excess personnel to them. The MORRIS passed over two hoses while all of our crew who could be spared started down lines to her deck. However, the fire was already beyond control. Explosions were occurring all the time. There was danger of the ship blowing up at any minute."

At seven minutes past five Admiral Fitch directed Captain Sherman to abandon ship, and Admiral Kinkaid was put in charge of the rescue operations. The ANDERSON and HAMMANN joined the MORRIS alongside the LEXINGTON to take off men, while MINNEAPOLIS and NEW ORLEANS stood by. All available deck space on the destroyers was crowded with survivors, but several hundred men were also in the water. There were also many life rafts in the vicinity and a motor whaleboat from the MINNEAPOLIS with about forty survivors aboard. The destroyers had to move with extreme care not to run down the swimmers or to upset the rafts.

"The apocryphal story," Admiral Fitch, present superintendent of the Naval Academy, says, "that relates that when Ted Sherman told me the ship should be abandoned, I answered 'Then what the hell are we doing

here?" is not strictly correct. What actually happened was I directed Captain Sherman to get the men off, knowing that unless the men left quickly the approaching darkness would cause unnecessary casualties; obviously, after sunset it would be increasingly difficult to pick up so many men from the water." Admiral Fitch paused, grinned and continued: "I merely gave a direct, perhaps forceful order to a group of men who were standing on the deck below the bridge where I was. I leaned over the rail and said: 'Get the hell off this ship!' " The Admiral laughed, remembering, and added, "They did; on the double."

At twenty minutes past five, Admiral Kinkaid directed the HAMMANN to move around to the LEXINGTON's starboard to pick up many men still in the water. The LEXINGTON was in the trough of the sea, drifting at one or two knots with the wind, and the men in the water on her leeward side were having difficulty getting clear. The HAMMANN moved carefully in among the many men in the water, and only by skillful maneuvering was able to come alongside without crushing men between herself and the carrier. About one hundred men were taken from the water and life rafts on the leeward side. As the HAMMANN backed clear at ten minutes before six, a heavy explosion within the LEXINGTON showered the destroyer with flaming debris, but no one was injured, although both the HAMMANN's main circulating pumps were fouled, causing a loss of backing power. Ensign Theodore E. Krepski and Ensign Ralph L. Holton, who were in charge of the HAMMANN boats, were cited for their rescue work.

Half an hour later Captain Sherman and his executive officer made a final inspection of the ship before leaving. They found several men still manning a gun mount on the starboard side aft of the blazing carrier. They had not heard the order to abandon ship and would not move until ordered. Then Commander Seligman slid down a line over the stern. Captain Sherman, after one last look, followed him. A small boat took them to the MINNEAPOLIS.

More than 92 per cent of LEXINGTON's crew was saved. It was believed that not a man was lost by drowning during the abandonment. A preliminary check accounted for all but 26 officers and 190 men of a total complement of 2,951.

To list all the names of the officers and men who performed tasks "above and beyond the call of duty" would fill pages, and remain incomplete at that. In the words of Commander Seligman, "All of the indi-

vidual cases of heroism and devotion to duty will probably never be revealed."

Admiral Fletcher particularly commended Admiral Kinkaid's direction of the rescue work.

At 6:53 P.M. the PHELPS was detailed to sink the LEXINGTON. Five torpedoes, four of which detonated, were fired, and an hour later the proud and heroic Lex slid beneath the water.

A few seconds later two terrific explosions came from where she had gone. The shock was distinctly felt by ships of the main body which by this time was ten miles away. The captain of the PHELPS thought momentarily that he had been torpedoed!

7

The Battle of Coral Sea was over—and won.

United States losses were serious—543 lives, 66 aircraft, and three ships, one of them the precious LEXINGTON.

The Japanese had lost one carrier sunk and two crippled, aside from loss and damage to lesser ships which brought the enemy death toll to more than 5,000.

As Admiral Nimitz said: "Admiral Fletcher . . . utilized with consummate skill the information supplied him and . . . won a victory with decisive and far-reaching consequences for the Allied cause."

Decisive and far-reaching indeed, and more so as the years provide perspective. Then it was only appreciated that the Japanese had been prevented from investing the southeastern coast of New Guinea, from which the Australian-American life line could have been severed and an invasion of the Commonwealth staged.

Since then it has been learned from captured enemy plans that far greater consequences were suffered by the Japanese. After Port Moresby's capture the heavier elements of the fleet were to wipe out the American debarkation center at Doylestown, blasting a hole in the Australian coast for quick invasion.

But, on top of that, two of the three carriers lost to the Japanese were to have been used in the thrust against Midway. It is within the permissible area of speculation to wonder if that battle was not partly won in the Coral Sea, weeks before.

Still, that is not all that was "decisive and far-reaching" in that engage-

ment. Japan's southward expansion had been stopped. The enemy could find little to console him in the fall of Corregidor. Japan had reached her limit of empire for all time. The tide was about to turn, to run at ebb until the surrender in Tokyo Bay. No one knew that, on the night of the 8th of May, 1942.

Perhaps, though, the greatest significance lay in the marriage that day of sea-air power. The full fruition of that union was still to come but when Admiral Fletcher decided not to risk a surface engagement with enemy forces barely over the horizon, and Admiral Fitch struck through the air with his carrier force instead, a new chapter in the long, long annals of seapower was begun. History had turned a page. It was not long to remain blank.

CHAPTER TWO

Midway . . . to Victory

I

THE Jap was up to something. That was certain.

Allied planes attacking and scouting enemy bases in the Solomons and New Guinea found a most unhealthy quiet. Obviously air strength was being husbanded. Naval activity in the South Pacific, except for an occasional submarine, was virtually nonexistent. The enemy knew that American naval strength, especially in available carriers, was concentrated in that area. He was aware that LEXINGTON and YORKTOWN had been damaged in the Coral Sea, although he didn't know that the former had been lost. He had sighted ENTERPRISE and HORNET steaming swiftly toward—but too late for—the battle.

The Imperial Combined Chiefs of Staff in Tokyo discussed the situation and pondered.

In protecting the vital communications to her ally, Australia, America had of necessity laid bare her own defenses at home. The principal naval force available on the West Coast consisted of battleships and a light destroyer screen. If an attack was initiated soon enough in the Alaskan or Hawaiian area, the task forces in the South Pacific would not be able to return in time to contest it.

The ether buzzed with the high whining of coded instructions as the Imperial strategists marshaled their forces. Theirs was an almost unique opportunity; they would assemble a fleet that only the combined strength of all American units could engage with any hope of success, and then only if they happened to intercept them. Committed to the defense of vast reaches of ocean, there was the definite possibility—almost a certainty—that the Yankees could not guess the Japanese objective.

Thus would Japanese dominion be painlessly and inexorably enlarged,

and the mainland of the United States brough within range of Japanese arms.

So calculated the Japanese, but so too did Admirals King and Nimitz.

It was imperative that the Japanese be stopped. But where would they strike? Apparently the most logical assault would be against either Midway Island, with diversionary attacks against our bases in the Aleutians, or against the Aleutians, with a diversionary raid against Midway. Which would it be?

From all available information and consideration, one of the most important decisions of the war was reached: Midway's defense was immediately to be mobilized and increased.

Even defensively, the situation was serious. The YORKTOWN's repairs would require a lot of time, perhaps even a visit to the mainland. Her air groups and the survivors of LEXINGTON were badly in need of rest and reorganization—the task force having been at sea since the middle of February.

Admiral Fletcher's fleet was recalled to Pearl Harbor and HORNET and ENTERPRISE also returned.

On the 27th of May the YORKTOWN entered Pearl Harbor. Immediately workmen swarmed over her. Within three days her wounds were temporarily patched and her planes returned to fighting condition.

On May 28, the task force, including HORNET and ENTERPRISE, sailed again, under the command of Rear Admiral Raymond A. Spruance. They had refueled, rearmed and been supplied in two days.

On May 30, Rear Admiral Fletcher followed.

2

Commander Susumu Kawaguchi joined Captain Kaka on the navigation bridge of the aircraft carrier HIRYU. Twenty-one years in the Imperial Japanese Navy, Kawaguchi had been a pilot; now, however, he did no flying. His job was air officer of the carrier.

The moon, half hidden by low-scudding clouds, cast a silvered path across the water, and by its light the shapes of near-by ships showed dimly.

Astern came another carrier, SORYU. To starboard were two more of Carrier Division 1: AKAGI and KAGA.

To the moon it was an imposing sight. Four carriers, escorted by two

battleships of Battleship Division 3: HARUNA and KIRISHIMA; two cruisers of Cruiser Division 8: TONE and CHICKUMA. And a dozen destroyers of Destroyer Squadron 10, led by NAGARA.

This was the striking force.

A support force and an occupation force followed—for the Japanese intended to make this mission a full-fledged invasion. In the former were four cruisers of Cruiser Division 7: MOGAMI, MIKUMA, SUZUYA and KUMANO; two battleships: HYEI and KONGO; one heavy cruiser of the ATAGO class and ten destroyers of Destroyer Squadron 2.

The occupation force, as its name implies, consisted of transports and cargo vessels escorted by three heavy cruisers and twelve destroyers.

As the HIRYU steamed at 25 knots, Captain Kaka thought of another time, six months before, when his ship had sailed on a similar mission. Through these same waters too, but toward an objective a little farther to the east: Pearl Harbor. But this time, instead of an attack alone, additional territory would be annexed for the Emperor: not a large area, to be sure, but a highly strategic one; the island of Midway, from which the capture of the entire Hawaiian archipelago would follow—then California, Oregon!

In the admiral's quarters aboard the flagship the battleship YAMATO, Vice Admiral Yamamoto conferred with his staff. The confidence that the Imperial Combined Chiefs of Staff had felt in assigning the objective was shared by them. A secrecy as dark as the first attack on the Islands had been rigidly maintained. The gods were propitious, failure was impossible. Japanese victory would be, in this case, easily achieved.

As a student of naval history, Admiral Yamamoto remembered that shortly would come the anniversary of a battle that made another island kingdom the foremost naval power in the world. June was a good month for victories; Yamamoto wouldn't have a fleet to contend with, he was sure, but his victory would be as far-reaching as Nelson's at Trafalgar. What if there was only a handful of Marines and Navy to oppose him at Midway? The strategic significance of its capture would change the course of this war.

Eastward the Third Fleet steamed. To the north, through the fogs and bad weather of the Upper Pacific, was the Fourth Fleet, with the carriers RYUJO and JUNYO, ready to strike its diversionary blows at the Aleutians.

And to the south, two midget submarines¹ lay sunk in the harbor of Sydney, Australia—their feint completed.

As Admiral Yamamoto knew, June is a good month for victories. . . .

3

The Japanese High Command would not have been so optimistic if it could have spent a few minutes in the headquarters of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander in Chief Pacific Fleet. Measures to offset the approaching enemy were being effected at high speed.

Air and ground strength at Midway were reinforced. The Marine Air Group under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Ira L. Kimes, comprised 24 planes of Marine Fighting Squadron 221 led by Major Floyd B. Parks and 34 bombers of Marine Scout Bombing Squadron 240 under Major Lofton R. Henderson. This group was supported by 6 new Navy TBF torpedo planes.

It was believed imperative that the enemy be discovered and his carriers attacked before they were within range of Midway, so four B-26s fitted for torpedoes and several B-17s were assigned.² All these planes so overcrowded Midway's facilities that a continual interchange of planes between that island and Hawaii was required. Thus the number of available planes varied from day to day. On June 3, the first day of actual contact with the enemy, there were at Midway, in addition to the planes of the Marine Air Group, 14 PBY-5s, 16 PBY-5As, 4 B-26s, 17 B-17s and 6 TBFs.

All Army and Navy aircraft were placed under the operational control of Captain Cyril T. Simard, the commanding officer of the Naval Air

¹ The cruiser *CHICAGO* and destroyer *PERKINS* participated in the "Battle of Sydney Bay" the night of May 31, 1942. The heavy cruiser had been sent to Sydney for overhaul and repair after the Battle of the Coral Sea and was moored near the Australian naval station on Garden Island, the *PERKINS* alongside, and not far from the US destroyer tender *DOBBIN*. A lookout on the *CHICAGO* saw a Japanese periscope 300 yards from the ship, and the cruiser opened fire, some of her shells ricocheting into the city. Two torpedoes were fired at the *CHICAGO*, one sinking a ferryboat used as a barracks and the other running harmlessly ashore. The *PERKINS* and *DOBBINS* joined with the Royal Australian Navy corvettes of the harbor defense in depth-bombing the harbor. The Japanese claimed destruction of *HMS WARSPITE*. The only casualty from *CHICAGO*'s ricochet was a lion in Sydney Zoo.

² The B-26s were planes detached from the 18th Reconnaissance Squadron and 69th Bomber Squadron. The Fortresses were units taken from the 23rd, 26th, 42nd, 72nd and 431st Bomber Squadrons.

Station. To assist in controlling this number of planes, additional radio and communication personnel were sent to Midway.

The ground force was brought to maximum. The Marine 6th Defense Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Harold D. Shannon, was reinforced by a part of the 2nd Raider Battalion, which had equipment for meeting a mechanized landing.

In preparation for the attack, ground forces worked day and night, strengthening the defenses of the islands. The coast artillery group fortified its own positions and aided in the installation of underwater obstacles. Infantry companies assisted in unloading ships and helped make and plant antitank mines. Companies C and D of the 2nd Raider Battalion laid antitank mines, assisted in beach patrol, the unloading of ships, and in the handling of gasoline drums for refueling the planes. The anti-aircraft and special weapons group of the 3rd Defense Battalion by strenuous efforts succeeded in having its guns ready for action the day after they arrived, and thereafter worked on emplacements, ammunition stowage, and protection for personnel.

As a result of this co-operation, the islands were almost entirely surrounded by underwater obstacles, with extra precautions at the more likely beaches. Gun crews were generously provided with "Molotov cocktails"—those simple but efficient antitank grenades.

The 11 PT boats of Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron 1 were under the command of Lieutenant Clinton McKellar, Jr., transferred from the Hawaiian Sea Frontier Force. They were to do excellent work in meeting the enemy air attacks and in rescuing airmen downed at sea. One converted yacht, USS *CRYSTAL*, and eleven converted tuna fishing boats were stationed between Pearl-Hermes, Lisianski, Gardner's Pinnacles, Laysan and Necker islands to make rescues.

On June 2, the two American task forces made their rendezvous northeast of Midway and Admiral Fletcher assumed command of the joint fleets.

To his eight ships¹—the patched-up *YORKTOWN*, two heavy cruisers

¹ Aircraft carrier *YORKTOWN* (Capt. Elliott Buckmaster); two heavy cruisers under Rear Admiral William W. Smith: *ASTORIA* (Capt. Francis W. Scanland) and *PORTLAND* (Capt. Laurance T. DuBose); Capt. Gilbert C. Hoover's five destroyers: *HAMMANN* (Comdr. Arnold E. True), *MORRIS* (Comdr. Harry B. Jarrett), *RUSSELL* (Lt. Comdr. Glenn R. Hartwig), *ANDERSON* (Lt. Comdr. John K. B. Ginder), and *HUGHES* (Lt. Comdr. Donald J. Ramsey). Admiral Raymond A. Spruance's aircraft carriers: *ENTERPRISE* (Capt. George D. Murray) and *HORNET* (Capt. Marc A. Mitscher); Rear Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid's five heavy cruisers: *PENSACOLA* (Capt.

five destroyers—Admiral Raymond A. Spruance brought seventeen—two carriers, five heavy cruisers and one light, and nine destroyers. Twenty-five submarines under Rear Admiral Robert H. English were deployed in the avenues of likely approach. It was an imposing force, but not quite up to the four carriers, four battleships, seven cruisers and twenty-two destroyers of the Japanese.

Six submarines patrolled sectors of the 150-mile circle, three patrolled sectors of the 200-mile circle from Midway, and the remainder were assigned station patrol. All submarines were in position by June 3.

Admiral Nimitz decided that strong attrition tactics would have to be employed against the Japanese. He could not afford to gamble with the carriers and cruisers. The defense of a fixed point against a superior enemy force, whose coincidental aim with occupying Midway was the trapping of any opposing American units, required a thoughtful and considered strategy.

The farther from Midway the enemy could be detected, the better. That, of course, was fundamental. If the enemy fleet could be located and brought under fire before it reached the operable limit of its aircraft, the danger to Midways runways, hangars and supply depots would be minimized. The Japanese would have to fight their way through, and the losses they would have to take might well nullify the success of their

Frank L. Lowe), NORTHAMPTON (Capt. William W. Chandler), VINCENNES (Capt. Frederick L. Riefkohl), MINNEAPOLIS (Capt. Frank J. Lowry), NEW ORLEANS (Capt. Walter S. DeLany), and the light cruiser ATLANTA (Capt. Samuel P. Jenkins); nine destroyers of Capt. Alexander R. Early: BALCH (Lt. Comdr. Harold H. Tiemroth), BENHAM (Lt. Comdr. Joseph M. Worthington), PHELPS (Lt. Comdr. Edward L. Beck), WORDEN (Lt. Comdr. William G. Pogue), AYLWIN (Lt. Comdr. George R. Phelan), MONAGHAN (Lt. Comdr. William P. Burford), ELLET (Lt. Comdr. Francis H. Gardner), MAURY (Lt. Comdr. Gelzer L. Sims), and CONYNGHAM (Lt. Comdr. Henry C. Daniel).

Under Admiral English, the submarines: CACHALOT (Lt. Comdr. George A. Lewis), CUTLEFISH (Lt. Comdr. Martin P. Hottel), DOLPHIN (Lt. Comdr. Royal L. Rutter), DRUM (Lt. Comdr. Robert H. Rice), FINBACK (Lt. Comdr. Jesse L. Hull), FLYING FISH (Lt. Comdr. Glynn R. Donaho), GATO (Lt. Comdr. William G. Myers), GRAYLING (Lt. Comdr. Eliot Olsen), GREENLING (Lt. Comdr. Henry C. Bruton), GRENADE (Lt. Comdr. William A. Lent), GROUPE (Lt. Comdr. Claren E. Duke), GROWLER (Lt. Comdr. Howard W. Gilmore), GUDGEON (Lt. Comdr. Hylan B. Lyon), NARWHAL (Lt. Comdr. Charles W. Wilkins), NAUTILUS (Lt. Comdr. William H. Brockman, Jr.), PIKE (Lt. Comdr. William A. New), PLUNGER (Lt. Comdr. David C. White), POLLACK (Lt. Comdr. Stanley P. Moseley), POMPAÑO (Lt. Comdr. Lewis S. Parks), PORPOISE (Lt. Comdr. John R. McKnight, Jr.), TAMBOR (Lt. Comdr. John W. Murphy, Jr.), TARPON (Lt. Comdr. J. Wallace), TRIGGER (Lt. Comdr. Jack H. Lewis), TROUT (Lt. Comdr. Frank W. Fenno, Jr.), TUNA (Lt. Comdr. Arnold H. Holtz).

landing operation—if they got that far. The maximum hope was that they would not get that far.

Long-range searches were instituted. It was expected that the carriers would not launch their aircraft before they reached 200 miles. It was necessary, therefore, that each day's search be conducted to a distance that any enemy force which might be undetected just beyond could not approach within 200 miles of Midway before the next day's search.

But perverse old Mother Nature slipped a joker into the pack. An area of poor visibility thickened 300 to 400 miles to the northwest. If the Japanese knew it and took advantage of it, the American searchers would not be able to locate the enemy carriers the day before they reached attacking range.

On the other hand, the same bad weather would also be likely to hamper navigation sufficiently to prevent the Japanese from launching a night attack. It seemed probable that upon emerging from the obscured area in the early morning hours they would wait for dawn to fix position before launching planes, between 4:30 and 5:00 at the earliest. Midway could, therefore, expect attack about 6:00 A.M.

This analysis proved to be accurate. The first bomb fell on Midway at 6:30.

Because of the threat of a dawn attack on Midway, searching planes were sent out as early as possible each day—usually about 4:15. To safeguard them from destruction on the ground and to have our striking force instantly available, the B-17s took off immediately afterward. They remained in the air for about four hours, by which time the progress of the search and the reduction of their fuel load made it safe for them to land. The other planes remained on the ground but fully alert.

Admiral Nimitz, Commander in Chief Pacific Fleet, believed that the enemy planned a rendezvous about 700 miles west of Midway and ordered this area searched by B-17s on May 31 and June 1. Nothing was found. On June 2 a B-17 without bombs searched 800 miles to the west without making any contacts. These searches were made in part by two groups of six B-17s flown in from Hawaii on May 30 and 31, respectively. Consequently, their crews were in the air about thirty hours in the two days before actual combat, and, in addition, serviced their own planes.

These searches were not without incident. On the 30th two of our PBYS—lumbering big amphibians—were attacked by two Japanese patrol planes, wounding several of our men. But the "Meatballs" were plainly

land-based aircraft, certainly from Wake Island, and not from the invasion fleet.

Day by day the searches continued. Where were the Japs? Were they really headed for Midway? On Midway, in the task forces, in Pearl Harbor and in Washington, men waited for the contact report. It couldn't be long in coming, unless the defenders had been fooled. But that couldn't be. The intelligence had been too accurate. Any minute contact would surely be reported. Would it be by radio from one of our men far out from Midway? Or would it come with the crashing of bombs on the island?

On the night of June 2 there was a calm expectancy on the island. Perhaps tomorrow would be the day.

If it was, Midway was ready.

4

Before dawn on June 3, all of Midway's planes were in the air and the scouts on their search.

At four minutes past nine, a PBȲ made the first contact with the enemy, sighting two Japanese cargo vessels.

Then more reports streamed in. Ensign Jewell H. Reid, 700 miles westward of the island, found a force of eleven ships including cruisers and destroyers. Other units were reported, making it plain that they were converging for a rendezvous. Nimitz's hunch, if hunch it can be called, was verified.

But where were the carriers? None had yet been sighted.

The only planes capable of carrying a bomb load to the distance of the enemy sighted by Ensign Reid were the Army B-17s. They were ordered to attack.

Carrying bomb-bay gasoline tanks and half the normal weight of bombs, nine Flying Fortresses, led by Lieutenant Colonel Walter C. Sweeney, took off.

It was almost 4:30 before they saw their target: two or three heavy cruisers, destroyers, transports and cargo vessels. In all, about thirty ships. Antiaircraft fire, though inaccurate, was heavy. The Fortresses loosed their bombs from 18,000 feet. Although they scored no direct hits, their bombs shook up a cruiser and damaged the superstructure of a cargo ship. But battle had been joined at last.

As the B-17s flew back to Midway, another and historic flight was headed for the enemy. The big, slow, far-ranging Catalinas have been called upon to do many and wondrous things; this night was to see them do something even the designer never contemplated. Because of their range and the urgency of attacking the still-distant enemy, four PBY-5As, each carrying a torpedo and piloted by volunteers under the leadership of Lieutenant William L. Richards, executive officer of Patrol Squadron 44, were on the first mission of its kind: a night torpedo attack by patrol planes on surface ships.

They left Midway after dark. As no definite report of the composition of the enemy force had been received, Richards' instructions were to attack, in order of priority, carriers, battleships, transports.

The night was clear, and the moon breaking through the cumulus-clouded sky glistened on the long-range Catalinas. A little after midnight, the third and fourth planes, piloted by Ensign Gaylord D. Propst and Ensign Allen Rothenberg, lost the formation in passing through cloud-banks. Propst eventually managed to find the target alone.

Lieutenant Richards, followed by Lieutenant (jg) Daniel C. Davis, spotted their objective at 1:15 A.M. Silhouetted in the moonlight were ten or more large ships¹ in two columns, escorted by nine destroyers. The two Catalinas maneuvered to the downmoon side, and with engines throttled back, glided in to the attack.

Picking out a ship that looked like a carrier to him in the moonlight, Richards made her their target. On the approach he thought she was more likely a transport. (Actually it was a large tanker, the *AKEBONO MARU*).

The planes glided down to 100 feet and Richards dropped his torpedo. Then, making a climbing turn, he saw the result—a gratifying explosion.

Dan Davis wasn't satisfied with his approach, so he turned and tried again. He waited until he was 200 yards away before he loosed his torpedo and then strafed the ship with machine-gun fire, causing, we now know, many casualties.

Ensign Propst, pilot of the third plane that had become separated from the others on the way, now found the enemy convoy, and flying down the moon's path dropped a torpedo and strafed the whole column.

Ensign Rothenberg wasn't so lucky. Unable to find the enemy force, he had to turn back because of his dwindling gasoline supply.

¹ There were 14 ships: a light cruiser, six destroyers, six transports, and the oiler.

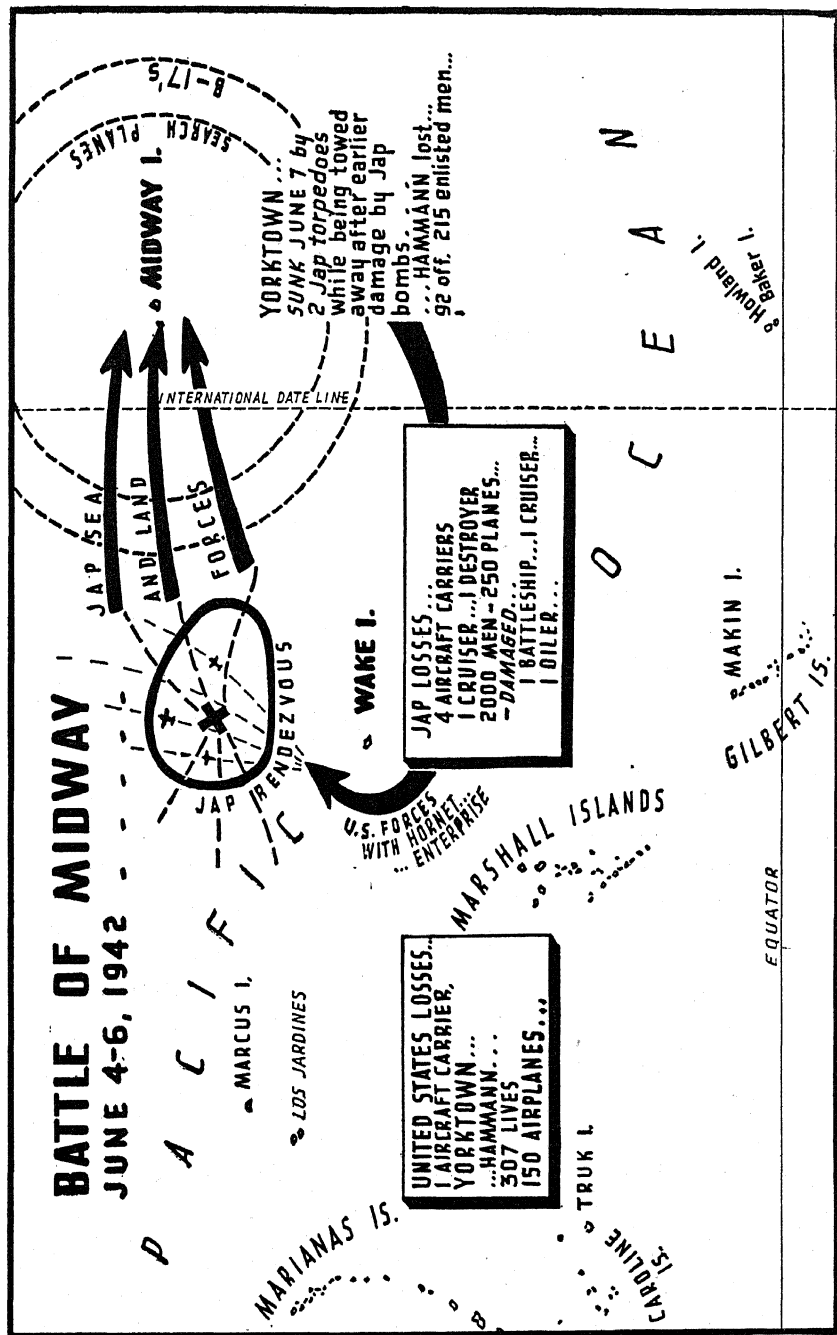


FIGURE 3

All four planes returned individually. On the way they heard by radio that Midway itself was under attack, so course was set for Lisianski. Richards, Davis and Rothenberg made Laysan, but Propst ran out of gas near Lisianski.

The versatile Catalina had made another name for herself.

Almost straight north over Alaska's fog-shrouded waters, other PBYS were making history at the same moment. As Midway prepared for last-ditch defense, the news was flashed that Dutch Harbor had been attacked by Japanese carrier-borne bombers, and the PBYS were boring through the mist in search for the enemy fleet.

Was it a diversionary raid or were the Japanese applying pincers to lop off United States territory west of the mainland? Midway's defenders shrugged off the question. They had a job to do.

5

The Flying Fortresses and Catalinas had attacked the enemy at long range but the strength of the invader had not been diminished. The defenders fully expected that their island would in turn be under attack the morning of June 4.

They were right. The time was five minutes before six when the air-raid alarm fully alerted Midway. A few minutes earlier a voice from a PBY scout had said: "Many planes heading Midway, bearing three-two-zero, distance one-five-o!"

That the scout had given his message in plain English, for the first time in battle, dispensing with code to ensure speed, caused no wonderment in the operations office of Midway. They were already too busy there to discuss mere shattering of precedent, getting planes away to meet the oncoming enemy.

At eight minutes before six another scout found the main body of the Japanese, including carriers, 180 miles away at 320°, and Captain James F. Collins's Army B-26s, Lieutenant Langdon K. Fieberling's Navy TBFs and Major Lofton R. Henderson's Marine Scout Bombing Squadron were ordered to the attack.

By six o'clock, every plane able to leave the ground, except one J2F, was in the air, and three sections of the Marine Fighter Group, consisting of eight F2As and six F4Fs, were vectored out to meet the approaching enemy bombers. Two other sections were vectored ten miles in another

direction to be ready to meet any possible attack from that quarter; none developing, they were soon ordered to join in repelling the planes already located.

Sixteen minutes later our fighters met the enemy 30 miles out. There were sixty to eighty Aichi-type 99 bombers in rigid V formations at 12,000 feet, escorted by about fifty Zeros.

From a height of 17,000 feet, the Buffaloes and Wildcats dove on the Japanese. There were enormous odds against them.

"After the first pass at a bomber, there were from one to five Zero fighters on the tail of each of our fighters," said Major Verne J. McCaul, exec of Marine Aircraft Group 22. "Each pilot made only one or two passes at the bombers and then spent the remainder of the time trying to shake the Jap fighters off his tail. Most succeeded by using cloud cover, or, in two cases, by leading the Japs into fire from light antiaircraft guns ashore and on PT boats."

At least two bombers were downed, but within a few minutes, the formations—ragged now—were over Midway.

The first bomb fell at 6:30. In spite of heavy antiaircraft fire, the enemy formations continued their run, dropping their bombs along the north side of Eastern Island, and on Sand Island in the hangar and barracks area and near "D" battery. Scarcely had the high-altitude attack passed than the dive bombers appeared. The powerhouse on Eastern Island and the oil tanks near the Marine dock on Sand Island were primary targets. Smoke from the burning oil billowed into the air. As the dive bombers pulled out over the lagoon, the PT boats opened fire, accounting for at least one plane. The bombing was over in a few minutes, but some Zeros remained to strafe the field and batteries.

By 7:15 all surviving enemy planes had left, and a message was broadcast: "Fighters land. Refuel by division. Fifth division first."

Pitifully few fighters responded, for of the 27 fighter planes of the Marine Air Group that intercepted the enemy bombers 15 were missing and 7 severely damaged.

But they had inflicted greater damage on the enemy. Known Japanese losses amounted to 43 by fighter action alone, exclusive of an unknown number shot down by our missing fliers. Our antiaircraft batteries were credited with shooting down 10 planes, and many more were damaged so severely that they were unable to return to their carrier. Our aviators

returning from their attack on the Japanese saw many enemy planes down in the water.

Our fighters at that time were shown to be less maneuverable and slower than the Zero, though the latter was more vulnerable. "No local pilot," said Marine Lieutenant Ira L. Kimes, "has yet observed a fighter-type aircraft with such versatility. . . . The only way our pilots could shake them off was to dive at speeds better than 400 knots, or to use cloud cover."

Damage to Midway had been severe. Almost all the structures above the ground had been razed or badly damaged. The powerhouse had been hit, the hangar destroyed. And, most serious, the gasoline system had been damaged, so that subsequent refueling of planes had to be done by hand. This last damage was the more unfortunate, for it was self-inflicted; the installed demolition charge—for use in case of capture by the enemy—was accidentally tripped. The explosion caused tremendous damage.

Fortunately the runways were spared. The Japanese intended to use them themselves!

In the face of this devastation, however, the defenders of Midway knew that they were striking back. The last Japanese plane had scarcely left Midway than our fliers opened their attack on the enemy carriers.

6

Led by the battleship *KIRISHIMA*, the Japanese Striking Force steamed toward Midway. At dawn of June 4, the carriers had turned into the wind to launch their combat air patrols and then their attack groups. Admiral Yamamoto's hope for a surprise strike at Midway had been abandoned. The attacks on the transports demonstrated that the defenders were alert. But there were excellent indications that his carriers had not yet been spotted. If the Americans on the islands had been alerted by the discovery of his occupation force, such meager planes as Japanese intelligence had reported on Midway would certainly be flying westward to attack the cruisers and transports.

The admiral almost felt sorry for the Yankees. His own strategy was too good to be used against such a weak outpost as Midway. The few planes flying westward would be that much fewer for his sky eagles to

contend with. The transports could take care of themselves; even if one or two were lost, the remainder would be able to land their troops. Strategy demanded that a consideration of losses be included in any plan: what if his casualties were sustained far out at sea or on the beachheads? It was all the same.

Even now the bombers would be approaching Midway. The air waves were silent. The radiomen, monitoring all possible wavelengths employed by their enemy, heard no garbled jargon from American planes to cause any suspicion of a sighting.

Then, shortly before six o'clock local time, an American plane was sighted. It was one of those large, slow scouts. Still Yamamoto did not worry. Maybe a few foolhardy aircraft would respond to the alarm this searcher gave. Admiral Nagano's Zeros would take care of them.

An hour later the general alarm rang through each ship in the force. Americans were attacking.

* * * *

The six Navy torpedo planes and four Army B-26s reached the Japanese simultaneously. Antiaircraft fire was heavy and fighter opposition strong, as the two groups flew in to their release point.

Captain Collins, leading the Army Marauders, released his torpedo at about 800 yards from 200 feet altitude at the *AKAGI*, the carrier swinging to starboard in his path. Lieutenant James P. Muri's plane followed, dropped its torpedo and pulled up over the ship. Both torpedoes missed, but the enemy fleet was thrown into confusion.

These were the only two surviving Marauders. As they roared away at full throttle, they were jumped by a swarm of Zeros, four of which they shot down. These two planes managed to return to base, but were so badly damaged that they could not be flown again.

Lieutenant Fieberling's Navy torpedo planes made a gallant attack. Only one badly shot-up plane returned to make a landing with one wheel retracted. Because of the heavy fighter opposition, the surviving pilot, Ensign Albert K. Earnest, was not able to observe the results of the attack or to tell what had happened to the others in the unit. It appears that at least two were shot down before launching their torpedoes.

Fifty minutes later—at 7:55—sixteen Dauntless bombers of Marine Scout Bombing Squadron 241 arrived. Major Lofton R. Henderson, who commanded them, had a problem: Ten of his pilots had joined the

squadron only a week before; not only had there been little opportunity during these few days for training flights to accustom his men to working together in this team, but only three of them were experienced in SBD-type planes! Because of this, Major Henderson decided to make a glide-bombing attack instead of to dive-bomb.

The squadron made a wide circle at high speed to lose altitude and come down on the KAGA below. Harried by Zeros and Nakajima 97s, rocked by heavy antiaircraft fire, the planes bore grimly down on their target. What they lacked in experience, they made up in courage, but casualties were the price. Major Henderson was one of the first to be hit; Captain Elmer G. Glidden, Jr., at once took the lead.

All the violent maneuvering the KAGA attempted did not avail her. The surviving Marines bore in to 500 feet before releasing their bombs. Three direct and several near hits was the vengeance exacted. But the cost was heavy. Of the sixteen planes that had attacked only eight managed to return to base and, of these, six never flew again.

Lieutenant Colonel Sweeney's Flying Fortresses were the next to strike. These fifteen planes had left Midway to attack the enemy ships sighted the day before, but had changed course when they learned of this main enemy force. From high altitude they concentrated on three carriers. Again, no direct hits were scored, but the attack once more broke up the enemy's formation and flight operations.

Scarcely had the B-17s left the scene than the second unit of the Marine group arrived. The eleven Vindicators under the command of Major Benjamin W. Norris sighted the enemy at twenty minutes after eight. Enemy fighters swarmed at them. So severe was this opposition that Major Norris could not press the search for the carriers but chose a battleship as his target. A high-speed approach at low level through heavy antiaircraft fire and enemy fighters resulted in two direct hits and two very near ones on the HYEI. The battleship began to smoke heavily and list.

Then the Vindicators roared away from their battle. As well as the damage to the battleship, they had cost the Japs four planes. Their cost was two planes that were forced to land in the water before reaching Midway, but two pilots and a gunner were rescued.

Admiral Nimitz sums up the situation as the last of the Midway planes withdrew, in his report: "The Midway forces had struck with full strength, but the Japanese were not as yet checked. About ten ships had

been damaged, of which one or two transports or cargo vessels may have been sunk. But this was hardly an impression on the great force of about eighty ships converging on Midway. Most of Midway's fighters, torpedo planes, and dive bombers—the only types capable of making a high percentage of hits on ships—were gone, and three of the Japanese carriers were still undamaged or insufficiently so to hamper operations. This was the situation when our carrier attack began."

7

The messages that reported the Japanese planes flying toward Midway and the location of the enemy carriers were intercepted by Admiral Fletcher's task forces the morning of June 4, and at once Admiral Spruance's carriers ENTERPRISE and HORNET, with their escorts and supporting ships, were directed toward the enemy to launch attacks when within range. As only two Japanese carriers had been reported, the YORKTOWN was held in temporary reserve. But not for long.

There was very real danger that the YORKTOWN might be caught with her planes on deck, so at 8:40 all the torpedo squadron, half the bomber squadron, and six fighters were sent up. The remaining 17 scout bombers were retained in the hope that the missing Jap carriers would be located. By 9:45, all three airborne squadrons had rendezvoused and were headed for the enemy.

"Frank Jack's" strategy was to catch the enemy on the flank and reach the Japanese carriers before their planes could return from Midway and refuel for a second attack, which would almost certainly be directed at our carriers. This was essential now, for HORNET and ENTERPRISE, launching their planes within 155 miles of the enemy at seven o'clock had been spotted by a lurking Japanese seaplane.

The HORNET put 35 scout bombers armed with 500-pound bombs, 15 torpedo planes, and 10 fighters into the air. Thirty-three scout bombers, 14 torpedo planes and 10 fighters took off from the ENTERPRISE.

But the Japanese task force had turned north in evasive action as the result of the warning it had received. The HORNET bombers and fighters never found their target, for when they had reached the estimated position of the enemy they turned southward in the hope of finding them there.

Torpedo Squadron 8, under the command of Lieutenant Commander

John C. Waldron, turned north, and in a blazing few minutes of courage won immortality.

It was twenty minutes past nine on the morning of the 4th when they found the enemy carriers. Through overwhelming fighter opposition Torpedo 8 dove toward its target, completely without support. A moment later it ran into a screen of antiaircraft fire thrown up by the destroyers and cruisers. One by one our planes fell, the survivors pressing on the more doggedly. Not a plane returned from the holocaust of enemy fire, and only one pilot, Ensign George H. Gay, survived. Shot down as he launched a torpedo at the *AKAGI*, he crashed near the carrier. By hiding under a floating seat cushion and refraining from inflating his life raft until after dark, he saved his own life and had a "fish-eye view" of the succeeding attacks by our carrier forces.

"I was just lucky," he says. "I've never understood why I was the only one that came back, but it turned out that way and I want to be sure that the men that didn't come back get the credit for the work they did. They followed Commander Waldron without batting an eye and I don't feel that we made mistakes and that Commander Waldron got us into trouble. . . . I know that if I had it all over to do again, even knowing the odds, I'd follow him again through exactly the same thing. We did things that he wanted us to do, not because he was our boss, but because we felt that if we did the things he wanted us to do, then it was the right thing to do. The Zeros that day just caught us off balance. We were at a disadvantage all the way around.

"I dropped the torpedo and was fortunate enough to get away from the antiaircraft fire although everything was shooting at me. I flew right down the gun barrel of one of those big pompoms up forward. I looked in the sights and tried to get a shot at that fellow but my gun was jammed by then and I figured that the only way I could evade all that antiaircraft fire was not to throw my belly up in a turn away from the ship but just go right straight to her and offer as small a target as I could. So I flew right down the gun barrels, pulled up on the port side, did a flipper turn right by the island. I could see the little Jap captain up there jumping up and down raising hell, and I thought about wishing that I had a .45 so I could take a pot shot at him.

"I was trying to get out of the fleet. Before I got away, five Zeros dived right down on me in a line, and about the second or third one shot my rudder control and ailerons out and I pancaked into the ocean. The

hood slammed shut. I couldn't keep the right wing up; it had hit the water first and snapped the plane in, and bent it all up and broke it up and the hood slammed shut. I was in the sprained fuselage and I couldn't get it open. That's when I got scared. I was afraid I was going to drown in the plane.

"I got out of there and made a dive to try and pick up my rear gunner, but I couldn't get to him. The first thing I saw after I came to the surface was a large carrier headed right straight for me and she was landing planes. . . . I was a little bit interested in watching that, but I didn't care to do it at such close hand. She went right by me about 500 yards to the west of me, and the cruiser that was with her was only about 500 yards to the east of me, and headed north. Then they circled back."

Ensign Gay had been in the water less than an hour when the ENTERPRISE and YORKTOWN groups arrived. The ENTERPRISE torpedo squadron had been launched at about 7:49 and proceeded independently. On the way it lost its fighter escort of ten F4F-4s, which later joined YORKTOWN's torpedo squadron, so that ENTERPRISE's Torpedo 6 also attacked without protection. Choosing the carrier to the west, the already wounded KAGA, our planes attacked under fire from about 25 Zeros and passed through intense anti-aircraft fire.

At the same time that this was taking place, the YORKTOWN's torpedo squadron was making its approach. This squadron, led by Lieutenant Commander Lance E. Massey, had been escorted by fighters. The fighters were able to give them some protection in the early stages of the approach, but were soon engaged by superior numbers and became separated from the torpedo squadron. From a point about a mile east of the AKAGI, Massey turned in for the attack. As he turned he was shot down in flames by an enemy fighter, but the remainder of the squadron pressed on. Six more fell on the way and only five remained to launch their torpedoes. Three more fell a moment later.

Three enemy carriers had been under torpedo attack, but if any were hit, it was by duds. Our torpedo squadrons had paid heavily. The HORNET's Torpedo 8 had been wiped out. Of the 14 planes in ENTERPRISE's Torpedo 6, only four returned; and of the 12 planes of YORKTOWN's Torpedo 3, only two survived the attack.

The sacrifice was not in vain. The attacks forced the Japanese carriers to maneuver so radically that they could not launch their own bombers; and, too, the Japanese, recognizing the greater menace of the torpedo

planes, concentrated their fighters on the low-flying aircraft, so that few were able to interfere when our dive bombers arrived.

The dive-bomber attack was intended to coincide with the torpedo attack and very nearly did so. Whether the torpedo squadrons would have been spared such severe losses if the dive bombers had come two or three minutes sooner is an unanswerable question. At any rate, the few surviving torpedo planes were scarcely clear when the dive-bombing squadrons from both ENTERPRISE and YORKTOWN began their attack.

The ENTERPRISE group, like that of HORNET, had failed to find the enemy carriers in the expected position because of the reversal of course. But their group commander, Lieutenant Commander Clarence W. McClusky, Jr., as the commander of Torpedo 8 had done, turned northward, climbed to 19,000 feet and searched.

At two minutes past ten, after forty-five minutes, the enemy was sighted, and the attack instituted.

Separating into two sections, the ENTERPRISE squadron aimed for the carrier SORYU to the northwest and the KAGA on her right. The YORKTOWN planes dove on AKAGI.

When the ENTERPRISE planes roared away, SORYU and KAGA were smoking from numerous direct hits. Antiaircraft fire had been light, and enemy fighters drawn down by the preceding torpedo planes were unable to oppose them until they had pulled out from their dives. Then they did. Of 33 SBDs, 18 were lost.

The YORKTOWN bombers' target, AKAGI, was turning southward into the wind to launch her planes, as the Dauntlesses hurtled downward from 14,500 feet. As the first Japanese started to take off, our first bomb exploded in the midst of the planes assembled on deck, turning the after part of the flight deck into a mass of flames. Five direct hits and three near hits followed as our planes dove from the south on the carrier's fore-and-aft line. Four planes of the squadron, seeing the AKAGI so badly damaged, transferred their attack to a cruiser and a battleship near-by, scoring a hit on the stern and a near hit on each. The battleship was left smoking and the cruiser dead in the water. There was no fighter opposition until after the dive, and our planes withdrew at high speed low over the water, dodging heavy antiaircraft fire. The entire squadron returned safely to the YORKTOWN.

Badly as it had been hit, KAGA survived the bombing to receive its coup de grâce from a submarine. Our submarines had been notified that

morning of the Japanese attack force northwest of Midway, and nine were ordered to close the enemy. The *GROUPER* (Lieutenant Commander Claren E. Duke) found the enemy force, but did not attack because of plane and depth-charge attacks. The *NAUTILUS*, commanded by Lieutenant Commander William H. Brockman, Jr., after doggedly trailing a force of enemy battleships and cruisers, made an unsuccessful attack and was heavily depth-charged in return. Then at twenty-nine minutes after ten she sighted columns of smoke on the horizon coming from the enemy carriers which had just been dive-bombed.

Closing, the *NAUTILUS* found the *KAGA*. She was smoking, but there were no flames and she was on an even keel. Slowly, deliberately, the submarine approached and fired a spread of three torpedoes into her. Then she crash-dived, for two cruisers, immediately seeing the torpedo tracks, laid a heavy depth-charge barrage. When this passed, the *NAUTILUS* rose to periscope depth and found the carrier completely aflame and abandoned. She sank at 6:40 P.M.

Captain Takahisa Amagai, *KAGA*'s air officer, was in the water when the *NAUTILUS* fired her torpedoes. Just before hitting, he saw one broach, hit the hull, fail to explode and ricochet away. The other two found their mark.

The result of our attacks on the Japanese carrier force June 4 was the ultimate destruction of the *AKAGI*, *KAGA* and *SORYU*, with their respective commanders: Captains Aoki, Okada, and Yaganimoto. One destroyer, the *ARASHIO*, also had been sunk by the American carrier-based dive bombers.

But the battle was by no means over. One carrier still remained undamaged, and had withdrawn to the north. The battleships and cruisers were intact, and the loaded transports unscathed.

The *YORKTOWN*'s bombers had not long been back aboard when the order came to clear the flight deck.

The *HIRYU* was seeking vengeance.

8

Torpedo 8 was the first intimation to Admiral Yamamoto and Admiral Nagano, commander of carrier forces, that American aircraft carriers were in the vicinity. Even as Lieutenant Commander Waldron's courageous squadron skimmed along the surface of the water through the

heavy antiaircraft and fighter fire, high-pitched excited Japanese queries were directed at their operations staff and their scouting planes: There are American carriers in the area. Where are they? Find them at once!

This was at 9:20 A.M. on June 4. The Japanese bombers that had survived the attack on Midway were returning. Yamamoto wanted them rearmed and sent against this new-found threat. But the situation—from the Jap point of view—grew progressively worse as our dive bombers followed the torpedo planes and prevented launching, destroying the Japanese planes before they could take off.

But there was one carrier left after the holocaust. And it was from this, the *HIRYU*, that planes found and attacked the *YORKTOWN*.

At noon, eighteen single-engined Bakugeti type 99 dive bombers, escorted by an equal number of fighters, were intercepted by the *YORKTOWN*'s combat air patrol 20 miles away. So effective was the meeting that only eight of the enemy bombers broke through to run into the heavy antiaircraft fire thrown up by *YORKTOWN* and her escorts, *ASTORIA*, *PORTLAND*, *HAMMANN*, *MORRIS*, *RUSSELL*, *ANDERSON*, *HUGHES*.

Since only eight bombers succeeded in evading our fighters, our gunners had to choose individual targets rather than lay a barrage. One plane was shot down soon after coming within range. As the next plane came in and dove to its release point it was cut to pieces by ack-ack, but its bomb tumbled on *YORKTOWN*'s deck close to one of her elevators. The third plane dove and was hit at the instant that its pilot released his bomb; this fell so close astern that fragments wounded gunners on the fantail and started small fires, while pieces of the plane fell in *YORKTOWN*'s wake. Three planes dove from the port beam and released their bombs before our gunners found them. Two bombs were misses, one wide and one close to starboard, but the third hit the deck on the starboard side, penetrated, and exploded. The plane which dropped it crashed into the sea beside the ship. A seventh plane circled and dove from ahead. The bomb, dropped an instant before the plane was shot down, hit the No. 1 elevator, exploded and started a fire. The last plane missed completely. Three hits had been made.

It was all over by 12:15. Not one of the bombers escaped.

Damage to the *YORKTOWN* was not serious, and repairs were made quickly. The hole in the flight deck was covered in less than half an hour. By 1:50 the ship was able to do about 20 knots, and fires were sufficiently under control to permit refueling of fighters on deck. So those fighters

which had not flown to the ENTERPRISE for rearming and refueling—in order to retain a protective air patrol—started replenishing.

But the respite was not long. The farseeing eye of radar at a few minutes before 2:30 saw a covey of “bogies”—enemy planes—heading in. And again the task group prepared to meet the new onslaught.

The six fighters that were already in the air were vectored to meet the enemy. Fueling of the planes on the YORKTOWN was hastily suspended, and the ready fighters were launched.

Unfortunately, of the six planes that rushed to meet the Japs, four, flying at 10,000 feet, overran the enemy that was coming in at 5,000, and had to turn back to catch them. The other two joined combat about 12 miles out.

The enemy planes were torpedo bombers escorted by fighters. In the melee that followed, only eight out of a possible sixteen of the Kogekiki torpedo planes broke through to meet one of the heaviest concentrations of antiaircraft fire yet seen in warfare. The curtain of fire was so thick that it seemed impossible for a plane to pass through it and survive.

With a courage matching that of our own torpedo squadrons, the Japanese kept on. As they passed our screening ships, our gunners followed them even though our own ships lay beyond in line of fire.

Only four reached the dropping point. As the lengthening wakes of the torpedoes sped, one after the other, toward the YORKTOWN, Captain Elliott Buckmaster by skillful maneuvering was able to avoid two of them. But there was nothing he could do about the other two. A vessel as huge as the YORKTOWN cannot turn on the proverbial dime. A few seconds apart, the two caught her amidships and tore tremendous holes in her port side.

When the firing ceased two minutes later, all of the enemy had paid with their lives. But they had got the YORKTOWN. The action had lasted six minutes, and now the YORKTOWN, listing heavily to port, was losing speed and turning in a small circle.

Then she stopped and white smoke poured from her stacks. The screening vessels began to circle around her.

Inside the carrier all lights had gone out. Auxiliary generators were cut in but they wouldn't hold and darkness prevailed. The list gradually increased. Despite all that the damage-control parties attempted, without power they were helpless.

It became increasingly apparent that the vessel would capsize, so at

five minutes before three orders were given to abandon ship. Inside, men clambered over steeply sloping decks in total darkness to remove the wounded, and after an inspection to ensure that no living man was left aboard, Captain Buckmaster left his ship.

Destroyers closed in to pick up survivors.

9

The *HIRYU* had struck and drawn valuable blood. It had been costly, but in the light of cold statistics the Americans—despite the havoc they had wrought against the Japanese fleet—had paid more than they could afford from their still outnumbered fleet.

Captain Kawaguchi, *HIRYU*'s air officer, looked at his watch. It was 2:30 local time. At this moment his torpedo planes should be attacking. No one knew better than he the necessity of annihilating the Americans' carrier strength—not only for the success of this mission, but for future successful operations. Despite the losses sustained, there was still an excellent possibility that the invasion of Midway would be accomplished according to the plan given at the conference at the Naval Station Hashirajima—that small port near Kure—on May 24.

But as the Japanese air officer waited for word from his torpedo squadron, high in the air above the task force of the *HIRYU*, and her escorts of two battleships, three cruisers and four destroyers, a plane bearing the insignia of the United States Navy broke through a cloud.

Lieutenant Samuel Adams had found the missing Japanese. Quickly he gave the position, and miles away retribution for the now sinking *YORKTOWN* was put into motion aboard *ENTERPRISE* and *HORNET*.

The *ENTERPRISE* began launching first, putting into the air 24 scout bombers, 14 of which were from the *YORKTOWN*. The *HORNET* followed, half an hour later, with a squadron of 16 scout bombers.

At 4:50 the *ENTERPRISE* squadron sighted the enemy force. Off to the south they could see three columns of smoke, marking the three carriers attacked earlier in the day. There were less than a dozen enemy fighters to oppose them, but the Japanese fought with the courage of desperation, and succeeded in getting three of our planes.

Our dive bombers roared down from 19,000 feet, and the *HIRYU* felt the impact of six direct hits.

One hit forward of the elevator, and two hit just aft of it, the force

of the explosion lifting the deck so that it completely covered the navigating bridge. The three other bombs struck the after elevator.

A tremendous mass of flames broke out.

Even before the last of our dive bombers had released their cargo, it was obvious that the *HIRYU* was doomed; quickly swinging out and away, these planes gave their attention to the battleship *KIRISHIMA* but without inflicting serious damage.

When the *HORNET* squadron arrived less than half an hour later, they directed their attack at a battleship and a cruiser, presenting three 1,000-pound bombs to the former and two 500-pounders to the latter. All the *HORNET* planes returned to their carrier safely.

Aboard the *HIRYU* a few attempts were made to rectify the damage, to stop the spreading flames. But it was useless. Even if the fires could have been controlled, navigating the hulk those thousands of miles back to Japan would have been a difficult task. And casualties to the crew had been heavy; 500 men and 60 pilots had died for the Emperor, and one of them was their commander, Captain Kaka.

During the night the flames made a raging inferno of the engine room. As the first faint light of the dawn came over the eastern horizon, a lean, sleek Japanese destroyer threaded her way through the debris-covered sea. The last of the survivors were taken aboard, and then, standing off a few hundred yards, she fired a spread of torpedoes at the *HIRYU*.

Hissing and spluttering, her hull ripped by explosion, the carrier, cloaked by the ugly almost tactual smoke, slipped beneath the waters she had tried to conquer.

From the deck of the destroyer Captain Kawaguchi, wrapped in a coarse cotton blanket, watched the *HIRYU* sink. As air officer he realized that the Americans had won control of the air. The transports and landing craft would now be at the mercy of any defending aircraft the Yankees might still possess. It would indeed be most difficult.

The destroyer, her job of scuttling done, turned in a wide arc and headed to rejoin the remainder of the Japanese fleet.

Her course should have given a clue as to the invasion's outcome to Captain Kawaguchi, but it was not for some time that he discovered the Japanese offensive was finished.

At ten o'clock the night before—June 4—Admiral Yamamoto had realized his operation was a failure and had ordered all his forces, with the exception of Cruiser Division 7, to turn tail and return to more

friendly waters. Cruiser Division 7—MOGAMI, MIKUMA, SUZUYA and KUMANO—broke off from the transport group and continued on, to shell Midway.

But even this face-saving gesture was destined to failure. During the night MOGAMI and MIKUMA collided while attempting to avoid the submarine TAMBOR which they had sighted. MOGAMI was badly damaged so Cruiser Division 7 changed course and headed for the homeland.

The Japanese were in full retreat, yet their troubles were far from over. As the bows of the damaged and undamaged carved the ocean pointing westward, American planes and ships were seeking them.

Shintoism was to gain more brand-new gods before the Battle of Midway would be ended.

IO

Maybe history will record June 4, 1942, as the day the United States Navy decided the fate of the Pacific war. In years to come (atomic science permitting) strategists and students of naval warfare will read and reread the official reports, will argue possibilities and potentialities, discuss the pro and con of orders rendered and action taken, as indeed they have debated all decisive engagements of history.

June 5 and 6 will have their share. For from the bombing of the HIRYU, which initiated Yamamoto's decision to seek the havens of Singapore and the Nipponese navy yards, until 5:30 of June 6—the time of last enemy contact—there has evolved a mass of discrepancy. To the researcher, sitting comfortable and safe among the war diaries, the eyewitness accounts, or over a whisky and soda with a veteran of a specific engagement, the sometimes amazing and startling contradictions make arrival at The Facts seemingly impossible.

And to make matters worse, the statements are utterly truthful. This apparent paradox is quite explainable. No man in the heat of excitement, tearing through the atmosphere at several hundred miles an hour, perhaps with his eye glued to the telescope sight, his hand firm on the bomb release, or attempting to shake Zeros from his tail, or evade the mushroom puffs of flak, can dispassionately and logically evaluate the tonnage and composition of the enemy ships below him. He sees them; then he doesn't. Impressions crowd his mind. If he is highly trained, with the benefit of months of intensive practice, his disciplined reflexes will auto-

matically take care of the basic fundamentals: flying the plane; increasing *his* chances of survival.

The remarkable thing is that he is so often right.

But the human element is a very definite factor in every report that reaches a commander. And following the actions of June 4, when the Japanese had abandoned his latest imperialistic project, the variety of reports that reached the over-all command in Pearl Harbor, the task group commanders, Admirals Fletcher and Spruance, and Captain Simard on Midway, were contradictory and confusing. Moreover, bad weather with reduced visibility in the north where the enemy's striking force was fleeing, prevented the location of some of the ships.

On Midway, only fragmentary news of our attack on the enemy carriers had come in during the battle. Honestly made claims of hits on carriers, battleships, cruisers and destroyers made Midway's defenders wonder if the entire Japanese Navy had ringed the island.

In the early afternoon, as Captain Logan C. Ramsey, Midway's air defense operations officer, said that "things looked very black, despite the reports of damage to Japanese carriers made earlier . . . The YORKTOWN had been hit . . . The enemy forces reported by our patrol planes were all boring in. It appeared quite possible we would be under heavy bombardment from surface vessels before sunset."

Refueling and servicing of planes was extremely slow because of the damage to the gasoline system and other equipment, so Midway was unable to make repeated attacks with the few planes left as a striking force. At three o'clock in the afternoon, the four serviceable Flying Fortresses, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Sweeney, left to attack a reported enemy convoy, but with the news that an enemy carrier was 185 miles from the island to the northwest, they changed course to engage her. They found the carrier burning and dead in the water, apparently abandoned, so they attacked a near-by cruiser and a transport, hopefully claiming a hit on the former.

An hour after Lieutenant Colonel Sweeney's planes left Midway, two other B-17s had been repaired and, led by Captain Carl E. Wuertele, took off for the same objective. Seeing two damaged carriers, two battleships or heavy cruisers, and six or eight light cruisers or destroyers, they bombed from 9,600 feet. All missed.

While these two planes were attacking the battleship, six more B-17s were seen below. This squadron, commanded by Major George A.

Blakey, was en route from Molokai to Midway and had been diverted to attack before landing. To save gas, it attacked from a low altitude, strafing the decks of several ships as they passed. They also brought down four Zeros. Then they continued on to Midway, reaching there after sunset.

The Zeros that attacked Major Blakey's squadron brought up the possibility that there was a fifth enemy carrier in the vicinity. It was realized that they might have been left in the air from the *HIRYU*, but the chance of another left afloat could not be disregarded. Nor was it certain that loss of air support would deter the Japanese from attempting a landing on Midway. In fact, it appeared that they were still coming on. So at 9:15 on the 4th our submarines were ordered to form a circle 100 miles from Midway. They were to arrive on station and dive before dawn.

Admiral Fletcher ordered the *HUGHES* to stand by the damaged *YORKTOWN*, prevent anyone from boarding her, and to sink her if any attempt was made to capture her or if a serious fire should break out. Then his task force moved off to the eastward.

Admiral Spruance moved to the east and then back to the west during the night.

At a quarter past two on the morning of June 5, the submarine *TAMBOR* reported "many unidentified ships" about 90 miles west of Midway. When this report was relayed to our ships, to Admiral Spruance "this looked like a landing, so we took a course somewhat to the northwest of Midway at 25 knots. As the forenoon drew on, reports began to come in which indicated a retreat and not an attack. While I had not believed that the enemy, after losing four carriers and all their planes, would remain in an offensive frame of mind, still that possibility could not be overlooked, especially with the uncertainty about a fifth carrier in the area. The *TAMBOR*'s report might mean only that the retirement order had been slow in being issued or had failed to reach the ships sighted." Therefore at twenty minutes past four course was set to close Midway.

The *TAMBOR* trailed her quarry, and with the coming of dawn was able to identify them as "two *MOGAMI*-type cruisers," now headed due west.

During the morning, Admiral Spruance pursued a westerly course to the north of Midway. "As the general situation [and the weather] cleared," he says, "it became evident that a choice of objectives for chase and attack was the next matter for decision. We had reports of two

groups, either of which contained good targets. One was to the west of Midway, the other to the northwest. I chose the one to the northwest. It was farther away, but it contained the crippled carrier and two battleships, one of them reported damaged." However, about 500 miles to the northwest of Midway there was known to be a weather front, toward which the remnant of the enemy striking force was retreating. With a full night's head start, the Japanese had an excellent chance of reaching it.

II

Back on Midway during the night of June 4-5, the probability of a landing attempt seemed greater when at 1:30 a submarine shelled the island. "At this time," says Captain Ramsey, "our estimate of the situation was that the submarine commander was following the original plan to create a diversion to cover the attack of a landing party. However, in view of the losses now known to have been sustained by the Japanese, it was felt, when nothing further developed, that a retreat had been ordered and that the Japanese commander was the proverbial one who didn't get the word."

A Marine sergeant felt differently. Exhausted, he had managed to snatch some sleep. But not for long. Shaken violently, his mattress almost pulled away from under him, he opened his eyes to see one of his company and heard:

"Hey, Sarge! Wake up, wake up! Goddamit, we're being attacked!"

"Where? What is it?"

"A submarine!"

What the sergeant said is unprintable. The other Marine, leaving "on the double," heard the imprecations dwindle to a mumble.

By the time he had reached the door, the sergeant was asleep.

The night was spent in hard work. The gasoline system had not yet been repaired, so every man available from the Marine Air Group, Patrol Squadron 44, and two Raider companies worked steadily through the night loading 45,000 gallons of gasoline in 55-gallon drums and transferring it by hand pumps to the planes. They also hung eighty-five 500-pound bombs.

By seven o'clock in the morning the twelve remaining planes of Marine Aircraft Group 22 were ready to go. Six SBD-2s under the command of Captain Marshall A. Tyler and six SB2U-3s led by Captain Rich-

ard E. Fleming roared down the runway and were airborne. Their mission was to attack the two MOGAMI-class cruisers, 170 miles to the west, Tyler's Dauntlesses to dive-bomb and the Vindicators to glide-bomb from low altitude.

They had good weather as they flew westward. Forty-five minutes after leaving Midway they found an oil slick, and following it found their targets.

Captain Tyler's unit was at 10,500 feet when the ships were sighted so he started to nose down to pick up speed. Choosing the MOGAMI as their target, our planes met heavy and accurate antiaircraft fire. Weaving and dodging through the bursts, they dropped their bombs and although several near hits were seen, no direct ones were observed.

Then Captain Fleming's glide bombers began their runs. Attacking from the stern, Captain Fleming's plane was immediately hit by "flak." With smoke pouring from his engine and probably badly wounded, Fleming continued on, holding his plane on the course, until he was five hundred feet from his target; then he released his bomb and pulled away.

At the pull-out, the plane burst into flames and disintegrated. For this feat of courage and devotion to duty that cost him his life, Captain Fleming became the first Marine aviator of the war to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor.

When the bombing was over, the MOGAMI was listing and turning in circles to starboard, as our planes low over the water made their escape. Captain Fleming's plane was the only loss.

The Japanese cruisers had little respite, for half an hour later eight of Major Blakey's B-17s arrived on the scene and harried the MOGAMI and MIKUMA once more, although failing to hit either cruiser. Then the Fortresses flew back to Midway, refueled and rearmed and took off again to search for the carriers reported 400 miles to the northwest.

It was evening when the B-17s found a target. The bad visibility and weather in this area hid the enemy force, but returning they saw a cruiser and presented her with their bomb load, reporting at least one hit.

The last attack of the day from Midway was made by five B-17s of Flight 93 commanded by Captain Donald E. Ridings. They took off at 3:45 to try to bomb the carriers. But they had as little success as Major Blakey's planes. They too found a cruiser and attacked her with no observed hits.

The only two B-17s lost during the entire Midway battle were forced down at sea following this engagement; both by running out of gas.

One was the "City of San Francisco," donated by citizens of that city and piloted by Captain Robert S. Porter. On the second run over the enemy cruiser, its emergency gasoline tank fell with the bombs from the bomb bay. Leaving the formation and heading for Midway, it was last heard from at half past eleven when the plane radioed: "Out of gas and landing."

The other Fortress, Captain Glen H. Kramer's plane, exhausted its fuel before reaching the island and landed 50 miles out to sea with the loss of Sergeant F. E. Durrett, the radio operator.

As time passed, it became more and more evident that the Japanese were in headlong flight. And in their anxiety to leave the hostile waters they were following the ancient maxim of self-preservation: Everyone for himself.

Naturally we wanted to follow up our advantage and annihilate what forces he still possessed; there would be that much less with which to contend later on!

But the Pacific Ocean is a large place. The Japanese fleet was not quite a disorganized rabble—but almost. And the pursuit of their forces on June 6, the day of last contact, was hampered by the increasing distances our scouts and attack groups had to cover.

Scouts from the ENTERPRISE made the first contact of the day, finding two groups of enemy ships 50 miles apart, approximately 400 miles from Midway.

Twenty-six B-17s—many of which had been flown from Hawaii as reinforcements the previous two days—were dispatched to attack the southern group of enemy vessels. Unfortunately, they didn't find their objective. Six of them, flying at 10,000 feet, saw a vessel about 25 miles east of the calculated enemy position, and twelve bombs were unloaded upon it. The target disappeared.

The jubilant bombardiers had not, however, sunk "a cruiser in fifteen seconds," as some of them thought. Fortunately, indeed, they had missed. The "enemy cruiser" was the submarine GRAYLING, which had very wisely crash-dived when the first bombs came hurtling down near her.

Meanwhile, our task force had better success. The HORNET sent twenty-six scout bombers escorted by eight fighters to the position reported by the ENTERPRISE scout. Visibility was good, and to the pilots

there appeared to be a battleship of the KIRISHIMA class, with a cruiser and three destroyers.

Japanese antiaircraft was heavy and accurate as the planes dived to the release point. One bomber was lost to the flak, and the others failed to make a direct hit. There was no aircraft opposition, so our fighters occupied themselves with strafing the destroyers.

One hour after they had attacked these ships, the HORNET squadron was back aboard their carrier. Quickly the planes were refueled and rearmed as the pilots snatched a cup of coffee and reported on the battle.

Following the HORNET attack, bombers from ENTERPRISE engaged two heavy cruisers and two destroyers hurrying westward. One of these was the MIKUMA, which had collided with the durable MOGAMI, and most of our planes concentrated on her.

"Our ship," says a Japanese survivor, "received hits on the fo'c'sle, bridge area and amidships. The hit on the fo'c'sle put the forward guns out of commission. The hit near the bridge area set off some ready-service antiaircraft shells, causing considerable damage to bridge structure and personnel. Several torpedoes were exploded amidships by the hit in that vicinity. The ship caught fire and two destroyers tried to come alongside to rescue personnel, but were driven away and forced to abandon the attempt to rescue survivors when attacked by an additional flight of American aircraft. One of these destroyers received a hit on the stern and broke out in flames. I don't know if this destroyer sank. The MIKUMA capsized and sank within an hour and a half later after initial bombing this date. . . ."

The MOGAMI, steaming astern of the MIKUMA and badly damaged by her collision the night of June 4-5, also received her share of the bombers' onslaught. When last seen she was smoking heavily, but still under way, heading westward at 10 knots with the two destroyers. She survived the desperate journey home.

12

The Battle of Midway was ended. What was to have been a swift and surprise move into America's outer defenses had resulted in the decisive defeat not only of the Japanese Navy but of the Japanese High Command's pattern of the war. As Admiral Yamamoto and the remains of his once so strong fleet struggled through the derisive waves, he might

well have remembered that little-emphasized chapter in Japanese naval history that tells of Admiral Hideyoshi and the trouncing he got from the Korean Yi-Sun in 1592.

Almost exactly six months after the attack on Pearl Harbor, the balance of seapower in the Pacific was restored and Japanese expansion was halted and driven back upon itself. Thereafter the Japanese offensives were to be counter-offensives.

The Battle of Midway was essentially a victory of intelligence. We knew of the enemy's presence, the approximate composition of his force, and calculated correctly his manner of approach. The Japanese, on the other hand, did not know of the presence of our forces. In attempting a surprise, they were themselves surprised. The placing of our fleet to fall upon the enemy's flank was a piece of brilliant tactics, skillfully executed. Although once again the combat had been of airplane against ship in the main, it was basically a contest of seapower, because the only airplanes that scored any verified hits, except for one Marine bomber, were carrier aircraft.

Following the last attack by the HORNET planes, our task force broke off the chase. The continued high-speed steaming had reduced fuel in the destroyers and MAURY and WORDEN had to be detached. This left only four destroyers to protect two carriers from Japanese submarines suspected in the area. Also, the Japs had concentrated a large air force on Wake, thinking they would shortly be based at Midway; it would have been foolhardy to come within their range.

Reluctantly, the American ships reversed course.

On June 7, Admiral Spruance sent the following message to all who had made the victory possible: "Our carrier air groups have done a magnificent job in spite of the heavy losses suffered on Thursday forenoon in the initial attack, which decided the Battle of Midway. Their follow-up blows on our retreating enemy were carried out with great determination. The Japs' state of morale at the end of the battle was indicated by abandoning to their fate the crew of the MOGAMI-class cruiser [Note: the MIKUMA] when the other ships of that group left without effecting rescue of personnel. The performance of our ships during this period leaves nothing to be desired. . . . The task forces have again helped to make history. Well done to all hands!"

For the submarines the battle had been merely an interlude. Refueling at the successfully defended island, they continued on the war patrols

from which they had been temporarily diverted. The NAUTILUS, for instance, went on her first voyage to Japanese waters to sink an enemy destroyer and a patrol vessel, and to return to Pearl Harbor on July 11, bringing with her a red-and-white life ring to decorate the wall of the Officers' Club at the sub base.

13

Three hundred and seven American lives and 150 airplanes were the price paid for Midway.

The cost was to be dearer before the chapter was closed, but so stood American losses when the battle was broken off.

Japan had paid dearly for her excursion east of the date line. Four carriers—AKAGI, KAGA, SORYU and HIRYU—had been sunk; so had the cruiser MIKUMA and the destroyer ARASHIO. The cruiser MOGAMI was as good as lost, a mobile junk yard. The oiler AKEBONO MARU was also headed for a long stay in the graving docks, and the battleship KIRISHIMA and destroyer TANIKAZE had been scarred and needed repair. More than 2,000 Japanese sailors and aviators had perished, and more than 250 of Japan's finest aircraft had been destroyed.

Let it be admitted that, heavy as the Japanese losses actually proved to be, American claims of damage inflicted were higher. Not until enemy records and survivors of that battle could be examined, forty months afterward, could the exact score be compiled by the United States Strategic Bombing Survey.

Japanese reports declare no damage to have been inflicted by either American high-level bombing or aerial torpedoes, save the hole torn in the AKEBONO MARU by the PBY's tin fish. The only aerial torpedo seen to strike a Japanese warship was a dud.

So, after weighing all the evidence, the American umpires come up with this analysis:

Army Air Force bombers in action were from 17 to 32, B-17s and B-26s. They flew 71 missions, dropped 45 per cent of the bombs, scored no direct hits.

The Marines had from 16 to 34 aircraft engaged, SB2U-3s, SBDs, F2A-3s and F4F-3s. They scored one indisputable hit.

The Navy had from 31 to 36 land-based aircraft aloft, including 15 amphibious PBY-5s, one of which scored the lone torpedo hit.

The Navy had from 141 to 225 carrier-based aircraft in the battle. They scored 32 direct, identifiable hits. Navy and Marine aircraft carried 55 per cent of the bombs dropped on 338 missions.

Sea-air power had leaped to maturity from its inception at Coral Sea the month before.

Again it had wrought more than it realized. Midway proved literally if not strategically to be the turning point of the war, for from then on it turned ever westward, slowly at first, accelerating after the Japanese withdrawal from Guadalcanal, eight months later.

Captain Yasumi Toyama, chief of staff of the 2nd Japanese Destroyer Squadron at Midway, summed it up thus for Captain C. Shands, USN, and Colonel Cole, USA, on November 1, 1945:

"The loss of five carriers in May and June, with several others damaged, made it necessary to reorganize our striking forces. The loss of the carriers was later felt in our operations. We were unable to use seaplanes for long-range reconnaissance because we had to convert seaplane tenders like the *CHITOSE* to aircraft carriers. We also had to convert the battle-ships *ISE* and *HYUGA* to carriers, so they were lost to us for a long time.

"After Midway we were defensive, trying to hold what we had instead of expanding."

That seems to sum it up.

14

On the afternoon of June 4 the *YORKTOWN* had been abandoned, but only temporarily. At that time the great vessel, shorn of power, seemed liable to turn over. As the next morning's light crept across the surface of the sea, the ship was still afloat, though listing badly. And help was on the way.

The minesweeper *VIREO*, dispatched by CINCPAC, took the carrier in tow. At first she seemed to succeed, managing to head for Pearl Harbor at a speed of three knots. But the load was too heavy, and *YORKTOWN*'s damaged rudders made it impossible to maintain a steady course.

In the afternoon the *GWIN* (Commander John M. Higgins) and the *MONAGHAN* arrived, and the former put a salvage party aboard. But with approaching darkness, they had to be removed before they could accomplish much.

Captain Buckmaster, with a salvage party of 29 officers and 130 men,

returned with the HAMMANN, BALCH and BENHAM to his ship during the night, and as soon as it was light enough to see—about 4:15 on the 7th—they went aboard.

Captain Buckmaster had worked out a careful salvage plan. With the HAMMANN supplying power to operate the pumps, water and chemical extinguisher to put out the fires, the captain was optimistic that his ship would live to fight again.

Good progress had been made by the afternoon of the 7th. The HAMMANN had found it difficult to keep position on the YORKTOWN standing clear of her, so she was secured alongside forward on YORKTOWN's starboard side. Captain Buckmaster and his crew knew as well as anyone that they were working against time. They had to get their ship moving. Wallowing in the water with no way on, her immense bulk was a perfect target for a roving submarine. So they deftly and systematically followed their salvage plan: bringing the fires under control, reducing the list by pumping and counterflooding and by cutting away all removable weights from the port side including 5-inch guns and aircraft, bringing the rudder amidships to facilitate towing. And, as the YORKTOWN was a fighting ship, her remaining guns were to be made fit for action.

The fire in the rag storeroom had been put out. The water level in the engine room and third deck aft had been lowered considerably. One 5-inch gun had been cut loose on the port side and a second was almost ready to go. By 1:30 in the afternoon, the list had been reduced two degrees to 24°.

But their work was to be in vain. At 1:35 came the alarm in whose dreadful anticipation the work had been carried on: "Torpedo attack!"

Four foaming white streaks were sighted to starboard of the carrier, heading straight for her scarred flanks. The screech of the general alarm aboard the HAMMANN brought those not on duty running to their stations. Lieutenant (jg) Charles C. Hartigan, the gunnery officer, promptly ordered the forward machine gun to open fire on the torpedoes, hoping that a lucky shot might detonate them before they hit. Captain True on the bridge called for full astern on the inboard engine in an attempt to turn out of the path.

The engine was just taking hold when the torpedoes struck. Only a minute had elapsed since the sighting.

"The first torpedo," reported Captain True, "appeared to pass under the HAMMANN in the vicinity of the No. 2 gun and exploded against the

side of the YORKTOWN. The second torpedo struck the HAMMANN in No. 2 fireroom. This torpedo apparently broke the ship's back, as a pronounced sag was noted in this vicinity. Large quantities of oil, water and debris were blown high into the air, coming down on both HAMMANN and YORKTOWN."

Many, including Captain True, were temporarily stunned either by the force of the explosions or by being thrown violently against some object. The HAMMANN began to settle rapidly by the head, and the order to abandon ship was given at once.

Two torpedoes hit the YORKTOWN below her island structure, while the fourth passed astern. The shock of the explosion was only slightly less severe than on the destroyer. The tripod mast whipped sharply, shearing the rivets in the starboard leg so that they flew off like bullets. Overhead fixtures in the hangar crashed to the deck. Landing gear of planes collapsed as the decks heaved upward. Men were thrown against bulkheads or into the water.

The HAMMANN disappeared within four minutes of the first explosion, but most of the crew managed to get clear. Then a minute later, while many men were in the water, a terrific explosion came from the depths into which the HAMMANN had sunk.

What caused this blast is unknown. It could have been one of the destroyer's torpedoes or her depth charges. However, the latter had all been set on "Safe" when the HAMMANN first went alongside the YORKTOWN, and had been rechecked half an hour before the attack. And B. M. Kimbrel, torpedoman first class, in the remaining moments after the Japanese torpedoes hit, again made sure of the setting before he helped stunned shipmates into life jackets and into the water. Kimbrel was himself a casualty, dying in the explosion he had tried to prevent.

Some destroyers rescued survivors from the HAMMANN and YORKTOWN while others hunted the enemy submarine. Our counterattack lasted all afternoon with many contacts and depth-charge attacks, and although oil was found, indicating some damage to the Japanese, it is believed that the submarine escaped.

The YORKTOWN didn't sink at once; still she struggled to keep afloat. And Captain Buckmaster was determined that she could yet be saved. Because of the approaching darkness, and the more urgent occupation of the destroyers in hunting down the raider, he postponed to daylight

the resumption of salvage operations. So the VIREO took off those of the salvage party surviving.

But it wasn't to be. At 3:30 in the morning of June 7, the carrier's list began increasing. The sun was just rising over the horizon when the YORKTOWN—her bulkheads weakened by explosions, her watertight doors sprung and warped—gave in to the waters pounding inside her.

At 5:01, like a tired colossus, hurt beyond pain, the great YORKTOWN turned on her side and slid beneath the surface of the ocean she had fought so hard to free.

Proud and triumphant to the end, her battle flags flew from their halyards.

Midway was American still. But those tumultuous few June days in the North Pacific ended with the Japanese flag flying over some morsel of American territory, none the less.

Far to the north, at the western tip-end of the Aleutians, the enemy occupied Kiska and Attu, rocky, peat-covered, fog-wrapped islets, after the raid on Dutch Harbor. The landings were effected on June 5-6. It was an irritant; it was an insult; but the United States Navy had other Japs to fry. The invaders were left in possession, clinging precariously to the dripping rocks, with an occasional air or submarine raid to remind them that the United States had not forgotten them, and would be around in full force later with dispossess proceedings.

PART TWO

The Way Back . . .

CHAPTER THREE

Solomon Islands

I

EAST of the subcontinent of New Guinea, northeast of Australia, an irregular chain of islands stretches from southeast to northwest. These are the Solomons, so named, we are told, by a sixteenth century adventurer-discoverer (and real-estate developer in the grand manner) to imply that here was the source of King Solomon's treasure.

For more than five hundred years Japan's opportunist statesmen-soldiers had cried: "Korea is a dagger pointing at the heart of Nippon." Now a more jittery phrasemaker in Tokyo looked at the Solomons and declared "The Solomons are a ladder . . . !"

He was right. The Solomons were to be just that for the Allied forces, though the climb was to prove arduous, murderous even.

At the outset of war the Japanese came scampering down the Solomons' ladder, from whose bottom rungs they planned to leap upon the Austral-American life line. The Allied strategists, viewing the ladder in reverse, saw it as the route to the Philippines—and the Japanese homeland beyond.

The battles in the Coral Sea had temporarily checked the Japanese; they had stopped for the time being an all-out assault on Australia, though not a slower, piecemeal advance in that direction. And in the Battle of Midway the United States had achieved naval parity with the enemy for our Pacific sea forces, including Australia's.

But parity in numbers differs from parity in strategic position. In the summer of 1942, though the Allies had gone far in reducing Japanese superiority, they still had distance with which to contend. The western line of battle in the Pacific stretched in a shallow arc from the Aleutians to the Solomons. In the over-all strategy, the well-considered decision was made to apply the major force in the South Pacific. Japan, by establishing bases in the northern Solomons and New Britain in January, and at

Tulagi in the southern Solomons just before the Battle of the Coral Sea, showed that she realized the attractive possibility of harassing and cutting Australia and New Zealand's life line. Conquest of Australia and engulfment of the oceanic archipelagoes westward was still a hope, although a tenuous one, of the Japanese. And the Allies fully knew that here lay their opportunity for waging a punishing war of attrition against our economically inferior enemy.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff decided in April to make the South-west Pacific the area of primary offensive, and with approval of the United Nations concerned, created a new command under Vice-Admiral Robert L. Ghormley, USN. His mission, as received from Admiral Nimitz, commanding the Pacific Ocean Area, was to "hold the Island position" to "support the operations in the South-west and Central Pacific" and to "prepare to launch amphibious offensives against positions held by Japan." This directive was handed to him on May 12.

On the 1st of May, Admiral Ghormley had left Washington on preliminary orders to set up headquarters in Auckland, New Zealand, and arrived there just as the Battle of the Coral Sea was fought to a victorious conclusion.

The Admiral's arrival was auspicious, but there was a lot to be done. Then came the Battle of Midway. The enemy was off balance, and dazed by that blow to his ambitions. Strategy dictated that he be hit again, and hard, and soon. On July 2, Admiral Ghormley received orders to initiate the attack as quickly as possible. He had been placed in command of all the United Nations land, sea, and air forces in the South Pacific Area, with the exception of the land forces specifically assigned to the defense of New Zealand. To lead our occupation force as commander of the 1st Marine Division was Major General Alexander A. Vandegrift.

D-day was set for August 1. This didn't leave much time for readying the division. Originally it had been estimated, while the 1st Division was training in the United States, that it would not be called to enter combat before January 1, 1943; its transfer to New Zealand had been for six months' training nearer the scene of eventual fighting.

But it looked as though the Japs were beating us to the draw. On July 4 the enemy occupied the north central shore of Guadalcanal Island and immediately began building an airfield, wharves and other installations. At the same time he began to move down the east coast of New Guinea, occupying Ambasi, 120 miles southeast of Salamaua, and Buna.

SOLOMON ISLANDS
RABUL TO RENELL...

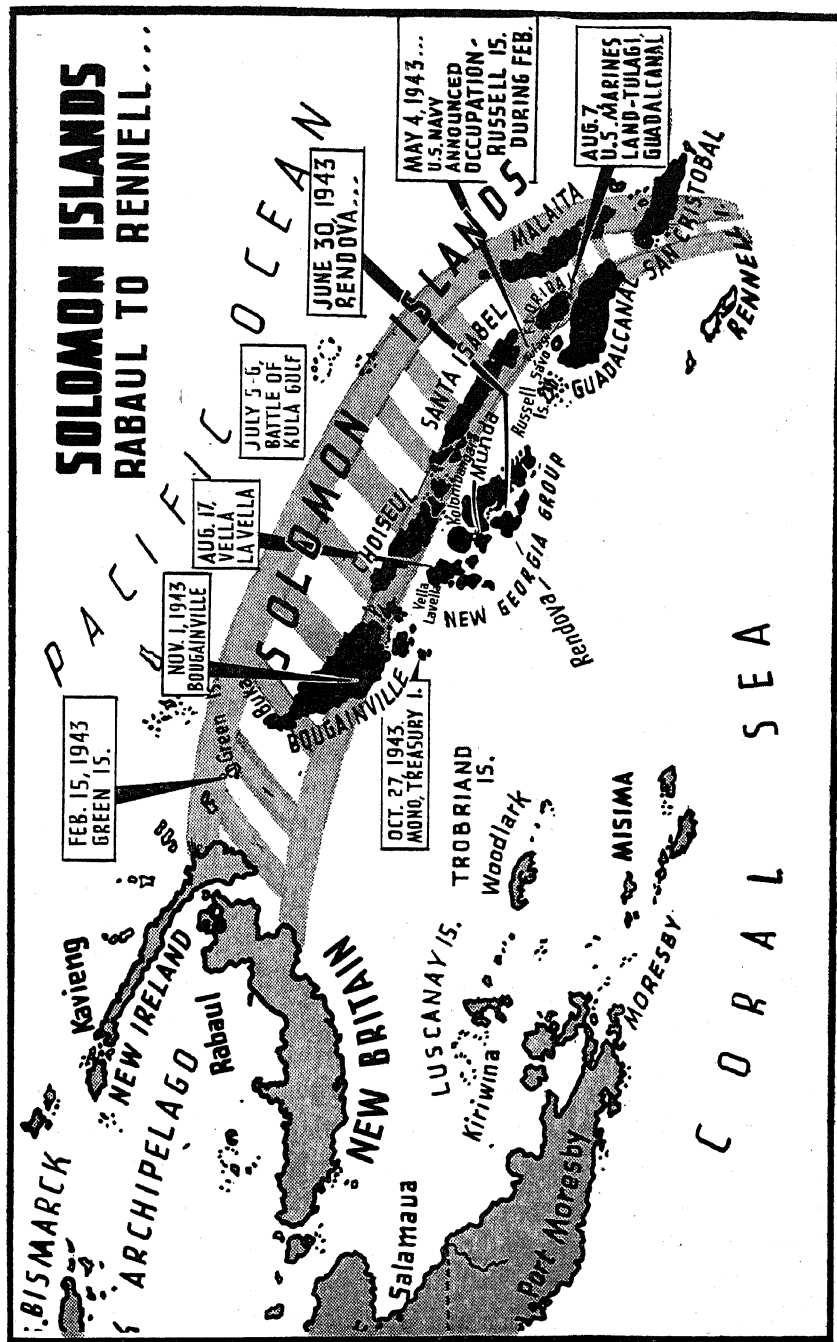


FIGURE 4

Obviously the Allies had to act soon or the Jap would be so firmly entrenched in the area that it would be extremely difficult to throw him out. Moreover, the prospect of his seizing the Solomons-New Hebrides-New Caledonia line was potentially more menacing to the widely separated Allies than a similar move by us would be to the Japanese. While the latter might open the way for a damaging blow to the enemy's extended line, his successful occupation of that vital series of islands would drive a wedge deeply into the United States-Australia-New Zealand line of supply.

So D-day was set at August 1, only three weeks after the expected arrival of the second echelon of the Marine division. In this time thousands of complicated logistics problems had to be ironed out, the ships combat-loaded, the troops—tired after a long, cramped voyage—brought up to combat readiness, an efficient operations plan prepared. And all in dark secrecy.

Moreover, to meet the invasion date, the force would have to sail from Wellington on July 18!

That decision to stop the Japanese was made by the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff, after sitting with Allied representatives of the combined chiefs, with full realization of the risks involved, both tactical and logistical. It meant advancing the date of the first offensive by nearly six months, but if it were not done, worse conditions would have to be met with more desperate measures. The war would have been indefinitely prolonged by severance of our communications with General MacArthur. The point was, the Japanese had to be stopped; that they had to be stopped then, and they had to be stopped there. So argued Admiral Ernest J. King, Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet.

Planning proceeded in close association with the Supreme Commander of the Southwest Area, General Douglas MacArthur. On July 7, Admiral Ghormley flew to Australia for a two-day meeting with the General and agreements were reached for close co-operation between all forces available to the two commanders.

There the die was cast. As the Admiral stepped off his plane on his return to Auckland, he knew that the first phase in the capture of the Solomons—the taking of Florida and Guadalcanal islands—would have to be started as near August 1 as possible.

Lights burned late every night as the preparations were stepped up.

Added to the tremendous amount of planning necessary for such an important undertaking in so short a time was the handicap of meager intelligence. Information as to the character of the proposed battleground, the strength of the enemy holding it, and what they were doing was depressingly scant. Other than a few old photographs of the Tulagi harbor area, and the conventional small-scale hydrographic charts—based on decades-old surveys—no adequate maps were to be found. Up to 1941 the Solomons were islands of small interest except to a few coastal copra growers and traders.

But gradually information came in, as officers, sent on missions to Australia, New Guinea, Noumea and Auckland on the most important research project of their lives, amassed knowledge from firsthand accounts of the traders and colonial reports. Australians who had worked in the Solomons, recent refugees, sailors, were located and pumped dry of reminiscence. Piecemeal, in a mosaic no jigsaw puzzle can equal, a clearer picture of possible enemy strength and likely disposition began to form.

By July 30, the estimate placed 1,850 Japanese in the Tulagi area. These consisted of one battalion reinforced (750 men), one antiaircraft battalion reinforced (600 men), and naval and air personnel (500 men). The bulk of them were concentrated in the islands of Tulagi, Gavutu, Tanambogo, Makambo and along the southern shore of Florida Island. Installations were thought to consist of a radio station on Makambo, a seaplane base at Gavutu, and fuel dumps on several of the islands. There were reports of heavy antiaircraft gun emplacements on Tulagi, Gavutu, and Tanambogo, as well as coast defense guns.

On Guadalcanal the enemy was believed to have 5,275 troops comprising the following: one regiment (2,300 men), one antiaircraft regiment (500 men), one heavy machine-gun battalion (325 men), two engineer units (1,050 men), air personnel and service squadrons (200 men), and a labor unit (900 men). Most of them were believed to be concentrated between Kukum, just west of Lunga Point, and the mouth of the Tenaru River, with a small garrison at Tetere and other small detachments elsewhere. Installations consisted of docks at Kukum and Lunga Point, and stores, motor transport, and a radio station at Lunga. The airfield southeast of Lunga was believed to have been completed, with another at Tetere and possibly a third at Tenaru under construction. Artillery apparently consisted of eight heavy antiaircraft guns between

Kukum and the Lunga River, four on the hill behind Kukum, and a few light guns at scattered points.

On July 16, Admiral Ghormley issued the basic operation plan for the expedition. As surprise was hoped to be a major weapon for our side, it was disguised as a call for a full-dress training rehearsal. There was to be one in the Fijis, but actually the 1st Marine Division was to play for keeps, and the task forces organized to get them there and support them were in it too.

The plan provided for three major task forces. Two were placed under the command of Vice Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher.¹ The first of these,

¹ These forces under Admiral Fletcher consisted of:

TASK FORCE NAN (Air Support Force), Rear Admiral Leigh Noyes

Group 1—

Carrier:	SARATOGA (Capt. DeWitt C. Ramsey)
Cruisers:	MINNEAPOLIS (CA) (Capt. Charles E. Rosendahl)
	NEW ORLEANS (CA) (Capt. Walter S. DeLany)
Destroyers:	PHELPS (Lt. Comdr. Edward L. Beck)
	FARRAGUT (Lt. Comdr. Henry D. Rozendal)
	WORDEN (Lt. Comdr. William G. Pogue)
	MACDONOUGH (Lt. Comdr. Erle V. Dennett)
	DALE (Lt. Comdr. Anthony L. Rorschach)

Group 2—

Carrier:	ENTERPRISE (Rear Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid) (Capt. Arthur C. Davis)
Battleship:	NORTH CAROLINA (Capt. George H. Fort)
Cruisers:	PORTLAND (CA) (Capt. Laurance T. DuBose)
	ATLANTA (CLAA) (Capt. Samuel P. Jenkins)
Destroyers:	BALCH (Lt. Comdr. Harold H. Tiemroth)
	MAURY (Lt. Comdr. Gelzer L. Sims)
	GWIN (Lt. Comdr. John M. Higgins)
	BENHAM (Lt. Comdr. Joseph M. Worthington)
	GRAYSON (Lt. Comdr. Frederick J. Bell)

Group 3—

Carrier:	WASP (Rear Admiral Leigh Noyes) (Capt. Forrest P. Sherman)
Cruisers:	SAN FRANCISCO (CA) (Capt. Charles H. McMorris)
	SALT LAKE CITY (CA) (Capt. Ernest G. Small)
Destroyers:	LANG (Comdr. James C. Pollock)
	STERETT (Comdr. Jesse G. Coward)
	AARON WARD (Lt. Comdr. Orville F. Gregor)
	STACK (Lt. Comdr. Alvord J. Greenacre)
	LAFFEY (Lt. Comdr. William E. Hank)
	FARENHOLT (Lt. Comdr. Eugene T. Seaward)
Oilers:	PLATTE (Capt. Ralph H. Henkle)
	CIMARRON (Comdr. Russell M. Ihrig)
	KASKASKIA (Comdr. Walter L. Taylor)
	SABINE (Capt. Houston L. Maples)
	KANAWHA (Comdr. Kendall S. Reed)

Task Force NAN, under Rear Admiral Leigh Noyes, was to provide aircraft carrier support for the attack. The second, commanded by Rear Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner, was the Amphibious Force, and was to make the principal attack, transporting and landing the occupying force of Marines and defending the transport convoys against surface assault. The third force, under Rear Admiral John S. McCain, was to supply aerial scouting and advance bombing of the operations area by land-based planes and seaplanes. He was directly under Admiral Ghormley.

It was an imposing array of military might, 3 carriers, 1 battleship,

TASK FORCE TARE (Amphibious Force), Rear Admiral Richmond K. Turner:

Transport Group XRAY, Capt. Lawrence F. Reifsnider:

Transdiv AFFIRM, Capt. Paul S. Theiss:

Transports: FULLER (Capt. Paul S. Theiss)
AMERICAN LEGION (Capt. Thomas D. Warner)
BELLATRIX (Comdr. William F. Dietrich)

Transdiv BAKER, Capt. Charlie P. McFeaters:

Transports: McCawley (Capt. Charlie P. McFeaters)
BARNETT (Capt. Henry E. Thornhill)
GEORGE F. ELLIOTT (Capt. Watson O. Bailey)
LIBRA (Comdr. William B. Fletcher, Jr.)

Transdiv CAST, Capt. Lawrence F. Reifsnider:

Transports: HUNTER LIGGETT (Comdr. Louis W. Perkins, USCG)
ALCHIBA (Comdr. James S. Freeman)
FOMALHAUT (Comdr. Henry C. Flanagan)
BETELGEUSE (Comdr. Harry D. Power)

Transdiv DOG, Capt. Ingolf N. Kiland:

Transports: CRESCENT CITY (Capt. Ingolf N. Kiland)
PRESIDENT HAYES (Comdr. Francis W. Benson)
PRESIDENT ADAMS (Comdr. Frank H. Dean)
ALHENA (Comdr. Charles B. Hunt)

Transport Group YOKE, Capt. George B. Ashe:

Transdiv EASY, Capt. George B. Ashe:

Transports: NEVILLE (Capt. Carlos A. Bailey)
ZEILIN (Capt. Pat Buchanan)
HEYWOOD (Capt. Herbert B. Knowles)
PRESIDENT JACKSON (Comdr. Charles W. Weitzel)

Transdiv 12, Comdr. Hugh W. Hadley:

Destroyer

Transports: COLHOUN (Lt. George B. Madden)
LITTLE (Lt. Comdr. Gus B. Lofberg, Jr.)
MC KEAN (Lt. Comdr. John D. Sweeney)
GREGORY (Lt. Comdr. Harry F. Bauer)

Fire Support Group LOVE (with Transport Group XRAY), Capt. Frederick L. Riefkohl:

Fire Section ONE:

Cruiser: QUINCY (CA) (Capt. Samuel N. Moore)

14 cruisers, 31 destroyers, 5 auxiliaries and 23 transports. The logistics involved in getting it under way with the maximum possibility for success was stupendous. As mentioned previously, the Marine division's first echelon, the 5th Marines, was in New Zealand, had unloaded and was ready to re-embark immediately. But the second echelon, the 1st Marines, had not arrived yet, and it was obvious that both could not combat-load their ships simultaneously at the few docks available in Wellington. Therefore the 5th Marines had to combat-load at once.

This work began on July 2, with the equipment of the 5th Marines,

Fire Section TWO:

Cruiser: VINCENNES (CA) (Capt. Frederick L. Riefkohl)

Fire Section THREE:

Cruiser: ASTORIA (CA) (Capt. William G. Greenman)

Fire Section 4: Comdr. Walfrid Nyquist

Destroyers: HULL (Lt. Comdr. Richard F. Stout)

DEWEY (Lt. Comdr. Charles F. Chillingworth, Jr.)

Fire Section 5: Lt. Comdr. Francis H. Gardner

Destroyers: ELLET (Lt. Comdr. Francis H. Gardner)

WILSON (Lt. Comdr. Walter H. Price)

Fire Support Group MIKE (with Transport Group YOKE), Rear Admiral Norman Scott:

Cruiser: SAN JUAN (CLAA) (Capt. James E. Maher)

Destroyers: MONSSEN (Comdr. Roland N. Smoot)

BUCHANAN (Comdr. Ralph E. Wilson)

Minesweeper Group, Comdr. William H. Hartt, Jr.:

HOPKINS (Lt. Comdr. Benjamin Coe)

TREVER (Lt. Comdr. Dwight M. Agnew)

ZANE (Lt. Comdr. Peyton L. Wirtz)

SOUTHARD (Lt. Comdr. Joe B. Cochran)

HOVEY (Lt. Comdr. Wilton S. Heald)

Screening Group, Rear Admiral V. A. C. Crutchley, RN:

Cruisers: HMAS AUSTRALIA (CA) (Capt. H. B. Farncomb, R.A.N.)

HMAS CANBERRA (CA) (Capt. F. E. Getting, R.A.N.)

HMAS HOBART (CL) (Capt. H. A. Showers, R.A.N.)

USS CHICAGO (CA) (Capt. Howard D. Bode)

Desron 4, Captain Cornelius W. Flynn:

SELFRIDGE (Lt. Comdr. Carroll D. Reynolds)

PATTERSON (Comdr. Frank R. Walker)

RALPH TALBOT (Lt. Comdr. Joseph W. Callahan)

MUGFORD (Lt. Comdr. Edward W. Young)

JARVIS (Lt. Comdr. William W. Graham)

BLUE (Comdr. Harold N. Williams)

HELM (Lt. Comdr. Chester E. Carroll)

HENLEY (Comdr. Robert Hall Smith)

BAGLEY (Lt. Comdr. George A. Sinclair)

reorganized as Combat Group A, being put aboard the transports AMERICAN LEGION, FULLER, and NEVILLE, and the cargo ship BELLATRIX, in the next few days.

Departure from Wellington was originally scheduled for July 18, but bad weather was dogging the second echelon, making it late. So four days were added to the original date. Even this postponement did not relieve the situation greatly, as little more than a week was left to unload and reload eight ships for combat service.

The reason for unloading and "combat-loading" is due to the neces-

2 VF Squadrons, 8 VOS seaplanes (5 from CHICAGO, 1 each from AUSTRALIA, CANBERRA, and VINCENNES)

Air Support Group:

1 VF Squadron, plus 1 additional VF Squadron for initial mission

3 VSB Squadrons, plus 1 additional VSB Squadron for initial mission

Landing Force, Major General Alexander A. Vandegrift:

Guadalcanal Group, Major General Alexander A. Vandegrift:

6 VOS Seaplanes, 3 each from ASTORIA and QUINCY

Tulagi Group, Brigadier General William H. Rupertus:

2 VOS Seaplanes from VINCENNES

Admiral McCain's task force of Army, Navy, Marine and New Zealand land-based planes were the following:

At Efate:

6 Scouts

18 Fighters

At Noumea:

21 Patrol Planes (PBY-5)

1 Patrol Plane (PBY-5A)

3 Scouts

38 Pursuit Planes (P-39)

6 Bombers (Hudsons, RNZAF)

27 Heavy Bombers (B-17)

10 Medium Bombers (B-26)

16 Fighters (F4F-3P)

At Tongatabu:

6 Scouts

24 Fighters

In Fijis:

9 Patrol Planes (PBY-5)

3 Patrol Planes, (Singapore, RNZAF)

12 Bombers (Hudson, RNZAF)

9 Bombers (Vincent, RNZAF)

17 Fighters

12 Medium Bombers (B-26)

8 Heavy Bombers (BO17)

In Samoa:

10 Scouts

17 Scout Bombers

18 Fighters

sity that things needed first on arrival in the target area are loaded *last*; thus they will be on top of the pile in the ships' holds or on deck. First priority was given to combat equipment, including vehicles and gasoline, and ammunition which would be needed immediately. Next came food, medical supplies and more gasoline.

Loading operations were centralized at a single large wharf, Aotea Quay, which could accommodate five ships at once. The weather was bad, cold and extremely rainy, a "southerly" blowing almost constantly from the antarctic. The rain soaked thousands of cardboard containers, disintegrating them and spilling their contents. All the stevedoring had to be done by the Marines themselves, except for skilled civilians who operated some special loading machinery. The Marines, who had just arrived from a long voyage in crowded transports, were not in the best of physical condition, but they kept at the job, working an around-the-clock schedule with eight-hour reliefs.

Then, just to make sure that all was as should be, a ship all laden and battened down would be unloaded for rehearsal, and then reloaded. It was tedious labor, but any correctable error not eliminated would mean just so much help to the Japs.

Despite the haste, inadequate dock facilities, and terrible weather, the ships were combat-loaded, on the general principle that each transport would carry one combat team and all the equipment and supplies needed to put that team ashore and keep it in action thirty days. For every three combat teams, another cargo ship was loaded with supplies sufficient to maintain the three teams in action an additional thirty days. Thus with a cargo ship for every three transports, the division was prepared to fight sixty days without further support or supply.

At that, all excess supplies and equipment were eliminated and even normal supplies were radically curtailed. Their disposition caused varying feelings among the men: no one was saddened as much by the directive that each battalion could take only two typewriters as they were by a similar ukase that no candy would be carried—its space to be filled by more necessary items such as soap, matches, razor blades and cigarettes!

At last all was ready. General Vandegrift wrote, just before the ships' departure from Wellington: "We have in each ship everything that is needed should it be necessary to detach a team on independent duty."

On July 22, the twelve transports and combatant ships under the command of Rear Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner, with Rear Admiral

V. A. C. Crutchley of the Royal Australian Navy second in command, sailed from Wellington to rendezvous with the seven remaining cargo ships and transports with their escorts coming from San Diego. Rendezvous was to be July 26 in position Lat. $23^{\circ} 15' S.$, Long. $180^{\circ} 00'$. This was about 400 miles southeast of the Fiji Islands. There a conference would be held of all commanding officers aboard the SARATOGA. Then the entire force would proceed to Koro Island in the Fijis, which had many of the physical characteristics of Tulagi, for rehearsal exercises.

2

The rehearsal for our first major assault in the Solomons lasted from July 28 to 31, and was as complete as it could be. But that wasn't much. As one Marine officer observed: "Our dress rehearsal stunk. Everything went wrong. But like most bad dress rehearsals it seemed to augur for a good performance."

Both Navy and Marine personnel critically needed practice at landings. Two complete exercises were scheduled, but there were conditions that prevented simulating genuine battle conditions. One was the weather, which on July 28 was so bad that use of ships' boats and lighters was impossible and the exercise had to be called off for the day. Also, for reasons of security, radio silence had to be observed, which prevented practice in ship-to-air, ship-to-land and land-to-air communications. The practice would have aided in co-ordinating sea, air and land operations.

However, much valuable experience was gained, and at the end of the rehearsal, on the afternoon of July 31, Admiral Turner convened a meeting of Task Group commanders on HMAS AUSTRALIA at which he reviewed his operations plans in detail, and General Vandegrift explained his plan for the capture of land positions.

That night the ships steamed forth, to take the first stride in the long journey to Tokyo Bay. The offensive was on!

Charlie McFeaters's MC CAWLEY carried the flag for Task Force TARE and at noon on August 1, she was at Lat. $19^{\circ} 03' S.$, $179^{\circ} 09' E.$ The speed of the fleet was only 7 knots. A few miles to the north, Task Force 61 steamed on a generally parallel course, her aircraft searching ahead and on the flanks for the first sign of danger.

At noon, August 2, they were about 150 miles southwest of the large Fiji island of Viti Levu, and with good weather their average speed had

stepped up to 11.5 knots. Flying Fortresses from Admiral McCain's forces swooped low over the ships to let everyone learn to recognize them.

On August 3, the fleet passed the southern New Hebrides, and course was changed slightly to the northwest, until on August 5 the 159th meridian was reached and the force turned almost due north to the Solomons.

For almost two days the ships moved north. The 19,546 Marines packed in the transports wondered what lay ahead. Generally, they were understandably solemn. Major Justice Chambers, who commanded one of the companies scheduled to make the original landing on Tulagi, says: "That night aboard the ships; it would be pretty hard to describe exactly the way the men and the officers were acting. I believe the most important thing was the soberness of the group. Each of us realized that the following morning we were going to be called upon to do all the things that we had been trained to do, and I think that each of us, deep in his own heart, was worried to death for fear that he, as an individual, or all of us, as an organization, might fail to do our job and do it properly. I know that I was worried to death. I checked my notes over and over and over again to see if I had done everything that I thought needed to be done. I am convinced that I probably worried my junior officers unduly to make sure that their platoons were in proper order. Finally, by nine or ten o'clock I was through. I had done everything that I thought needed to be done. I had collected the last letters that the boys had written and were leaving aboard the ship, because many of us rightly felt that possibly we wouldn't have a chance to write letters for a while, maybe never again. The men themselves were serious, it is true. The men were mad, however; they were mad clear through, I believe. They had lived, in the Raider battalion at least, some four or four and one-half months under damn trying conditions. They had left their homes and their families, everything that they held really worth while, to come out and live under these conditions, and tomorrow morning they were going to get their chance to get their hands on the people who were responsible for it. It is funny but these green kids were spoiling for a fight."

3

D-day, August 7, 1942, was only an hour and a half old when the dark shadow of Guadalcanal's shore line was dimly revealed in the light

of the waning moon, and a little later the outline of Savo Island was visible.

At ten minutes to three, Task Force TARE split into two groups; the Tulagi attack force passing to the north of Savo, the Guadalcanal group going to the south, between Savo and Cape Esperance.

Japanese patrols had been anticipated in the passages on either side of Savo Island, and our naval escorts were fully alert. But the surprise was complete. Although the Japanese had radar ashore, it gave them no warning—Pearl Harbor in reverse! There was no challenge and our ships slid through the darkness with no sound save the wash of their screws and the breaking of the waves from their wakes upon the shore.

The three aircraft carrier groups of Task Force NAN were also approaching. At 5:30, an hour before sunrise, they launched their first flights. The weather had cleared save for a few scattered cumulus clouds. When the planes were well clear of their carriers, they turned on their running lights to speed up the necessary business of organizing formations for the rendezvous. There was confusion in the groups forming up. The three carriers were so close that some planes from one joined up with those from another. And to add to the excitement, a brilliant explosion suddenly illuminated the rendezvous—but it was only a bomb some jittery aviator had accidentally released, to explode harmlessly upon hitting the water.

Despite the hurly-burly and mistakes, by the time the first rays of the rising sun came over the horizon the planes were over Guadalcanal and most of them had found their correct positions in the formations.

As the amphibious squadrons drew near their objectives, the transports made ready. For fully twenty minutes, the Guadalcanal force, led by the *CHICAGO*, steamed along the silent shore of its island objective. The fifteen transports were in two columns of seven and eight ships, respectively, arranged in the same order in which they would lie for the initial debarkation. At first the men on board were oppressed with the dark silence. Tense with the strain of impending battle, they did not know whether the enemy's apparent somnolence was real or feigned. No guns fired at their approach. No planes appeared to bomb or strafe.

The surprise was so complete that the surprisers were themselves surprised.

Then at 6:13 the morning silence was shattered by the guns of the *QUINCY*. She was responsible for bombarding the shore from Lunga Point

west, and had started firing upon the coast in the vicinity of Kukum, where a large oil fire was seen very shortly. At the same time a small schooner carrying gasoline, crossing ahead from the north toward Kukum, was fired upon by the SELFRIDGE and the DEWEY. In a moment our fighting planes were strafing it too, and wrapped in the intense flames of her cargo, she sank.

Meanwhile AUSTRALIA, ELLET, ASTORIA and VINCENNES had opened up, just as the carrier planes arrived, precisely on schedule. Twenty-four dive bombers added to the maelstrom on the shore. At 6:52 an enemy plane came over the PRESIDENT HAYES, but it didn't last long; American fighters downed it a moment later.

The transports were off Beach Red at 6:47, and three minutes later came the order: "Land the landing force!" The men were ready. Boats were swiftly hoisted out and the debarkation commenced. The water was calm, and the operation was "rapid, smooth and efficient."

Across the bay near Tulagi was similar activity. There, surprise also had been achieved. As the NEVILLE's report says: "No shots were fired, no patrol boats encountered, no signs of life were evident until Group XRAY opened fire on Guadalcanal objectives across the channel about twenty miles away. Then a cluster of red rockets went off from the direction of Tulagi."

If the rockets were intended as a warning, the Japs had no chance to act upon it, for the Tulagi bombardment began at almost the same time as that on Guadalcanal. The plans had provided that planes from our carriers would strafe and bomb enemy installations fifteen minutes before sunrise, which was at 6:33. Promptly at 6:14, while the ships were drawing close to the debarkation area, the drone of planes was heard overhead and the fighters began ground-strafing. Four minutes later the dive bombers started their work. The confused enemy replied with random and ineffective anti-aircraft fire. One officer remarked that "after dropping their bombs, our planes strafed the beaches and pounded the daylights out of every building which looked as if it might be hiding some Japs."

At 6:37, Captain George B. Ashe, commander of Transport Division EASY, gave the signal for the landing force to land, and set H-hour at eight o'clock, which was right on schedule.

Our first major offensive in the Pacific was on.

As the fleet closed in, an unctuous-voiced announcer on Tokyo's

station JOAK, in a propaganda broadcast beamed to the United States, asked: "Where are the United States Marines hiding? The Marines are supposed to be the finest soldiers in the world, but no one has seen them yet."

He was to find an answer sooner than he expected. Even as he spoke, the air waves carried another message, one of encouragement to these same Marines from Admiral Ghormley in his headquarters aboard the ARGONNE in Noumea.

The nation, the Admiral said, looked to the officers and men of the Allied expeditionary forces to electrify the world with a major offensive.

"Sock 'em in the Solomons!" he urged.

The Marines have a habit of following orders. . . .

JOAK'S joker went quickly off the air.

4

Landings in the Tulagi area and on Guadalcanal Island had been planned approximately to coincide. It had been estimated, from the available intelligence data, that the fiercest resistance would be encountered on Guadalcanal. Therefore the majority of our forces were concentrated to make the landing there. But as General Vandegrift says in his report: "The attack on Guadalcanal was premised on an estimate of defensive strength which proved entirely erroneous."

Although Guadalcanal was to become the scene of fierce and costly combat, the initial landing there proceeded with amazing smoothness on Beach Red between Lunga and Koli points, the morning of August 7.

The enemy had fled to the hills.

Across the strait it was different. The landings on Florida Island, near Halletta and Halavo on Tulagi Island at Beach Blue, and on Gavutu Island met with resistance of varying but lusty strength. On Tulagi the Imperial 3rd Kure Marines, believing at first that the American bombardment was merely an air raid, had hidden in a maze of strongly fortified dugouts they had constructed during their three-month tenure. Emerging, this force of about three hundred men under Lieutenant (jg) Yoshikichi Yoshimoto fought bitterly and cunningly. They were defeated only by annihilation in a "do or die" counterattack early in the morning of August 8, twenty-two hours after the Marines landed.

Gavutu and Tanambogo were pitted with strong defensive caves that

covered all approaches. Some of the defenders managed to swim to Florida Island during the two nights following our landing, where they were finally accounted for during the ensuing four months.

Captain E. J. Crane's Company B, Combat Team A of the 2nd Marines, made the first landing at Haleta at 7:40, debarking from the *PRESIDENT JACKSON*. Guided by Pilot Officer C. E. Spencer of the Royal Australian Air Force, they had left their transport under a protective fire from the *SAN JUAN*, *BUCHANAN* and *MONSSEN*. The barrage lifted as the Marines approached the narrow, palm-fringed beach, and they landed without opposition.

While Captain Crane and his men were approaching the shore, preparation for the major assault on Beach Blue at Tulagi was under way. The 1st Raider Battalion, carried by the *NEVILLE*, *LITTLE*, *COLHOUN*, *GREGORY* and *MC KEAN*, was heading toward its objective in the landing boats.

Shortly after 7:40, the *SAN JUAN*, her shore bombardment of Haleta done, turned her guns on Hill 208 in the center of Tulagi's southwest coast. Ten minutes later she was joined by the *MONSSEN* and *BUCHANAN*, which moved in to give five minutes of close fire support while the boats were about three-quarters of a mile from the beach. A scout-bombing squadron added to the Japs' discomfiture on the northeastern side of the island.

Five minutes before eight o'clock, naval fire ceased. At exactly eight, right on schedule, the boats ground on the reef; the Raiders leaped overboard and waded ashore. The only opposition was a sniper, who hit one man as the Marines splashed ashore and climbed the steep rise of beach to plunge into the thick jungle growth behind it.

This first wave was composed of Company B under Major Lloyd Nickerson (who was later wounded and relieved by Captain W. Sperling) and Company D under Major Justice Chambers. Avoiding the trails along each side of the island, which ran between steep cliffs, the two companies pushed straight across country before turning southeast along the far shore, where Company B quickly secured the village of Sasapi. Companies A and C under Captain L. W. Walt and Major Kenneth Bailey landed in the second wave and began the advance southeast along the shore.

"It wasn't very easy going," said Major Chambers. "As we began to work through the jungle and drive toward the eastern end of the island, the enemy resistance became stronger, and as we pushed them back upon

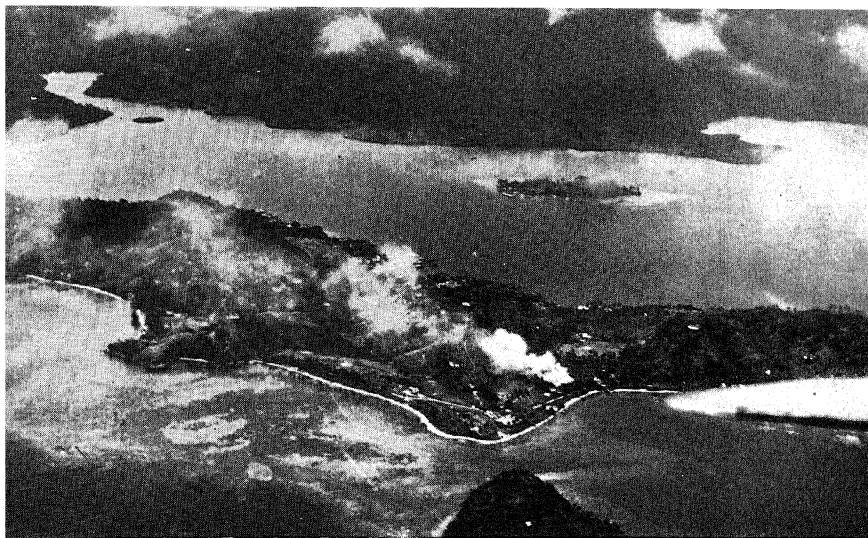


PLATE XVII—In their drive into the South Pacific the Japs set up fleet and air bases so quickly it was obvious their plans for conquest had been long in the making. Southernmost outpost reached was Tulagi, off the west coast of Florida Island, the Solomons. As Marines landed on Guadalcanal, U. S. Navy carrier planes and Allied warships bombarded new Jap military installations on Tulagi, setting large fires (*above*). Other fortified islets near Tulagi were also subjected to heavy attacks. Tanamboga (*below*) shows the havoc wrought by the air-surface barrage.

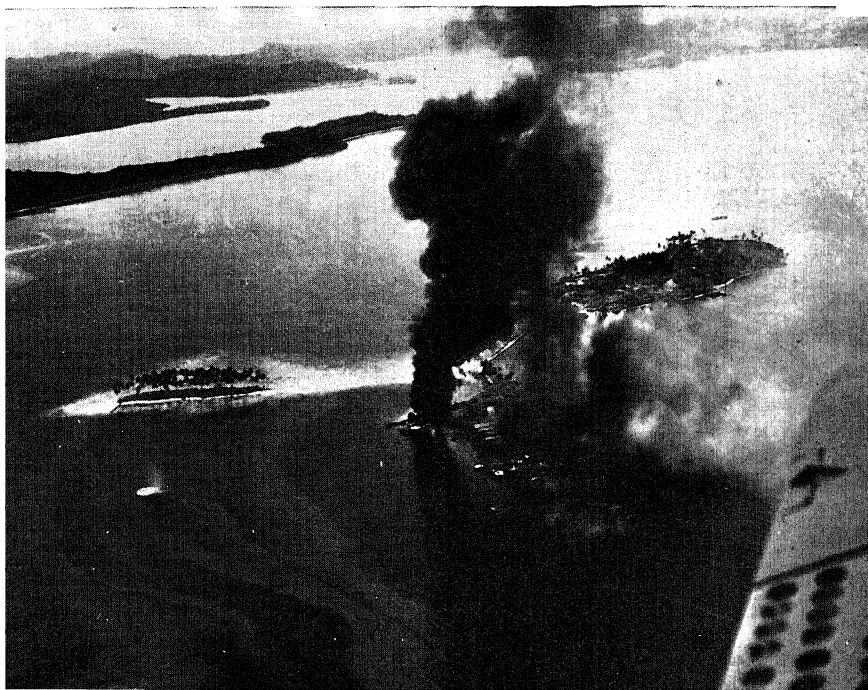
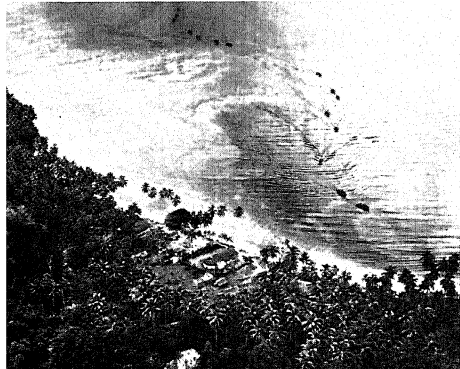




PLATE XVIII—Guadalcanal became the primary objective of our campaign to halt the Japanese rush into Melanesia when aerial photographs revealed that the Japs had not only a good air strip there, but had begun the erection of a substantial fortified base, with wharves, warehouses, supply dumps and other installations.

(above) Major General A. A. Vandegrift, USMC, commander, First Marine Division, Guadalcanal. (*Official Navy painting by Lt. Dwight C. Shepler, USNR.*)



(upper left) Under the protection of a heavy ship and aerial barrage, U. S. Marines land on Guadalcanal, August 7, 1942. One of their first acts was to raise the Stars and Stripes, the first time on territory recaptured from the enemy. (*U. S. Marine Corps Photo.*)

(center left) Like water bugs, amphibious craft zigzag through reefs and enemy mortar fire to land Marines on Florida Island.

(lower) They succeeded in crossing the mouth of the Tenaru to meet sudden death. Bodies of Japs lie where they fell on the beach at Guadalcanal.



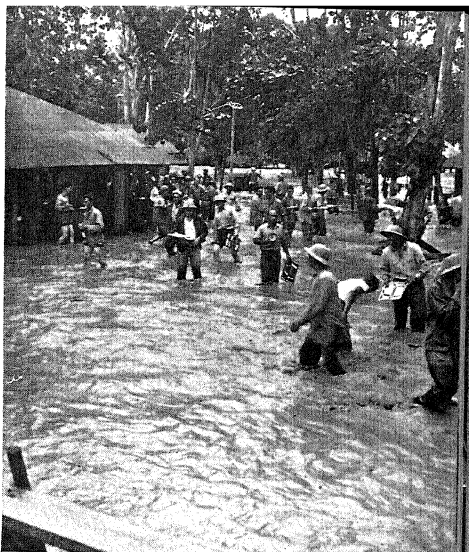


PLATE XIX—(above) Vice Admiral Robert L. Ghormley, USN, commander, United Nations Forces, South Pacific.

(upper right) "Just a heavy dew, indigenous to these parts," one Marine remarked grimly as the chow line became a water line. The Marine camp on Guadalcanal was flooded when a sudden rainy season downpour caused the nearby streams to overflow.

(center) Jap bombers, hugging the water, run the gauntlet of heavy antiaircraft fire from the U. S. fleet covering the landing operations of the Marines off Guadalcanal, August 7, 1942. The bombers intended to attack the transports (extreme left) but were driven off.

(lower) When advance patrols and mortar fire were unable to dislodge Jap strong points in the Guadalcanal jungle, 105-mm howitzers were brought up to blast them out. Here a "105" hurls a shell over the copra plantation in the background at a Jap sniper's nest far beyond. When someone made the remark that the Marines weren't such good jungle fighters, the reply was, "Hell, when they get through with the preliminaries, there just ain't any more jungle!"



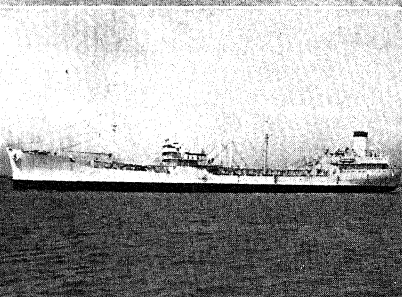
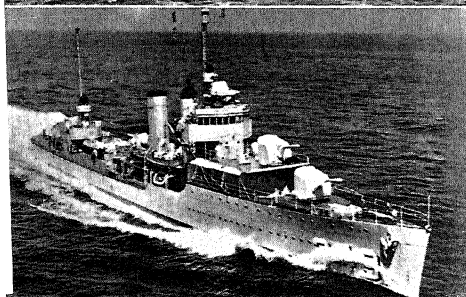
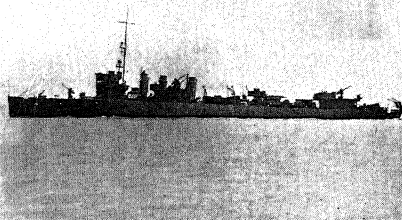
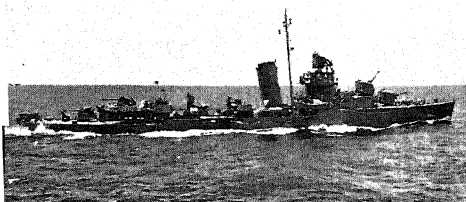
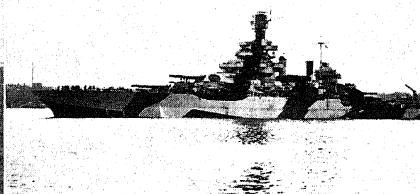
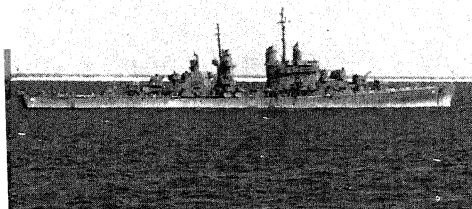
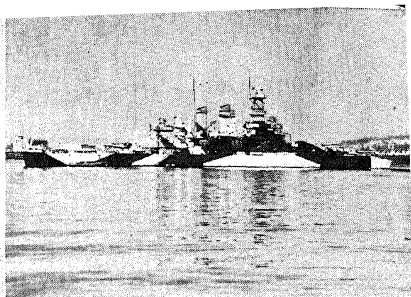
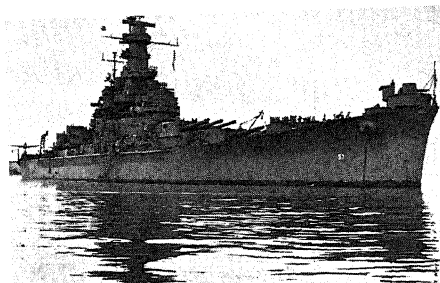


PLATE XX—Some of these ships were already veterans of Atlantic and Pacific warfare, but others received their baptism of fire in the series of fierce and sanguinary naval battles that defended our toehold in the Solomons, during the weeks following the landing of the first Marines, in August, 1942.

Left row, top to bottom: USS SOUTH DAKOTA, battleship; USS SAN JUAN, cruiser; USS LANG, USS DEWEY, destroyers. *Right row, top to bottom:* USS NORTH CAROLINA, USS MARYLAND, battleships; USS SOUTHARD, high-speed minesweeper; and USS PLATTE, oiler.

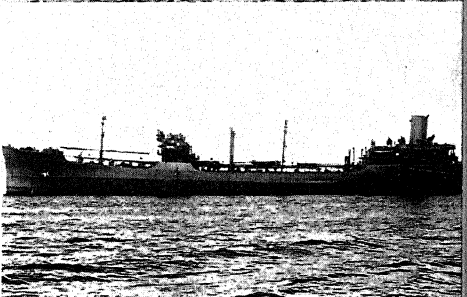
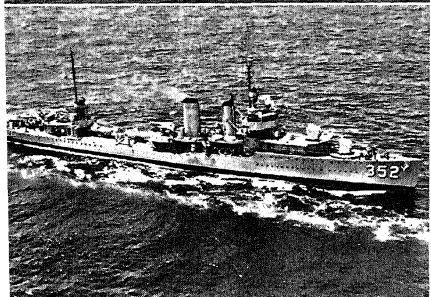
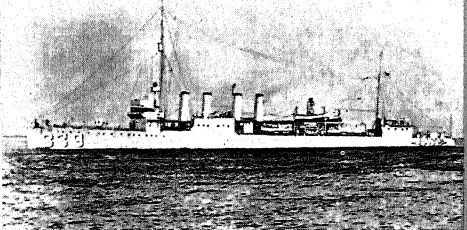
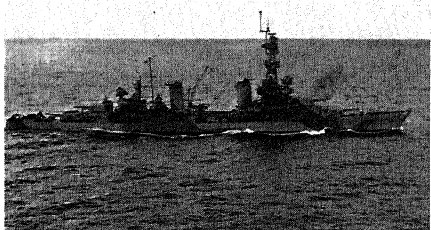
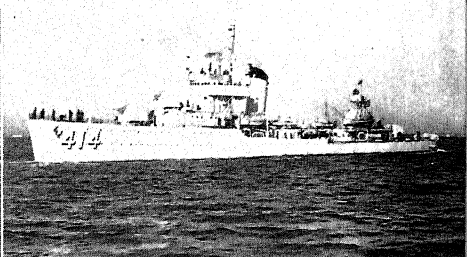
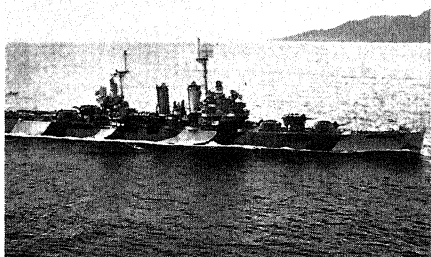
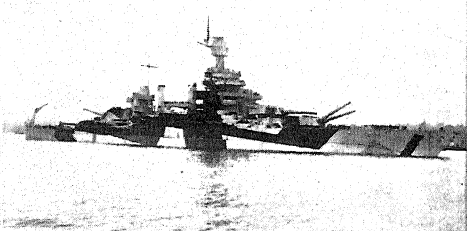
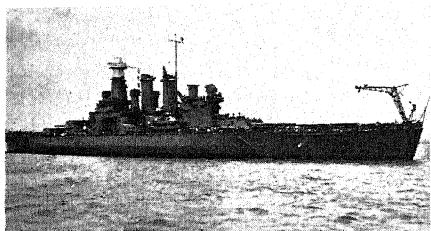


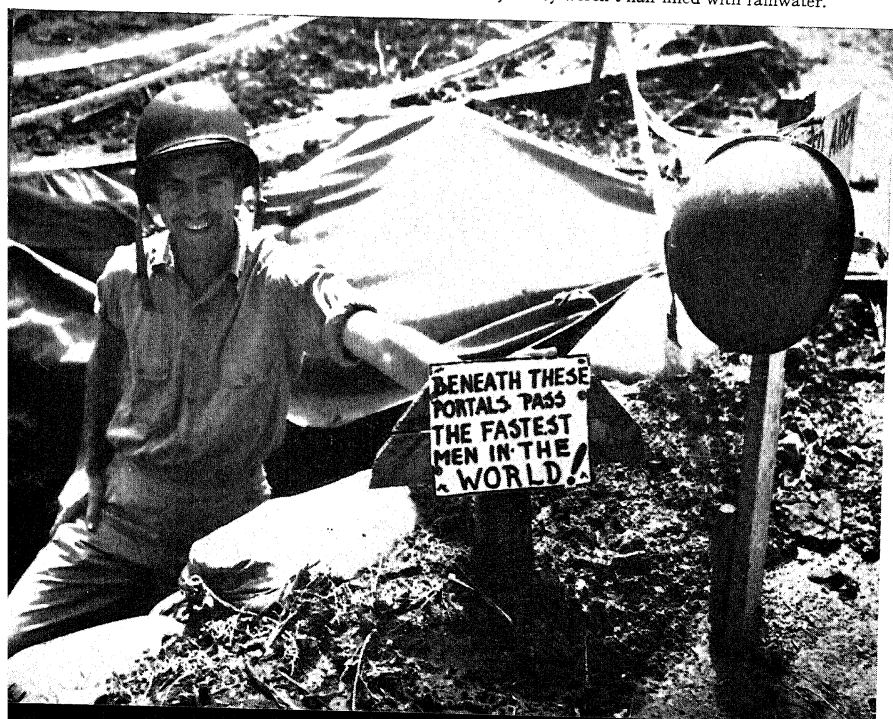
PLATE XXI—Against, in many cases, Japanese naval and air superiority, these and sister ships gradually pushed the enemy back up the Solomons' "ladder." Some were in action, their men at battle stations, for days at a time. It was fortunate the Japs did not know that often their ammunition and fuel and other supplies were down almost to zero when an action was broken off.

Left row, top to bottom: USS WASHINGTON, battleship; USS HONOLULU, cruiser (on her battle station, "Iron Bottom Bay"); USS PENSACOLA, cruiser; and USS WORDEN, destroyer.

Right row, top to bottom: USS COLORADO, battleship; USS RUSSELL, destroyer; USS TREVER, high-speed minesweeper; and USS SABINE, oiler.



PLATE XXII—Those who were there will tell you that life on Guadalcanal in the early weeks was a seemingly endless succession of patrols and the ducking of enemy bombs and shells. (above) Were it not for the ever-present menace of the Jap sniper, this scene along the Lunga River might be a travel poster. Instead it shows a Marine detail on an extremely dangerous night patrol in the jungle. (below) "If yer know a better 'ole!"—foxholes, dugouts, and so-called "bombproofs" were plentiful. They afforded fair shelter, if they weren't half filled with rainwater.



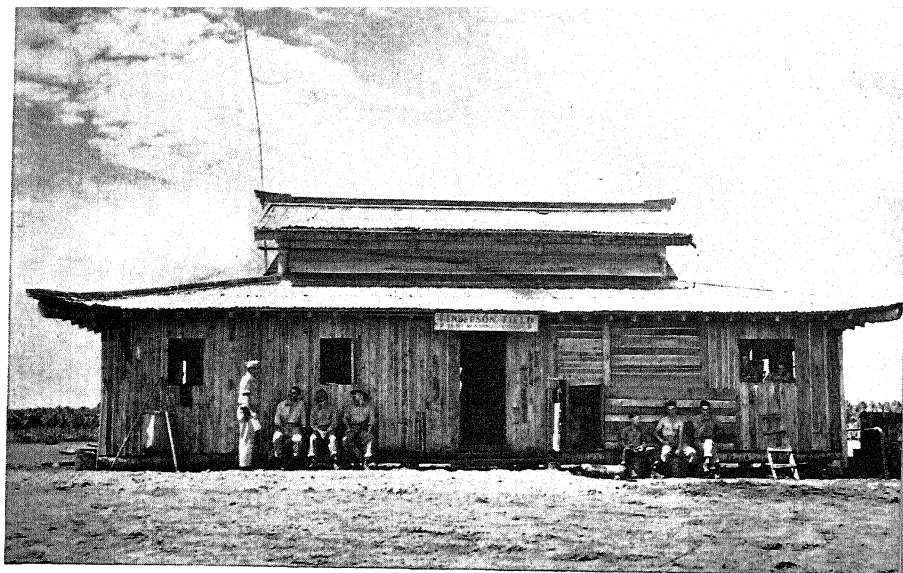


PLATE XXIII—The “pagoda” (above) on Henderson Field was built by the Japs to house their operations staff. It survived a number of bombings, both ours and Japanese, until virtually wrecked by a near miss, after which it was torn down. (*U. S. Marine Corps Photo.*) (below) The Jap air strip, near Lunga Point, Guadalcanal, shortly after its capture by our forces. It then had only a single runway and a few revetments, but the Japs were working feverishly to prepare it for long-range bombers, that would have menaced our vital lifeline to Australia.





PLATE XXIV—This is one of the most remarkable and historically valuable photographs taken during World War II. It shows almost all of the ranking U. S. Marine Corps officers who led the landing operations and earliest fighting on Guadalcanal. Heroes all, many of them later were to see action also in other Marine campaigns and victories throughout the Pacific, right up to the gates of Tokyo. This great picture was snapped against a jungle hillside, August 11, 1942, only four days after the initial assault of the Guadalcanal beaches.

Left to right, first row: Col. George R. Rowan, Artesia, Miss.; Col. Pedro A. Del Valle, Alexandria, Va.; Col. William C. James, Summerton, S. C.; Major General Alexander A. Vandegrift, Washington, D. C.; Col. Gerald C. Thomas, Charleston, S. C.; Col. Clifton B. Cates, Memphis, Tenn.; Col. Randolph McC. Pate, Washington, D. C.; and Comdr. Warwick T. Brown, USN.

Second Row: Col. William G. Whaling, Washington, D. C.; Col. Frank B. Goettge, Kent, Ohio; Col. LeRoy P. Hunt, Berkeley, Calif.; Lt. Col. Frederick C. Biebusch, Marion, Ohio; Lt. Col. Edwin A. Pollock, Augusta, Ga.; Lt. Col. Edmund J. Buckley, Bethlehem, Pa.; Lt. Col. Walter W. Barr, Augusta, Ga.; and Lt. Col. Raymond P. Coffman, Drexel Hill, Pa.

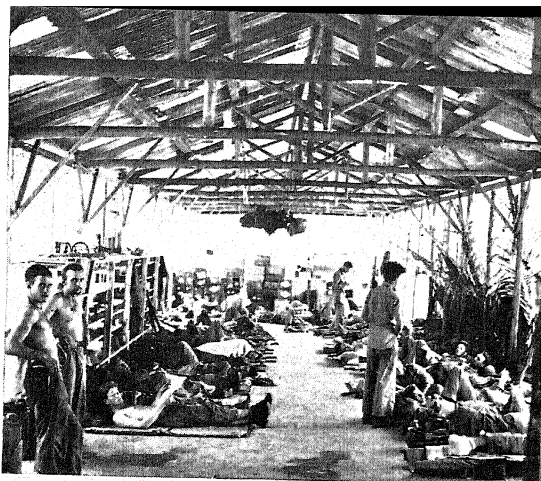
Third Row: Lt. Col. Francis R. Geraci, Annapolis, Md.; Lt. Col. William E. Maxwell, Alexandria, Va.; Col. Edward G. Hagen, Cranford, N. J.; Lt. Col. William N. McKelvy, Washington, D. C.; Lt. Col. Julian N. Frisbee, Clearwater, Fla.; Major Milton V. O'Connell, Germantown, Pa.; Major William Chalfont III; Captain Horace W. Fuller; Major Forest C. Thompson, Salisbury, Md.

Fourth Row: Major Robert G. Ballance, Champaign, Ill.; Major Henry W. Bues, Jr., Ridley Park, Pa.; Major James G. Frazer, Seattle, Wash.; Major Richard H. Crockett, Memphis, Tenn.; Lt. Col. Leonard B. Cresswell, Lexington, Miss.; Major Robert O. Bowen, Bremerton, Wash.; Lt. Col. John A. Bemis, Great Falls, Mont.; Major Robert B. Luckey, Annapolis, Md.; Lt. Col. Samuel G. Taxis, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lt. Col. Eugene H. Price, Baltimore, Md.

Last Row: Lt. Col. Merrill B. Twining, Portland, Oregon; Lt. Col. Walker A. Reaves, Brownsville, Ala.; Lt. Col. John De W. Macklin, Groveport, Ohio; Lt. Col. Hanley C. Waterman, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Major James C. Murray, Seville, Ohio. (*U. S. Marine Corps Photo.*)

PLATE XXV—When bare survival of the hale and hearty was so much a problem every minute during early Guadalcanal days, taking care of the wounded can only be described as a nightmare, say Navy "medicos" who followed the Marines ashore. Yet our casualties, compared to the defending Japs, were comparatively light, and the unceasing effort to get the wounded back to places of safety is one of the bright pages in the annals of the Navy Medical Corps in World War II.

(right) A Japanese building that survived the U. S. preliminary bombardment is converted into a regimental sick-bay. Later this building was destroyed by a Jap bomb dropped by "Washing Machine Charley."



(center) At first the wounded in the Guadalcanal fighting could be evacuated only by landing craft, a slow and painful procedure aggravated by exposure to heat and insects.

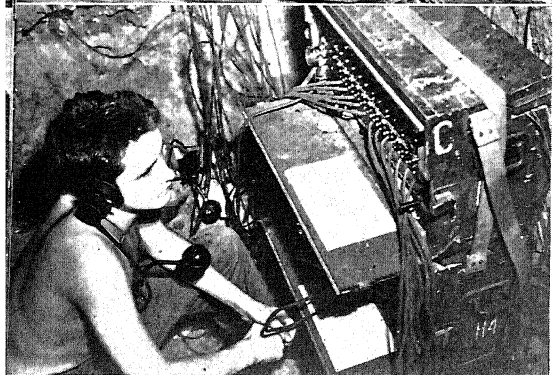
(right) As soon as SCAT (South Pacific Combat Air Transport) planes could be landed at Guadalcanal, the old method of evacuating wounded by ship was largely replaced by swift passage by air. Hundreds of sick and wounded soldiers, sailors and Marines were thus moved swiftly to islands, behind the combat front, where they could receive the treatment that saved many who otherwise would have died, or been invalids for life. The first white women to reach war-torn Guadalcanal were nurses aboard hospital planes. (U. S. Marine Corps Photo.)





PLATE XXVI—It did not take Marines long to rig up some of the "comforts of home," or, at any rate, a reasonable facsimile thereof. The Japs, in their hasty abandonment of the Guadalcanal air strip and its facilities, left many pieces of equipment which resourceful Marine engineers and Seabees converted to their own use.

(upper) An old oil drum, some pipe, and a block and tackle—and you have one of the jungle's prime luxuries, a shower bath.



(center) Foxhole central. To escape strafing and shrapnel during the constant bombing of U. S. positions on Guadalcanal, a bomb-proof shelter was built for the telephone exchange and its Marine operator. The switchboard, with connecting lines from headquarters to all field forces, was portable and could be moved on a few moments' notice.

(lower) Jap bombing, at first, was amazingly accurate. These smoking ruins are all that remain of one of our airplane hangars, after a direct hit by an enemy bomber. The raid also destroyed most of the ready ammunition available at the time.



PLATE XXVII—An Army moves on its stomach—and so do Marines, although in the early days of the Guadalcanal campaign “chow” was often only cold K-rations. Hot meals, when they could be had, and then only twice a day, were prepared with the most primitive equipment after field kitchens were bombed out, as they often were.

(upper) Nobody could say that these flapjacks weren’t “safe”—they were cooked on one! An old Jap strongbox was turned on its side, the top and bottom cut out and a piece of pipe rigged as a flue to make a strange but efficient griddle.

(center) A Marine machine gunner, tommy gun on knee, leaves a newly-dug trench near the Guadalcanal front line for a little quick chow.

(lower) Jungle cafeteria—Marines line up with their mess gear at an outdoor “beanery” near the front lines. This picture was taken just after the Marines had blasted the Japanese out of several heavily fortified positions on Guadalcanal. Soup tastes just as good out of a nice clean garbage can—if you’re hungry enough!



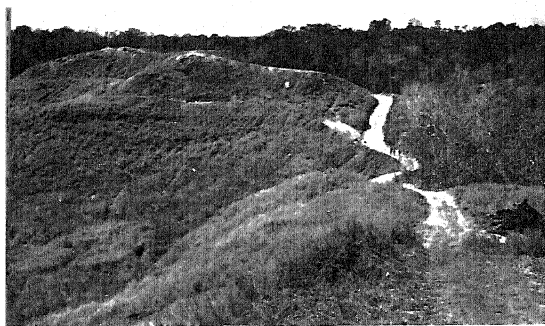


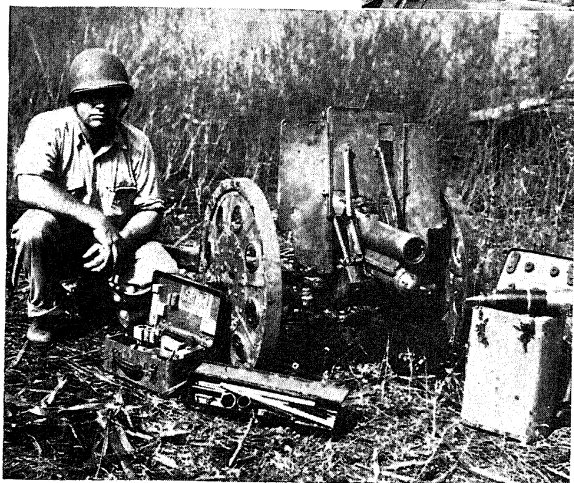
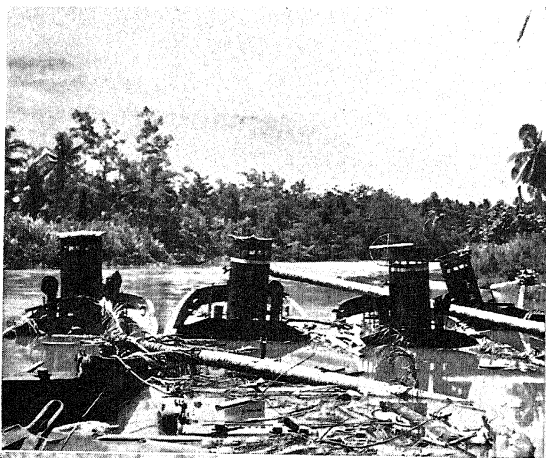
PLATE XXVIII—(left) This is the famous Raider's Ridge, or Bloody Nose Ridge, as it is sometimes called, where 600 Japanese were killed in bitter fighting, September 13-14, 1942. U. S. Marine Raider battalions, supported by heavy artillery fire, halted wave after wave of enemy troops trying to break through to Henderson Field, vital Guadalcanal airport.

(right) These three Marine flyers blasted 46 Japanese planes out of the Guadalcanal skies. Wearing the Navy crosses awarded to them personally by Admiral Nimitz in the field, they are, left to right: Major John Smith, Hubbard, Oregon, 19 planes; Major Robert D. Galer, Seattle, Washington, 11 planes; and Captain Marion E. Carl, Lexington, Oklahoma, 16 planes.



(left) Shark-nosed Army fighters (P-40s) joined with Navy and Marine planes to take a heavy toll of Japanese aircraft, although many times they were outnumbered ten or more to one. Army Flying Forts from Espiritu Santo and planes from the Royal New Zealand Air Force played an important part in the Guadalcanal campaign.

PLATE XXIX—(right) Like weird creatures from another world Jap landing craft lie shattered and grounded on the bottom of Guadalcanal's Lunga River, eloquent testimony to the marksmanship of the American forces. Neither the enemy's landing craft nor tank lighters were as efficient or as versatile as ours.



(left) This small Japanese field piece was captured during the early stages of the Battle for the Solomons. It is a 70-mm gun, classified as an infantry weapon. When enemy guns were in working order, and ammunition plentiful, they were often turned on their makers by the Marines. (U. S. Marine Corps Photo.)

(right) Wounded mastodon at bay. This big Jap tank was captured when it rammed itself against a tree trunk and stuck in the oozing mud. Tanks proved good jungle fighting weapons, because they could not only cover the advance of infantry, but they quickly cleared a wide road-way for troops and trucks as well.





PLATE XXX—Jungle fighting involved many techniques new to American military forces, despite the previous experience of Marines with guerrilla bands in Nicaragua, Haiti and elsewhere in the American tropics. Natives were generally loyal to the Allied command, and supplied invaluable information.

(upper) Sergeant-Major Vouza, of the Solomon Island native police, was captured by the Japs and tortured with a bayonet when he refused to reveal secrets about our forces on Guadalcanal. Left for dead, Vouza escaped and returned to a U. S. Marine camp with valuable information. He was later awarded the Navy Cross, highest U. S. naval decoration.



(center) A U. S. Marine shows a companion how he looks in a Japanese sniper's jacket, made of long-haired animal's skin (probably monkey). The skin blended so well with underbrush that the sniper could scarcely be seen, even at a close distance.

(lower) A Navy combat artist here illustrates the proper method to cross a jungle river in enemy territory. The "point" of the patrol crosses the sluggish river single file, with never more than one man in midstream at a time, deploying on the opposite bank to cover the crossing of the rest of the men. The painting was made from sketches prepared by the artist while accompanying Marine patrols on Guadalcanal. (Watercolor by Lt. Dwight C. Shepler, USNR.)



PLATE XXXI—(upper) A bolt out of the blue, this thin plume of smoke seemed to anxious watchers on Guadalcanal, during the early stages of the fighting. But fortunately, it was a Jap plane, shot out of the sky by a U. S. Marine fighter plane. In one day, Marine flyers shot down 23 out of 25 enemy planes that came to harass the beachhead established in the Solomons. It was the first big air reverse for the Japs.

(center) Squarely on the middle of Henderson Field runway lands a Jap 500-pound bomb. In addition, the "Tokyo Express," as the Jap night fleet was called, had been dropping shells up to 14-inch calibre on the strip. But somehow, the Seabees and Marine engineers managed to fill in the holes and have the runway serviceable a few hours afterward, to the amazement and consternation of Jap fighter pilots who expected no American air opposition. (*U. S. Marine Corps Photo.*)

(lower) The battle of supply went on constantly at the Guadalcanal beachhead. Tired and dusty Marines and bluejackets labored from dawn until dark, and sometimes later, day in and day out, unloading desperately needed ammunition, gasoline, food and other equipment, despite sporadic Jap submarine and air attacks. It was a thankless but highly necessary job, done under extremely trying conditions, but every man knew that his safety, and perhaps his life, depended upon getting supplies to the right place, but quick!

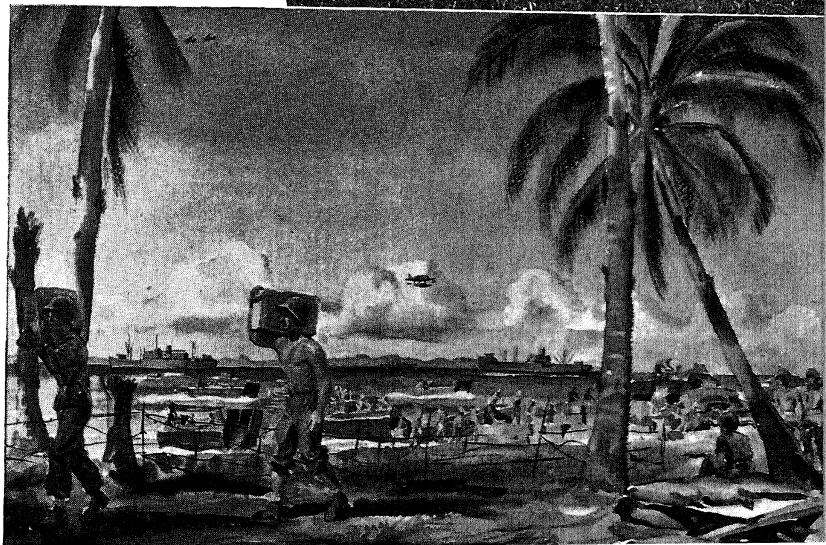
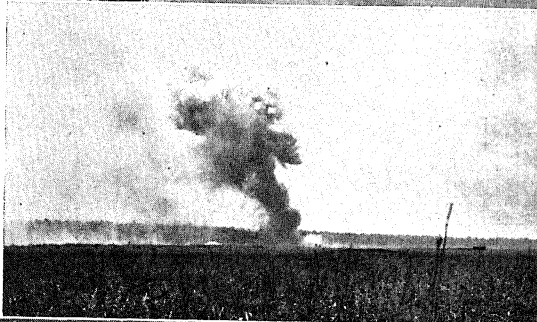
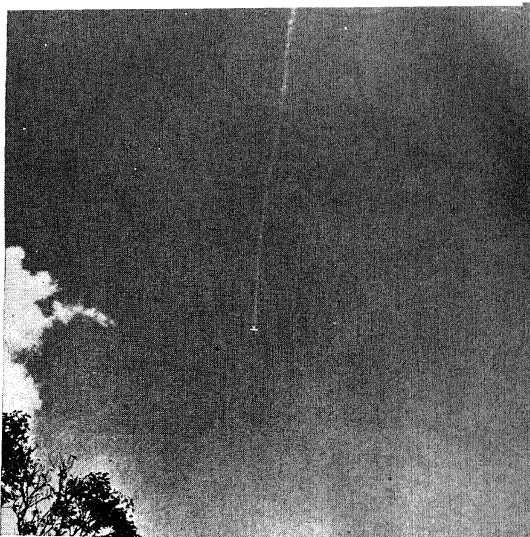




PLATE XXXII—(above) At the edge of Guadalcanal's vital air field, Marines lay their rifles aside a minute to wield pick and shovel in the construction of better fortifications and entrenchments against future attacks. The Jap line was then just beyond the trees shown in the background. (below) This debris was all that was left of a new U. S. radio station, after a direct hit by a Jap bomb during one of the many air raids launched against our forces on Guadalcanal.



themselves it became progressively harder to work them out. . . . Casualties began to get pretty heavy in both killed and wounded. We found that the Japanese had many dugouts both for machine guns and for riflemen. Some of these dugouts were quite large and connected with others by tunnels, so that when you would blast them out of one dugout you would find there was no one there and a hole through which they crawled farther on. It was slow, tortuous progress. . . . The Japanese who had been overrun and by-passed during this assault were literally sleeping with us that night. They were everywhere, and all night they were sniping, shouting at us, throwing grenades at us, whistling, and carrying out all the tricks of the trade which we had read about in the pamphlets, but, I suspect, none of us ever believed."

The landing had just been accomplished on Tulagi when the *SAN JUAN* got sound contact on a submerged submarine, outside Gavutu Harbor. She attacked immediately with depth charges and although an oil slick surfaced the water, there was no further evidence of destruction. Leaving destroyers to search the area, the cruiser resumed her next scheduled bombardment, which was to fire again at Hill 208, and then the prison at the south end of the island.

At 8:30, Combat Team 2 of the 5th Marines under Colonel Harold E. Rosecrans landed from the *NEVILLE* and advanced rapidly behind the Raiders. At 9:00 two tanks were put ashore from the *PRESIDENT JACKSON*. By 10:12 all assigned waves had landed on the beach.

After Beach Blue, our next landing was scheduled for 8:30 at Halavo, by the remainder of Combat Team A of the 2nd Marines from the *PRESIDENT JACKSON*. A little before eight the landing boats were on their way and their fire support group, consisting of the *HOVEY*, *HOPKINS*, *TREVER*, *SOUTHARD* and *ZANE* of Mine Squadron 2 under Commander William H. Hartt, Jr., were taking position to give them protection. As they did so, a battery on Gavutu opened fire at a range of about two miles. Commander Hartt, on the *HOPKINS*, immediately gave the order to open fire.

The enemy guns found the range and there were a number of close misses, but the shells were of small calibre and no damage was done.

Fifteen minutes later—at 8:45—the Marines were ashore at Gavutu.

The fourth landing in the Tulagi area was made on Gavutu by the 1st Parachute Battalion, commanded by Major Robert H. Williams, who

went prosaically ashore in boats from the HEYWOOD. They were organized into three waves, the first to land at H plus 4 hours, or noon.

About 10:30 the first wave of the landing boats left the assembly area and started the 7-mile run to the departure line. The other waves followed at 5-minute intervals.

To many Marines this was the worst part of the landing. Bouncing in their shallow-draft craft bucking the choppy waves, seasickness and a complete drenching was their lot. And because coral reefs almost surrounded the island, the landing had to be made on the northeastern side, not far from the causeway connecting the island with Tanambogo, thus lengthening the sea trip as well as exposing them to fire from Tanambogo.

Supported by fire from the SAN JUAN, MONSSEN and BUCHANAN, our boats rounded the southern promontory of Gavutu, to be met with sniper fire from a wrecked Japanese four-motored bomber on the reef. As our boats turned west about 200 yards from the beach they were greeted with scattered fire, which grew heavier as they neared and the supporting fire lifted.

They touched shore exactly fifteen seconds after noon. The Japanese let them land, but as the men started to cross the beach, many men were cut down by the heavy cross fire.

The second wave came in shortly behind the first and beached only a minute and a half later. Three Marines were hit before they could leave the boat and others were shot in the water. While the boats were backing off, one was hit and sunk by a hand grenade thrown from the shore.

Because of the opposition, the third wave was rushed in eight minutes ahead of schedule, suffering severe casualties in its landing.

One man out of every ten who landed was a casualty. Hills honeycombed with dugouts commanded the beach, and the Japanese were well armed with machine guns, rifles and automatic rifles. But despite the heavy defenses, the Marines slowly moved in.

Across the water on Guadalcanal Island, the first troops landed without opposition on Beach Red between Lunga and Koli points. During the day 11,000 Marines were shuttled ashore, and supplies were piling up on Beach Red faster than they could be moved away.

Major Donald Dickson went in with the fourth wave; the 1st Battalion of the 5th Marines naturally expected "we would bump into

something very shortly after we got ashore. . . . The men had moved on inward, but there was still no answering fire from the Japs. . . . We crossed a field of grass which was about shoulder high, moved inland, for probably one and a half to two miles. We had to cross the Ilu River, and that was one of the things we had looked forward to with a little worry, because we understood the Ilu River had rather steep banks and very muddy bottom, and we didn't quite know how we were going to bridge it. But one of our brilliant boys, I don't know who it was, suggested we build bridges on top of amphibious tractors; I think that was an example of somebody using his head.

"Well, our men continued on a way farther and it was not until about noontime when we got our first sight of the Japs, when they sent over high-level bombers, and the antiaircraft on the ships opened up. We weren't able to see a good deal of that, because we were in rather dense jungle, but we could see some of the bursts up through the trees. The bombers flew off and we decided to push on farther to the left. By that time the 1st Marines were landing in our support. They were taking over the left, so we changed direction and moved to the right to pass the airfield and eventually to arrive at Kukum Beach. That would cut Lunga Point off from the rest of the Japs.

"We were still going very carefully, because we expected almost every step that we were going to bump into the Japs. They hadn't put up any fight that we could see at all. As far as I know, they hadn't fired a shot. The effect it had on our men wasn't particularly good because everybody was jittery; they expected that they were going to bump into the Japs any minute and were wondering why they didn't, which made many say, 'Those damn Japs are setting a trap for us that we're going to walk into any moment.' We bedded down that first night and that feeling had its effect in that the sentries would fire at almost anything. It was dangerous even to get up to go to the head.

"We moved out the next morning and got to the edge of what was later called Henderson Field. It was apparently deserted; it looked only like a large meadow. We saw one building on it which was later called the Pagoda, and we sent patrols across to that. Then we came to the first Japanese camp. I went through it with several other people, to look it over. There had been no Marines through it at all up to that time, and I could see then how the Japs had rushed off when our shelling commenced. They had just taken off, leaving food on the tables. There was

all kinds of gear left there; blacksmith's shops, quartermaster's store-rooms and garages with hundreds of bicycles—most of them with flat tires, though! . . .

"We continued on and passed through another large Japanese camp, probably the largest on the island. Tents were in pretty bad shape, a good many of them knocked over . . . the trees had been split and splintered. At the center of the camp was apparently the Japanese headquarters. There was any number of caps in there, starched white uniforms, swords, medals, all sorts of things that the Japs would have taken along if they'd had any time. There were several cans of hardtack that had been opened and apparently just a few fistfuls taken out before they took off. There was a big quartermaster's supply building, containing all kinds of food, dried fish, a whole storehouseful of rice. There was also a quantity of Jap beer and saki, a lot of Japanese cigarettes and candy."

5

It is not known exactly when the commanding officer of the Japanese Eighth Fleet first learned of the American attack on Guadalcanal. But the Japanese reaction is remarkable for the speed with which decision to recapture the area was made and the speed with which the plan was put into action.

The planes that the Marines saw above the fronds of the trees around midday of August 7 were twenty-two enemy twin-engined bombers, and the first counterattack ordered by Admiral Masao Kanazawa from Rabaul. At the same time a task force of the cruisers CHOKAI, KAKO, FURUTAKA, AOBA, KINUGASA, TENRYU and TATSUTA with destroyers of the Japanese 4th Destroyer Division were making ready for sea; their mission was to make a high-speed run and follow up the bombing attack by a surface annihilation of the American transports.

As the bombers winged over Bougainville Island heading southeastward, they were spotted by a coastwatcher.¹ His warning reached our ships at 10:45 and immediately the signal, "Repel air attack," was hoisted.

¹ Coastwatchers, mainly Australians, provided a network of intelligence throughout the Pacific islands. Some of them were planters and traders who had won the confidence of the natives, spoke their languages, and were concealed and supplied with information by them. Using small, hand-powered radios, the coastwatchers broadcast their observations to our forces.

Aboard all the ships lookouts scanned the sky; antiaircraft crews manned their guns, and waited.

At a quarter past one in the afternoon, the CHICAGO's radarman spotted a number of "pips" on his scope: "Aircraft bearing 315° True, range 43 miles!"

Five minutes later they could be seen coming over Savo Island at 10,000 to 14,000 feet. With their bright silver bodies they looked more like commercial airliners on a parade.

As the planes approached, screening ships and transports opened fire. One enemy bomber staggered, then crashed into the sea. Then a second fell in flames, and a third began to lose altitude and disappeared over the Guadalcanal hills trailing smoke. The other planes dropped their bombs without scoring a hit, and within ten minutes they were gone.

A little over an hour later seven to ten dive bombers appeared and directed their attack at the screening squadron off Guadalcanal. Diving steeply, one scored a hit on the MUGFORD forward of her superstructure deck, killing twenty-two and wounding seventeen. The bomb caused considerable material damage and started a fire, but repairs were made within a few hours. The bomber paid for its victory in the antiaircraft fire of the other ships.

Our fighters were doing their part. Eight patrolling F4F-4s from the ENTERPRISE led by Lieutenant (jg) Theodore S. Gay were vectored to Tulagi, where they intercepted bombers protected by Zeros. One bomber was shot down by Lieutenant Vincent P. DePoix and four others were damaged before the Zeros forced our fighters to take refuge in near-by clouds. Although our planes were badly shot up, all hands returned safely to the carrier, including Machinist J. A. Achten who had to be rescued from the water off Tulagi.

At about the same time, eight SBDs from the ENTERPRISE, Lieutenant Carl H. Horenburger leading, were attacked by two Zeros. One of the enemy fighters went down in flames, while the other escaped.

Another group of ENTERPRISE planes under Lieutenant (jg) Gordon E. Firebaugh, on combat patrol over the transports, sighted the bombers and Zeros at the southeast tip of Santa Isabel Island. While three engaged the Zeros the remaining three got through to the enemy bombers. Ensign Robert M. Disque shot down one and Radio Electrician Thomas W. Rhodes destroyed a Zero. Of our six fighters, three—piloted by Lieutenant Firebaugh, Aviation Machinist's Mate William H. Warden, and Aviation

Pilot 1/c William J. Stephenson, Jr.—did not return, though Firebaugh and Warden were later rescued.

A flight launched at 1:54, led by Machinist Donald E. Runyon, managed to cut deeply into the enemy's second formation of raiders. At about 2:30 these four fighters sighted a formation of Japanese dive bombers near Lunga Point. Attacking, Machinist Runyon shot down two bombers, and Ensign Harry A. March, Jr., and Aviation Pilot 1/c Howard S. Packard got one each.

The sky was pocked with ack-ack and smeared with the smoke trails of plunging planes, too often the funeral pyres of our own men who found the lightly armored Jap Zeros to be as fast and deadly as advertised.

Two groups of SARATOGA Wildcats climbing to attack an oncoming formation of bombers were pounced upon by Zeros. Three of the eight fighters brought their damaged planes back to the "Sara." Five were lost—Lieutenant James J. Southerland, Ensign R. L. Price, Lieutenant C. A. Tabberer, Lieutenant (jg) W. M. Holt and Ensign J. R. Daly. Daly was subsequently rescued from the water. The Japs lost two bombers to the attack.

During the second attack that afternoon, the SARATOGA's fighters fared much better. At about three o'clock Lieutenant Richard Gray with Ensign Mark K. Bright, Lieutenant Hayden M. Jensen, Lieutenant (jg) Carlton B. Starkes, Lieutenant Marion W. Dufilho, Lieutenant (jg) Frank O. Green, Lieutenant David C. Richardson, and Ensign Charles D. Davy sighted eleven enemy dive bombers, Aichi type 99, unescorted.

No warning of this enemy attack had been received, and Lieutenant Jensen, the first to see them, gave the alarm by radio and went after them. He followed the enemy down through the antiaircraft fire from our own ships and managed to get two of the raiders. Lieutenant Dufilho came close behind him and nailed two more, while damaging a third. Lieutenant (jg) Starkes and Ensign Bright each accounted for three more; a total of ten shot down.

Six of eight SBD-3s which took off from the WASP at 12:23 had just been ordered to bomb a target in the Tulagi area when a ship's radio was heard to say, "Bombers above!" This was about 1:30. Immediately our scouts were attacked by about five Zeros, downing the plane piloted by Lieutenant Dudley H. Adams. The Japs retired quickly into the sun with some damage. Lieutenant Adams, wounded, was later picked up

by the DEWEY. His companion, Aviation Radioman 3/c Harry E. Elliott, had been killed before the crash.

The result of the Japanese attacks on our landing the afternoon of August 7, 1942, was more than a score of their planes shot down. In repelling them we had lost eleven F4F-4s, one SBD-3, and suffered damage to the MUGFORD.

During the night, the screening group commanded by Admiral Crutchley patrolled the transport areas to protect them against submarine or surface attack. The SAN JUAN, HOBART, BUCHANAN and MONSSEN watched the approaches from the east, while AUSTRALIA, CANBERRA, CHICAGO, PATTERSON and BAGLEY patrolled the westward waters south of Savo Island, and the VINCENNES, ASTORIA, JARVIS and HELM guarded the area north of Savo.

At Rabaul a line of darkened warships with characteristic pagoda superstructures stood out of the harbor and headed southward.

6

D-day plus 1, August 8, found our forces consolidating their positions ashore. With the dawn the screening ships returned to the transports to give closer support and protection from submarines that could be expected to try to attack them. And reinforcements arrived in the PRESIDENT HAYES and PRESIDENT ADAMS for the hard-pressed invaders of Tulagi and Gavutu.

Soon after seven o'clock, the 1st Battalion of the 2nd Marines, less Company B, landed on Beach Blue from PRESIDENT JACKSON, and the PRESIDENT HAYES landed the 2nd Battalion. The 1st Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel R. E. Hill, was ordered to sweep Tulagi clean of Japanese from the beach to the western end of the island, and Lieutenant Colonel B. W. Atkinson's 2nd Battalion was to do the same toward the island's eastern end.

No serious breaks had been made in our lines during the night, and at dawn the Marines had resumed the offensive. At about three o'clock in the afternoon physical occupation of the island was complete.

"The tenacity of the individual Japanese soldier was astonishing," says General Vandegrift. "Each Jap fought until he was killed, each machine-gun crew to the last man, who almost invariably killed himself rather than surrender."

Only three Japanese on Tulagi surrendered. The Raider Battalion suffered ninety casualties, of whom three officers and thirty-three enlisted men were killed or died of wounds on the island.

The 3rd Battalion of the 2nd Marines under Lieutenant Colonel R. G. Hunt was originally scheduled to land at Beach Blue from the *PRESIDENT ADAMS*, but its objective was changed to Gavutu, where they landed shortly before ten.

At 10:38 Admiral Turner received a dispatch warning of the approach of enemy bombers. Immediately the ships were ordered out of the transport areas to assume a cruising disposition. By the time the planes arrived—which was at noon—all the ships were under way and maneuvering at top speed.

The Japanese twin-engined bombers, escorted by Zeros, came in low over the water. They disregarded the transports off Tulagi, aiming for the ships in the Guadalcanal area. But the Tulagi ships, far from feeling slighted, opened up an intense and accurate barrage as the planes passed them, dropping approximately a dozen of them. Above them our carrier fighter planes engaged the protecting Zeros.

Off Guadalcanal the Japanese ran again into a punishing barrage of fire. The transports were under way and when they opened up with their ack-ack, the enemy formations were broken up. Only three aircraft were seen to pass through or around the transport formation. Two of these were shot down and so only one apparently escaped.

The attack was not without damage to the American forces.

Our ships had to maneuver radically not only to avoid bombs and torpedoes, but the meteorlike flaming Japanese aircraft. One blazing bomber barely missed the stern of the *VINCENNES*.

Then one crashed on the deck of the transport *GEORGE F. ELLIOTT*, setting the ship ablaze. And in the same minute the destroyer *JARVIS* reeled under the impact of a torpedo.

Two destroyers were toled off to aid the wounded ships. *USS HULL* took the transport in tow, but salvage was hopeless. By Admiral Turner's orders the *ELLIOTT* was sunk by her escort.

The torpedoed *JARVIS* was towed to shallow water by *USS DEWEY*. Examination showed that, despite the gaping hole in her side, her engines were unscathed. Fourteen men were missing and seven badly wounded, but Lieutenant Commander Graham reported to Admiral Turner that he could get his ship to steam under her own power. Graham was ordered

to Noumea for repairs, and the destroyer HOVEY directed to follow as escort.

Down Lengo Channel limped the JARVIS, and rounded Cape Esperance to pass out of sight. The HOVEY followed in her wake, turned the cape, and saw only empty sea ahead.

In those minutes, the wounded destroyer had gone down with all hands.

On Gavutu, in the afternoon, the Marines' attempts to mop up the island were consistently hampered by sniper fire from Tanambogo, the island 300 yards away joined by a causeway. That spot had to be cleared in a hurry, so two tanks of the 3rd Platoon, C Company, 2nd Tank Battalion commanded by Lieutenant R. J. Sweeney, were embarked in two assault boats.

The BUCHANAN had been called in to give Tanambogo some bombardment, and as the assault boats put off from Gavutu, those aboard could see her "pouring salvo after salvo" into the beach and "Japs flying through the air from the trees."

The assault boats were two landing tank lighters from the PRESIDENT ADAMS; No. 1 under the command of Boatswain's Mate 2/c G. L. D. Sporhase, and No. 2 in charge of Boatswain's Mate 2/c B. W. Hensen.

Commander Ralph E. Wilson, skipper of the BUCHANAN, watched the small invasion fleet pass, as he ordered his ship to retire. He waved to the men in the lighters and shouted, "Give 'em hell!"

The lighters scraped coral reefs as they continued in, the naval crew firing their machine guns, and the tanks their 37-millimeters at the Japanese on the shore. Lighter No. 1 reached the beach, dropped its ramp and the tank rolled off. The enemy's fire was heavy, killing a Marine sergeant before he was able to get off. The other Marines followed the tank ashore, a few falling as their small line was raked by the defenders' bullets. The naval crew had to get out, stand in the line of fire, and raise the ramp by hand, but miraculously no one was hit. On the way back, the lighter was under sniper fire. "We spotted the flash from a rifle up in one of the trees," Boatswain Sporhase said, "and I picked up the Marine's Reising gun and blasted the flash. The Jap fired again and I got a better bead on him, and he came tumbling down like a bird."

Tank Lighter No. 2 got stuck on a reef a few yards from shore. "Rather than losing time lowering the ramp," reported Boatswain Hansen, "I told Lieutenant Sweeney to run right into the ramp and knock

it down with the tank when I gave the signal that the stops were off. So the tank knocked the ramp down and started up the beach with the fourteen Marines right behind it. Lieutenant Sweeney had his head sticking out of the top of the tank, trying to fire the machine gun, and that is the last I saw of him alive. . . .”

This tank while delivering effective fire got ahead of its supporting men. The Japanese rushed from their dugouts and caves and stalled the tank by poking a large iron bar into the track. In trying to rid itself of the bar, the tank backed and impaled itself on a stump of a coconut tree. Japs swarmed over the tank and threw Molotov cocktails and grenades into it, killing all the crew except one man who somehow managed to escape through the turret.

But by 10:00 P.M. Tulagi, Gavutu and Tanambogo were completely in Marine hands, except for some isolated nests of snipers. Although no accurate count of bodies could be made, because so many were left in blasted caves and dugouts, a reasonable estimate of Japanese defenders was: 1,500 killed, 23 captured and 70 escaped to Florida Island. Despite the rugged fighting, our casualties were comparatively small. In taking the three islands, we lost 8 officers and 100 enlisted men killed, missing, or died of wounds, and 7 officers and 133 men wounded, a total of 248 casualties.

7

On Guadalcanal on August 8, except for the congestion of boats and supplies on Beach Red, satisfactory progress was being made. The advance to the west was resumed early in the morning. The 1st Battalion of Combat Team A continued along the shore through the comparatively favorable terrain of flat coconut plantations. Combat Group B had more difficulty going through the thick jungle several miles inland. A few prisoners were picked up during the morning who revealed that the only organized enemy force had retreated to the west. At noon, then, Combat Team A moved along the road to Kukum to seize the village and installations there.

They crossed the Lunga River at the main bridge and encountered no opposition until they entered Kukum at 3:00 P.M. This, however, was quickly silenced.

Combat Team B of the 1st Marines had been able to make faster

progress in the plains east of the airfield and by four o'clock they were in possession of the airstrip, having encountered only one small enemy patrol. For the night they occupied the line of the Lunga.

The Japanese had done remarkably well in developing their Lunga Point positions since they occupied them on July 4. In five weeks they had built large, semipermanent camps, finger wharves, bridges, machine shops, two large radio stations, ice plants, two large and permanent electric power plants, an elaborate air-compressor plant for torpedoes, and a nearly complete airdrome with hangars, blast pens, and a 3,600-foot runway. Defenses consisted of antiaircraft batteries and machine-gun emplacements.

8

Back in the fleet, a very serious decision had to be made. Admiral Fletcher, commanding Task Forces NAN and TARE, had an urgent strategic and logistics problem. His carrier fighter strength had been reduced from 99 to 78 planes, and fuel was running low. United States carrier strength in the Pacific did not compare favorably with the enemy's and it was realized that we had to conserve what we had, and not run needless risks.

Therefore, Admiral Fletcher sent a dispatch to Admiral Ghormley at Noumea stating that because of the large and increasing number of enemy torpedo and bombing planes in the vicinity he recommended that the air support group be withdrawn.

Admiral Ghormley approved the recommendation. At midnight a conference was called aboard Admiral Turner's flagship, the MC CAWLEY, attended by Admiral Crutchley and General Vandegrift. Admiral Turner announced that because of the carriers' withdrawal the following morning, the amphibious force would be dangerously exposed to air attack and he would have to move all the other ships out at once. The decision, to evacuate the transports and cargo ships, naturally disturbed General Vandegrift. The unloading of supplies, especially on Guadalcanal, was still unsatisfactory, and the General at once went aboard the SOUTHARD to Tulagi to confer with General Rupertus on the new and grimmer prospects of the operation.

Seven thousand five hundred men had been put ashore in that area at the cost of 248 casualties. At Guadalcanal 11,000 men had a fairly

firm hold on the northern shore from Kukum to Koli Point. The captured airfield was ready for use by fighters and dive bombers. With few tools and no barbed wire, the Marines were busily digging in to defend their valuable beachhead. The enemy on Guadalcanal had all withdrawn to the bush.

The immediate objectives of the expedition had been accomplished, though it had taken two days instead of one. Occupation of Ndeni in the Santa Cruz Islands had had to be postponed because of the need for the 2nd Marines in finishing the fight in the Tulagi area. But two ships had been lost: the transport *GEORGE F. ELLIOTT* and the destroyer *JARVIS*; one destroyer, *MUGFORD*, had been slightly damaged, and twenty-one fighter planes had been lost from the three carriers. The risk to the fleet, with such attenuated air cover, was obvious.

As the midnight conference wore on another complication intruded, whose significance was not realized at first but whose consequences would be felt before many hours:

A Japanese surface force had been detected west of Bougainville, heading east southeast at 15 knots!

CHAPTER FOUR

Savo Island

I

THERE was no moon, and the stars hidden by the low-hanging clouds made the night even blacker. In single line, led by the flagship CHOKAI, the heavy cruisers of Cruiser Division 6: AOBA, FURUTAKA, KINUGASA, KAKO; the light cruisers of Cruiser Division 18: TENRYU, TATSUTA; and their escorting destroyers sped toward the island of Guadalcanal.

Admiral Mikawa's orders were explicit: "Destroy the American landing and cargo vessels at Tulagi and Guadalcanal." To do this the admiral had drawn up a careful plan. He knew that the Americans had cruisers and carriers supporting the invasion, and, though he did not know their exact position, it was reasonable to suspect that they would be stationed this night on the approaches to the beachheads. And he *did* know where the transports were. They were his quarry.

The admiral's plan was simple. He would lead his fleet past the outpost to Skylark Channel, Savo Island, then split his divisions up, sending his heavy cruisers of Crudiv 6 to destroy the ships off Guadalcanal, while his light cruisers would attack the transports at Tulagi.

The weather was good for an operation of this sort. There was an excellent possibility that surprise would be on his side, though earlier in the day, off Kieta, the admiral had had an anxious hour when an Allied plane came into view and shadowed his fleet. But Mikawa was not too worried. He'd tried a ruse, and it apparently had succeeded: he had ordered a change of course back toward Rabaul, and the plane had departed; satisfied no doubt that the Japanese were on a routine scouting cruise.

The task force had then changed course back toward its objective, taking position in a single line to avoid confusion and accidents. Mikawa

didn't think that his ships would have any trouble finding the American transports; a dispatch in the early evening told him that one of them was even now burning from an air attack; its flames would act as a beacon.

Savo Island was an hour away when a seaplane was launched to scout the waters ahead and drop flares on the target areas.

2

At sunset of August 8, the American and Australian ships left their patrolling stations around the transports, and proceeded to their night screening stations. These positions were the same as the night before with the exception that the WILSON was assigned to take the place of the vanished JARVIS.

To protect the disembarkation area from eastward attack, the SAN JUAN and HOBART, with the destroyers MONSSEN and BUCHANAN, guarded Lengo and Sealark channels between Beach Red on Guadalcanal and Beach Blue on Tulagi.

As a precaution from surprise from the northwest, two destroyers were assigned radar guard and antisubmarine patrol beyond Savo Island: the RALPH TALBOT to the north, and the BLUE to the west.

The area inside Savo Island, between Guadalcanal and Florida, was divided into two patrol districts by a line drawn 125° true from the center of Savo. The area to the north of this line was assigned to the heavy cruisers VINCENNES, ASTORIA and QUINCY, screened by the HELM and WILSON. This group patrolled at a speed of 10 knots on a square, the center of which lay approximately midway between Savo and the western end of Florida Island.

The area to the south of the line was covered by the CHICAGO, CANBERRA and the destroyers PATTERSON and BAGLEY. The AUSTRALIA was absent from the patrol, for she had taken Admiral Crutchley to Admiral Turner's conference aboard the MC CAWLEY to discuss the withdrawal of the transports the following morning.

It was almost midnight. Aboard the ships two-thirds of the crews manned their battle stations, while the other third tried to get some rest after almost forty-eight hours of continuous alerts. Most of those who were "off" slept by their guns, for there was a tenseness in the air, fostered by rumor—or "scuttlebutt," as Navy men say.

Beyond Savo to the north, the RALPH TALBOT patrolled her sector. Then low over the island she saw a plane, of the type carried by a cruiser. "Warning, warning, plane over Savo headed east!" she broadcast over her short-wave voice radio. The BLUE to the south heard the call, and a moment later picked up the plane on her radar.

Planes continued to fly over at intervals during the next hour and a half. At about one o'clock the QUINCY heard a plane pass to starboard, and the watch in ASTORIA'S sky control saw it pass overhead.

These planes were spotting for the Japanese, and they did good work—for their side. They sent Admiral Mikawa accurate advice where our cruisers were.

He saw for himself where one of our destroyers was.

The BLUE was cruising slowly along her picket line heading to the southwest when the CHOKAI'S lookouts spotted her. Immediately the turrets of the cruiser and then, in succession, the guns of the following ships trained on the destroyer, but there was no sign from the American that he had spotted them.

The Japanese held their fire. In only the first of a series of incredible misfortunes to the Allied side, the Japanese task force slipped by, according to one of the Japanese officers, "passing 500 yards astern."

Detaching one destroyer to keep a watch on the BLUE and engage her if she tried to follow the fleet, the Japanese force moved in past Savo.

"Soon after we passed around Savo Island," says Captain Toshikazu Ohmae, chief of staff of the former Japanese Southeastern Fleet, "we sighted your southern force of cruisers. About two minutes after sighting we fired torpedoes, then opened fire with guns. Immediately after firing the torpedoes, we changed course to the left and sighted your northern force.

"During the turn left, the column broke up but the divisions remained together. The CHOKAI and Cruiser Division 6 passed to the east of your force, while Cruiser Division 18 passed to the west. We fired both torpedoes and guns. The CHOKAI illuminated briefly with searchlights. Your ships concentrated upon her but most of the hits were made by machine guns. The range was very close. Outside of machine-gun hits the only damage received was by the CHOKAI, which was hit by a salvo from your leading cruiser in the northern group [VINCENNES]. Two shells landed in the operations room, just aft of the bridge, and killed about thirty men. They also burned up all of our charts."

For the second time, incredible coincidence worked in favor of the enemy.

The southern group, with CANBERRA leading, CHICAGO astern, PATTERSON on the port bow, and BAGLEY to starboard, had almost reached the northern end of their patrol line and was preparing to reverse course.

The Jap, from his point of view, couldn't have timed it better if he'd known the Allied patrol plan. By chance he came upon the group when each officer of the deck was concerned in maneuvering his ship without endangering her or the blacked-out ships in his company. Coincidentally Mikawa was presented by Fortune with a tactic so successfully used by his Nazi ally against merchant ships in the Atlantic—where the U-boat skippers timed many of their attacks at the change of the watch aboard their victims.

The PATTERSON saw the enemy first. At 1:46 she saw a ship dead ahead, about two and a half miles away, very close to Savo Island. At once Commander Walker, the skipper, picked up the microphone of the TBS and broadcast, "Warning, warning; three enemy ships inside Savo Island!" This message was also relayed by flashing light. At the same time the PATTERSON turned to unmask her guns and torpedo tubes.

The BAGLEY, too, swung hard left to fire her torpedoes, but by the time she was able to get a spread off, the enemy ships, due to the relative speed, had opened range rapidly. Neither the commanding officer, Lieutenant Commander George A. Sinclair, nor the officer of the deck saw any hit, but about two minutes later they heard an explosion in the vicinity of the enemy. It was probably a torpedo detonating on the rocks.

The CANBERRA sounded her general alarm and tried to turn hard right to unmask her batteries. Before they could be brought to bear, she was struck by at least twenty-four 5-inch shells and one or two torpedoes hit her starboard side between the boiler rooms. The 4-inch gun deck was hit particularly badly, putting all the guns out of action and killing most of the crew.

Within a minute or two the ship was helpless. Captain F. E. Getting, RAN, was mortally wounded, and his command, taken over by the executive officer, Commander J. A. Walsh, was burning with intense fires, and a 10-degree list to starboard.

As the CANBERRA turned, the CHICAGO, astern of her, saw two dark objects between the Australian ship and the destroyer PATTERSON, and

another to the right of the cruiser. The CHICAGO trained her 5-inchers on the one to the right and was about to fire when the starboard bridge lookout saw a torpedo wake to starboard.

At once right full rudder started to turn the ship. Then two more torpedoes were seen coming from the port. An instant later one struck and the forward part of the ship was deluged with a column of water that reached the top of the mast, the explosion tearing off a large part of the bow below the waterline.

Despite her damage the CHICAGO was fighting back. As the exact position of the enemy was not clear, the cruiser fired two four-gun salvos of star shells toward gunfire flashes on the bearing from where the torpedo had come. She also sent a spread to starboard.

And in this critical moment, not one of the 16 star shells, fired to illuminate the enemy, functioned! In fact, during the short but costly action, only 6 out of a total of 44 star shells fired worked!

Then a shell hit the starboard leg of the CHICAGO's foremast, showering shrapnel all over the ship. A searchlight from a ship ahead lit on two Japanese destroyers on the port bow, and the crippled cruiser opened up on the left-hand one and the burst of a hit was seen. But then the ship ahead that had illuminated turned off her searchlight and crossed the line of fire, and the target was lost.

The enemy now had left our southern group and was engaging the VINCENNES group.

With no target in sight, there was time to take stock of the situation aboard the CHICAGO. Damage control reported some forward compartments flooded, but shoring of bulkheads was already under way and it was thought the ship could do 25 knots. A message was decoded ordering withdrawal toward Lengo Channel, and the CHICAGO slowed to 12 knots. Five or six minutes later, before she had turned back, gunfire was seen to the westward of Savo Island. The cruiser headed toward it at full speed, but no targets could be found. What this action was is a mystery, unless Nature played a sinister prank with deceptive lightning, for the enemy had moved eastward. The time was 2:05, and the only known engagement beyond Savo was at 2:20 by the RALPH TALBOT.

The entire engagement with our southern group had lasted no longer than ten minutes. In this time CANBERRA had been put out of action and CHICAGO badly damaged. Immediately after breaking off, the Japanese opened fire on our northern group.

3

The northern force of QUINCY and ASTORIA, led by VINCENNES and screened to port by HELM and to starboard by WILSON was approaching the southwest corner of its patrol square at 1:45 the morning of August 9.

The turn to the right to go up the western leg had been estimated to take place at 1:50, but a check by the navigator on the VINCENNES showed that the group would not actually reach the turning point until two o'clock sharp. A message was therefore sent out over TBS to the other ships changing the time.

But the short-wave, short-range intership radio is a fractious machine that works perfectly when not needed but is prone to static when urgently required.

The QUINCY and WILSON had difficulty in receiving the order for a course change. Thus, when the PATTERSON was broadcasting the warning of strange ships the frequency was jammed around our northern force with fruitless requests of "please repeat" from the QUINCY and WILSON to the VINCENNES. Then PATTERSON's warning cut into the chatter and they went to general quarters, just as the sky was lighted by the flares over the transport area.

On the ASTORIA, Quartermaster 2/c R. A. Radke saw the glow and then saw a ship open fire at a considerable distance—evidently the Japanese firing on our southern force. On his own initiative he rang the general alarm.

Commander William E. A. Mullan, executive officer of the VINCENNES, says: "Almost at once there was a great display of light, and silhouettes of a group of ships southeast of Savo Island could distinctly be seen and recognized as the southern group of Allied ships. They were, I believe, on approximately the same course as the VINCENNES, which was northwest."

The brief warning given the VINCENNES group was not enough. Although a large proportion of men were either on watch or sleeping at their posts, the enemy searchlights illuminated the ship before battle stations were completely manned, and a rain of shells followed. As Lieutenant Commander Walter H. Price of the WILSON remarked: "Our cruisers appeared to be enveloped in a plunging fire as soon as they were illuminated."

The ASTORIA was the first to return the enemy's fire. Lieutenant Commander Truesdell, the gunnery officer, had, upon the first appearance of the flares, ordered the main battery trained out on the port quarter. As general quarters was sounding he, and the ship's spotter, Lieutenant (jg) Carl A. Sander, saw on the port quarter the silhouette of a Japanese cruiser. Then the first searchlight came on, and with it a salvo that landed about 100 yards ahead and 500 yards short. Truesdell asked permission to fire.

Immediately a second salvo landed, nearer. The third would probably be on, so before getting word from the bridge, the gunnery officer gave the order to fire, and all three turrets sent a blast toward the Japs.

Just as the VINCENNES' 8-inchers roared back the enemy's third salvo struck fair. Shells hit the bridge, killing the communications officer and two men in the pilothouse.

This broke all communications that Captain Riefkohl had. "However," he said, "just before that happened, I was lucky enough to get a message off to my destroyers telling them to attack the enemy with torpedoes. . . . We started to turn to the left and the QUINCY and ASTORIA, with two fine captains on board, Sam Moore and Bill Greenman, immediately got the cue and they started to turn. This, of course, was a natural thing to do as anyone would desire immediately to turn toward the enemy and head down toward the transports that we were supposed to cover. Also it gave us an opportunity to continue our fire against the enemy as they passed under our stern.

"Unfortunately, as we turned, their fire was so heavy that they began to damage us in one way and another.

"The QUINCY was soon on fire; I could see her burning on my port hand. I then endeavored to swing to starboard to escape this fire, but without any avail. As we were swinging to the right some of their destroyers and possibly light cruisers, came in and put torpedoes into us. One torpedo landed in number one fireroom and another in number four. We were heavily hit; shells landed all around the bridge. The barrage continued as we turned, then as we swung right with the torpedo hits, an additional one, or possibly two, struck at the same time, and all power went off the ship.

"The enemy then turned under our stern and started heading out through the channel between Savo and Florida. Our fire had to be by

local control and we did not get as many shots out as we would have liked to. We cannot be certain that we hit any of the enemy. . . .

"After our turn to the right to evade the enemy fire, I was completely put out of action. I had no power at all in the engines, no power in the fire main, and all of our guns but one had been put out of action. The only gun remaining was a starboard 5-inch gun with only two men remaining there; they continued firing to the last minute.

"The crew behaved in a perfectly marvelous manner. . . . Shells crashed in the bridge, underneath, overhead, up forward, on number two turret, we had shells exploding; but none of the men made a move to leave their stations until I told them to go below. . . .

"After we got our last torpedo hit, and I saw the ship starting to go over to port, I told everybody to stand by to abandon ship and get all the life rafts out. . . ."

The QUINCY had suffered heavy damage. Not one gun of her main, or 5-inch, battery could fire, having been knocked out by direct hits, shrapnel and by fires. But one last determined message came from the bridge:

"We're going down between them—give them hell!"

One mile away to the left was a Jap blazing at the QUINCY with all her guns. The American cruiser had little left but fighting spirit. The boat deck was burning, the galley was in flames, the fire on the fantail was out of control, and the hangar and well deck a "blazing inferno." Steam was escaping from the stack with a deafening roar. Flames enveloped the forward control stations reaching yards into the air.

"The ship was listing rapidly to port, the forecastle was awash, water coming over the gun deck to port, and fires were blazing intermittently throughout the whole length of the ship. There was nothing but carnage about the gun decks, and dense smoke and heat coming from below-decks."

The gunnery officer was the senior surviving officer, and so Lieutenant Commander Heneberger ordered the ship abandoned. A minute after the remaining men got clear, "the ship capsized to port, the bow went under, the stern raised and the ship slid from view."

This was at 2:35.

The ASTORIA fired the last salvo of any of our cruisers. At about 2:15, when the enemy fire was diminishing, only one gun of her secondary battery and Turret 2 could still fire. Lieutenant Commander Davidson,

the communications officer, had climbed into the trainer's sight of Turret 2 and coached its guns onto the target—an enemy searchlight just abaft the port beam. The turret fired and the shells could be seen to hit.

All steering control had failed and all power from the engines was gone. While the ship drifted toward the southwest, the wounded were assembled and the able-bodied worked to save their ship.

The *ASTORIA* remained afloat until noon the next day. In the meantime the wounded had been transferred to destroyers, and then, when all hope of saving the ship had gone, the remainder were evacuated.

Three months earlier the *ASTORIA*'s weekly newspaper, *The Astorian*, had in her issue of May 8, 1942—the day of the Battle of the Coral Sea—published “An Ode From a Throttleman.” It was written by a tall, slim, sandy-haired Alabaman named Woodrow Wilson Weaver, a boiler-maker first class whose wife and baby were waiting for him in Portland, Oregon:

Oh, me hands is fulla nozzles
An' me eyes is full of sweat
De back presh—she's up aroun' fifteen.
Da safeties all are liftin'
Da rudder's slowly shiftin'
Such a mess of bells I never seen.

Oh, da cap'n's on the speaker
An' his voice ain't any weaker
As he hollars, “Engines watch your turns!”
Me brain is slowly cloggin'
With the bells that I ain't loggin'
But it's here I want to be when Tojo burns.

Weaver died on August 9, 1942, at the Battle of Savo. He stayed with the ship and his throttles.

4

“The fact must be faced,” said Admiral Crutchley, “that we had an adequate force placed with the very purpose of repelling surface attack and when that surface attack was made, it destroyed our force.”

That the enemy was able to pass our destroyers stationed to give warning of such an attack was of course the first serious calamity. By creeping closely inshore, they escaped radar detection, for their images were con-

cealed by the mass of shore line—and our radar at that time was none too dependable.

We took a licking, and a bad one. But the Japs didn't know how bad.

Why the Japanese did not press on to their primary objective after gaining such an advantage is explained by Captain Ohmae:

"Following this action [against the northern group] we passed north of Savo Island. At that time the formation was inverted with the flagship *CHOKAI* in the rear. . . . We considered returning to the area to attack your transports. Due to about a two-hour delay in re-forming, we felt that we would be within radius of your planes the next morning if we returned. We knew that you had planes in the vicinity because we had been listening to 'Red Base' and 'White Base' broadcast all day. We did not have air cover. In addition, all the charts on the flagship had been destroyed, which would have made navigation dangerous, therefore we decided to retire."

So the Jap did not gain his objective. And for a long time after he did not discover what damage he had done.

Some small revenge was forthcoming, too. As the fleet steamed back to its bases, a watchful submarine was waiting outside the harbor of Kavieng. She was the S-44, Lieutenant Commander John R. ("Dinty") Moore's 17-year-old veteran, on patrol. A spread of torpedoes crashed into the side of the *KAKO* and, rocked with the explosions, the heavy cruiser sank in the channel.

CHAPTER FIVE

The Eastern Solomons

I

FOR two weeks after the successful landing in the Solomons and our costly night action off Savo Island, our naval activity consisted mainly of small-scale reinforcing operations for the Marines in the Tulagi-Guadalcanal area, while the Japanese attempted to cut off these supplies.

Almost every night groups of Japanese cruisers and destroyers steamed into the wide channel between Florida and Guadal and with disdainful impunity bombarded our Marines on the larger island.

And realizing that American presence in the Solomons was a threat that had to be wiped out, the Japs accumulated ships and men to attempt the islands' reconquest.

We were aware of this and, more seriously, we knew by the 23rd of August that our fleet superiority had vanished. For in the Rabaul area scouting revealed that the Japanese had gathered three or four carriers, two battleships, over a dozen cruisers, twenty destroyers, more than fifteen transports, cargo ships and oilers, and 160 land-based bombing and fighting planes.

Against these we had three carriers, one fast battleship, five heavy cruisers, one light cruiser, and eighteen destroyers, the same carrier task forces which had participated in the initial Solomons attack of Chapter Three. Our fourth and remaining carrier, *HORNET*, with her task group was en route from Pearl Harbor. For it was obvious that the Japanese was concentrating his force in the South Pacific.

On August 23, Task Force FOX was cruising about 150 miles southeast of Guadalcanal. Admiral Frank Jack Fletcher was waiting for the Jap to move, and he was ready to try to stop him. He hoped for action soon, for that old problem of logistics dogged his ships: ships eat fuel, and even now some of them thirsted for oil.

At five o'clock in the evening of the 23rd, came a cheering dispatch that all Japanese carriers were north of Truk. There would be time for

some of the ships to fill up, and Admiral Fletcher at once sent the WASP, with two heavy cruisers and seven destroyers, south to refuel. This left the following force of Task Force FOX to contend with any enemy surface vessels operating without air cover:

Task Force WILLIAM

- 1 carrier: SARATOGA (flagship of Admiral Fletcher) Captain DeWitt C. Ramsey
- 2 heavy cruisers: MINNEAPOLIS (flagship of Rear Admiral Carleton H. Wright) Captain Frank J. Lowry
- NEW ORLEANS Captain Walter S. DeLany
- 5 destroyers: PHELPS (Captain Samuel B. Brewer, Comdesron 1) Lieutenant Commander Edward L. Beck
- FARRAGUT (Commander Francis X. McInerney, Comdesdiv 2) Commander George P. Hunter
- WORDEN Lieutenant Commander William G. Pogue
- MAC DONOUGH Lieutenant Commander Erle Van E. Dennett
- DALE Lieutenant Commander Anthony L. Rorschach

Task Force KING

- 1 carrier: ENTERPRISE (flagship of Rear Admiral Kinkaid) Captain Arthur C. Davis
- 1 battleship: NORTH CAROLINA Captain George H. Fort
- 1 heavy cruiser: PORTLAND (flagship of Rear Admiral Mahlon S. Tisdale) Captain Laurance T. DuBose
- 1 light cruiser (AA): ATLANTA Captain Samuel P. Jenkins
- 6 destroyers: BALGH (Captain Edward P. Sauer, Comdesron 6) Lieutenant Commander Harold H. Tiemroth
- MAURY Lieutenant Commander Gelzer L. Sims
- BENHAM Lieutenant Commander Joseph M. Worthington
- ELLET Lieutenant Commander Francis H. Gardner
- GRAYSON (Commander Harold R. Holcomb, Comdesdiv 22) Lieutenant Commander Frederick J. Bell
- MONSSEN Commander Roland N. Smoot

Admiral Fletcher had a task force quite capable of taking care of the expected thrust southward, *if the Japanese carriers were north of Truk.*

But in official jargon, the Admiral had "received imperfect intelligence." In other words, he had been given bad dope.

How bad was soon to be revealed.

Three Japanese carriers and a strong supporting force were *not* north of Truk. They were well south of it, and heading his way.

2

The ENTERPRISE drew the dawn search on August 24. Through the night the task force skirted the southern tip of San Cristobal Island and headed northwest, so that when the twenty SBD's took off at 6:30 A.M. to cover a 200-mile arc from the edge of the Solomons to almost due east, Malaita Island was only about 70 miles to the west.

Half an hour before these planes returned, sighting nothing, a dispatch came in from Commander Aircraft South Pacific at 10:17 that one of his planes had seen a Japanese carrier, two heavy cruisers and one destroyer at 9:35, at Lat. $04^{\circ} 40' S.$, Long. $161^{\circ} 15' E.$, on a due south course. It was astonishing news. It put the enemy 281 miles from our carriers, bearing 343° . At two minutes before noon, confirmation was had when the SARATOGA intercepted a second report on the same enemy formation from another COMAIRSOPAC plane.

The ENTERPRISE was ordered to launch another search to verify these reports. In late afternoon the scouts reported to the effect that "you ain't heard nothin' yet," for a much larger enemy fleet, spread on an arc 60 to 80 miles wide, was about 200 miles away.

What our scouts found were: a small carrier, the RYUJO, a heavy cruiser and three destroyers to the northwest. At 340° true, 198 miles away, were two large carriers, the newly repaired SHOKAKU and ZUIKAKU, escorted by four heavy cruisers, six light cruisers and at least eight destroyers. And 225 miles away, at bearing 347° true, were three heavy cruisers, three to five destroyers and other ships—transports, no doubt. The Jap was on his way to reclaim Guadalcanal and Tulagi.

Several of the ENTERPRISE planes attacked the enemy ships after they had reported them. Lieutenant Ray Davis and Ensign Robert C. Shaw of Bombing Squadron 6 each dropped a 500-pound bomb at either SHOKAKU or ZUIKAKU. Both pilots dived through heavy antiaircraft fire

to drop their bombs a few feet off each side of the carrier. There were about twenty planes on the carrier's deck and seven or eight in the air. One Zero started a run on our plane but was shot down in his own ack-ack.

Lieutenant Commander Charles M. Jett, commander of Torpedo Squadron 3, and his wing man, Ensign Robert J. Bye, made horizontal bombing runs on the RYUJO, dropping four 500-pounders astern of the carrier. They encountered no enemy planes. Lieutenant John N. Myers and Machinist H. L. Corl of the same torpedo squadron were attacked by Zeros while they were getting into position to bomb the RYUJO, and Corl was shot down. His rear-seat gunner, Radioman 3/c Delmar D. Wiley, though wounded managed to get out of the plane and inflate his rubber raft. He drifted for fifteen days before he managed to reach a small island, where the natives befriended him and enabled him to get back to American-held Florida Island. Wiley got back 218 days after the action, on April 11, 1943.

Lieutenant George T. Howe, Jr., and Ensign Robert D. Gibson of Bombing Squadron 6 dropped two bombs on the largest cruiser in the formation that included no carrier. Each was a near miss.

Following receipt of the scout's reports, SARATOGA's attack group was launched at 2:35 with the RYUJO as its objective. Under the leadership of Commander Felt, twenty-nine bombers and seven torpedo planes found their quarry at 4:06.

Weather was excellent with an unlimited ceiling and 20 miles visibility. When Commander Felt approached, he saw below, the RYUJO, a cruiser, and three destroyers, so he ordered seven dive bombers and two torpedo planes to attack the cruiser and the remaining planes to concentrate on the carrier.

As our planes drew near, the RYUJO launched two planes, then took evasive tactics, turning in a tight clockwise circle through the attack.

Scouting Squadron 3 attacked first, diving from 14,000 feet. When they finished, the carrier was smoking heavily. One rear-seat man in the squadron saw one of our misses destroy an enemy plane that flew into the spout of water thrown up by the bomb.

Bombing Squadron 3 attacked next, landing three 1,000-pound bombs directly on the carrier's deck. The RYUJO was now smoking fiercely, with flames shooting out from the hangar deck. About four Nakajima type 97 dive bombers attempted to interfere, and one of them

was shot down by J. V. Godfrey, aviation radioman 3/c, a rear seat gunner.

The TBFs of Torpedo Squadron 8 attacked last, when the dive bombers had just about finished their work. The smoke was so dense that the planes had to make three "passes" to get a good aim. One certain and two possible torpedo hits was the result, and the *RYUJO* was ending her career. A torpedo that missed her blew up a destroyer.

In the meantime, the two torpedo planes that had been ordered to attack the cruiser pressed home their attacks in the face of heavy anti-aircraft fire and harried by enemy fighters. The pilots, Ensign Corwin F. Morgan and Ensign Robert A. Divine, returned safely although Ensign Divine's plane was badly shot up.

The attack group rendezvoused and returned in two separate sections. At 5:25 fifteen planes of VS-3 together with three of VB-3 saw a group of 18 enemy bombers, 9 torpedo planes and 3 fighters. The movements of this Japanese flight were later to cause us considerable anxiety.

At 5:40 the same group met four Japanese dive bombers flying in the opposite direction, and altered their own course to pass beneath them. As the enemy went over, our free gunners brought their combined fire to bear, and shot down three aircraft and damaged the fourth.

They next sighted three enemy dive bombers at 6:14, but the enemy fled as our planes turned toward them. These eighteen planes landed aboard the *SARATOGA* at 6:45.

Three planes from Scouting Squadron 3 and seven from Bombing Squadron 3—the second group of *SARATOGA* aircraft—engaged four enemy dive bombers at 5:30, and shot down two of them.

All of our planes but one landed on the *SARATOGA* after sunset. The other landed on the *ENTERPRISE*. Not a pilot, crewman, or plane was lost from this first attack group.

3

A second group of attack planes was launched from the *SARATOGA* and the *ENTERPRISE* when the warning eye of radar detected a swarm of enemy planes headed their way.

Thirty-six dive bombers, and 12 torpedo planes escorted by 27 fighters were met by our combat air patrol, and in the melee that followed only thirty dive bombers managed to get through.

Coming out of the sun they concentrated on the ENTERPRISE and NORTH CAROLINA, diving at a 70° angle to 1,500 feet before releasing their bombs. In the words of Captain Davis, these dives were "well executed and absolutely determined."

The volume of our antiaircraft fire was tremendous. Several of the planes found it much too great and broke off their attacks, while three were seen to disintegrate in a momentary flash.

The first plane to pull out from the ENTERPRISE passed over the GRAYSON at a height of 300 feet, strafing as he came. As he crossed the ship he was literally washed with a concentration of 20-mm. fire and crashed into the water on the port side.

"The next three planes to get clear of ENTERPRISE," says the GRAYSON's report, "came along the starboard side of GRAYSON. The first of these was brought down by the NORTH CAROLINA, whose volume of fire was so great that the ship appeared in flames amidships. The second, passing at what appeared to be slow speed, provided a close target for GRAYSON's 20-mm. battery. This plane was hit repeatedly, and crashed about 100 yards on GRAYSON's port bow. The third plane, and the last to pass near the GRAYSON, was fired on only by one 20-mm. gun, for the others in the starboard battery were reloading or firing at distant targets. This plane flew into the terrific low-altitude barrage being laid by the NORTH CAROLINA and ATLANTA, and was not seen thereafter."

At least ten planes crashed near the ENTERPRISE, and others flew away smoking heavily. Two barely missed the carrier's flight deck.

The Japanese losses were heavy, but they succeeded in getting three direct hits and several close ones on the carrier. The first hit the forward starboard corner of the No. 3 elevator on the flight deck and didn't explode until it had penetrated to the third deck. Thirty-five men died in its blast.

The second hit about twenty feet away from the first and put two 5-inch guns out of commission and killed thirty-eight men there.

The third hit the flight deck, exploding just before it penetrated the deck by No. 2 elevator.

Fire, always the aftermath of bombs, flared up.

The NORTH CAROLINA, meanwhile, also was under attack. The battleship, without shifting her protective barrage over the ENTERPRISE, managed to pour up such a volume of steel that only three out of ten bombers were able to come close enough to lay their bombs dangerously

close. Two fell within fifteen yards and the other within twenty-five yards, knocking gunners down, shaking the ship and drenching her decks with water, but unable to do more damage.

Then, as fast as they were able, the few surviving Japanese pilots turned their planes toward home.

The Jap forces were having their troubles too. At 6:05 the SARATOGA planes of the second attack group found an enemy formation of four heavy cruisers, six light cruisers, and six to eight destroyers about 150 miles due north of Malaita Island. The TBFs attacked through a heavy curtain of antiaircraft fire and made a direct hit on one of the heavy cruisers. Ten miles away two SBDs to the west found the battleship MUTSU, and laid their bombs squarely on her.

The ENTERPRISE planes didn't have such good luck. They had left on their mission just as the Japanese attack on their carrier was developing. Told to find the RYUJO and attack her, they were given the alternative of returning to the carrier afterward or going to the airfield on Guadalcanal. For darkness would have fallen, and the difficulty of finding the carrier would be great.

The planes were unable to find the RYUJO or any other Japanese ship after an intensive search. Eleven of the SBDs, led by Lieutenant Turner F. Caldwell, Jr., landed on Guadalcanal after dark, and due to the damage of their carrier were attached to Marine Scouting Squadron 232 for the next few weeks. They were most welcome.

4

When all our planes had returned or been given up for lost, Admiral Fletcher ordered a retirement to the south in order to refuel and to get the ENTERPRISE started toward port and repairs. His intention was to join the SARATOGA group with the WASP group that was arriving, and return to the fight.

The ENTERPRISE's damage control functioned extremely well. Within an hour after the engagement, the ship was steaming at 24 knots and landing aircraft. All fires had been brought under control. The medical department worked magnificently. Seventy-four officers and men had been killed outright, but of the ninety-five wounded, many seriously, only four later died.

At ten minutes of seven in the evening, an accident brought about

by her bomb damage nearly caused the loss of the ship. Abruptly the Big E's rudder moved from neutral to hard right and jammed there. Captain Davis immediately warned the other ships by whistle and backed his engines full, but the speed with which she was moving through the water, and the inertia of the tremendous bulk, brought her bearing down on the destroyer BALCH.

There was an anxious few moments as the destroyer tried to get out of the way and the carrier's screws churned the water to bring herself to a halt. Then came relief; by the narrowest of margins, the two ships passed clear.

Chemicals used in fighting the fires had seeped down a torn ventilator to the steering engine room and had short-circuited the control panels. In half an hour a makeshift steering was rigged, and the ship continued on her course.

All through the night of the 24th our ships steamed to a rendezvous with the oilers CIMARRON and PLATTE in Lat. $130^{\circ} 04' S.$, Long. $164^{\circ} 03' 30'' E.$, at 8:00 A.M. on the 25th. Here the ENTERPRISE, with PORTLAND, BALCH, MAURY, BENHAM and ELLET as escort, left for Tongatabu and then Pearl Harbor for repairs. The rest of her group—NORTH CAROLINA, ATLANTA, GRAYSON and MONSSEN—left in the evening to join forces with the WASP.

Everyone thought the carrier action would be rejoined on the 25th, but it wasn't. The WASP group, to the southeastward of Guadalcanal, made no contact with the enemy.

Guadalcanal had been attacked by the RYUJO's bombers and land-based Zeros on the afternoon of the 24th, and Marine Fighter Squadron 223 bagged ten of the bombers and eleven Zeros with the loss of three Wildcats. During the night four Japanese destroyers crept in past Savo and bombarded our positions on Guadalcanal for an hour. Our dive bombers, sent out from Henderson Field, engaged them and reported at least one hit.

The island fully expected a dawn attack, on the 25th, but none came. Just before daylight, eight dive bombers with fighter escort left Henderson Field to search for enemy carriers. At 8:35, about 125 miles to the north, they came upon an occupation force of one large and three small transports, supported by a heavy cruiser, light cruisers and four destroyers. They hit the large, 14,000-ton transport and the heavy cruiser with 1,000-pound bombs, leaving the former gutted and finished.

Eight Army B-17s that took off from Espiritu Santo in the early hours of the morning also found this force and sank a destroyer.

Our search planes made several contacts with scattered enemy forces during the day, but the Japanese air support had been so seriously reduced the previous day that the Battle of the Eastern Solomons was turning into another Midway. By noon the Japanese had all turned tail and were retiring as fast as their boilers would turn their shafts.

In course of the engagements the enemy had lost over ninety aircraft, one aircraft carrier, RYUJO, one destroyer or light cruiser, and a transport. Another aircraft carrier, a battleship, two heavy cruisers and one light cruiser had been severely damaged. And two submarines would never again prey on our supply lines or try to get supplies to isolated Japanese garrisons. For GRAYSON, PATTERSON and MONSSEN accounted for one as the fleet steamed to the refueling rendezvous, and Ensign Estes in a scout plane dropped a bomb directly on the other.

Damage to the ENTERPRISE and the loss of twenty planes was the material cost to us. Admiral Nimitz termed the action "a major victory . . . permitting continued consolidation of our positions in the Solomons . . ."

Air losses decided the issue. We had inflicted a great deal more damage than we had received, and the Japanese, though they still had a strong surface force, didn't dare to continue with the plan to reinforce their beleaguered forces in the southern Solomons. The Marines, fighting tenaciously, were steadily gaining. Men who a month before were but barely trained as fighters were beating the Japanese China-seasoned veterans in the face of terrible odds and inadequate support. Five months more of the horrors of jungle warfare were ahead of them, but they had shown the Tokyo broadcaster where the Marines were. There was brooding silence over Station JOAK, if not in the conference room of the Imperial Japanese Chiefs of Staff.

5

But there was gloom in the American headquarters also, where worried admirals studied the long line of communication from the United States at the far end of which the embattled Marines looked to the sea for the air coverage they had to have. And the United States Navy had

but two carriers now—*HORNET* and *WASP*—to provide air power for the convoys.

Two carriers? At a little after noon of September 15 there was but one! The *WASP* was torpedoed by a submarine as she, with the *HORNET*, was covering a group of transports carrying reinforcements and supplies to hard-pressed Guadalcanal.

In the flag plot of the ship, "a little iron doghouse jury-rigged on the bridge," was Lieutenant William C. Chambliss.

"I did not hear the warning shouted at the approach of torpedoes," he said, "and my first knowledge of something amiss came when I realized that the chart board and I were some feet above the deck. When I came down on deck again, amid the scattered mess of charts, navigational instruments and the interphone talker, I was thrown to my knees by a second and third violent shock as the last two torpedoes of the three hit us. Smoke poured into flag plot.

"We took an immediate list of about twenty-five degrees to starboard, and it appeared that the ship was going to do a slow roll. However, as I returned to the bridge, the list was checked. Forward on the signal bridge were Admiral Noyes and Commander Bradford E. Grow, staff operations officer.

"I went to the port side of the signal bridge and looked down. On the port wing of the navigating bridge, I saw Captain Forrest Sherman, commanding officer of the *WASP*, calmly conning the ship. Beside him lay the recumbent form of a young officer who, I later learned, had been blown up onto the bridge from one of the forward quad mounts. Around Captain Sherman were flying all sorts of debris from violent explosions which had commenced immediately after we were hit. None of these elements seemed to distract him; and he performed a superb piece of seamanship that was the main reason for our exceedingly light casualties. Captain Sherman maneuvered the ship so that when she eventually lay dead in the water the wind was on the starboard quarter—exactly where it would do the most good by blowing the flames forward and to port.

"Even before the ship was stopped, men were going over the side—driven to the water by the flames which trapped them in the forward part of the ship. Captain Sherman appreciated this situation, and it was this thought that moved him to stop the ship when he did. He told me later, after we were picked up, that he realized he would have men strung out for miles in the water if he did not heave to.



PLATE XXXIII—The hit on Makin Island by Carlson and his Marine Raiders was one of the most dramatic exploits of the war. Before dawn, August 16, 1942, two big fleet submarines landed 222 men. The Jap garrison of the strategic Gilbert Islands outpost was wiped out. (above) "This is our objective"; Lt. Col. Evans F. Carlson, leader of the Marine Raiders, shows Lt. Comdr. W. H. Brockman, Jr., USN, commander of the USS NAUTILUS, one of the two submarines used on the expedition. (below) The night before the raid the submarine chefs wished the Marine Raider leaders success with a cake. Colonel Carlson carves, as the staff of the NAUTILUS looks on.





PLATE XXXIV—The purpose of the Makin Island raid was (1) to divert the enemy's preoccupation with the Solomons' invasion and induce Japan to send ships to the Gilbert Islands; (2) to destroy installations and the Japanese garrison, and (3) to secure, if possible, documents and intelligence from prisoners, because Makin was an important Jap outpost in the Pacific.

(upper) Lt. Col. Carson, leader of the raid, and Major James Roosevelt, son of the President and second in command, go over last minute plans in battalion field headquarters, near San Diego, Calif., the day before the Marine force shoved off for the Pacific. (*U. S. Marine Corps Photo.*)

(center) Tough, determined and ready for anything, these two Marines are typical of the rugged group that carried out the Makin raid. Here they are shown, their faces covered with grease paint, ready to go topside and ashore to attack the unsuspecting enemy.



(lower) Plume of victory. A long feather of smoke streams out over the Pacific as an aftermath of the successful Marine raid on the Jap stronghold of Makin Island. This photograph was taken aboard one of the subs that transported the raiders to their objective, and later moved in to pick them up after they had sacked the outpost.

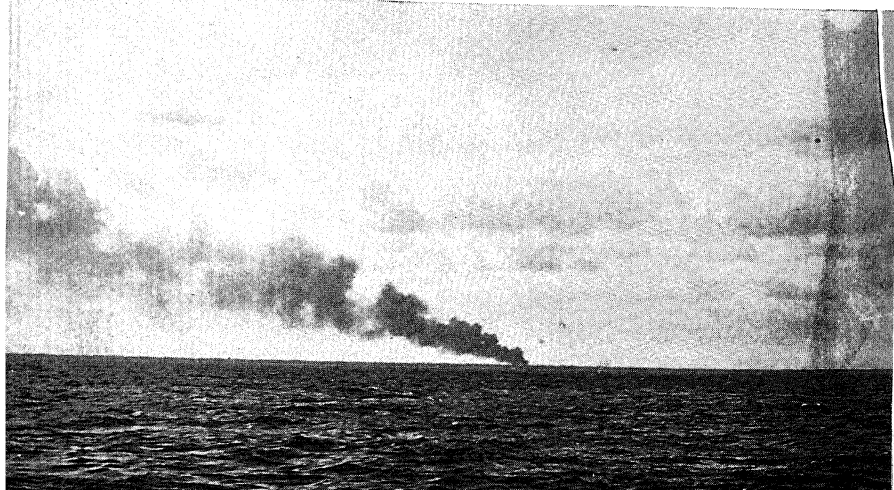
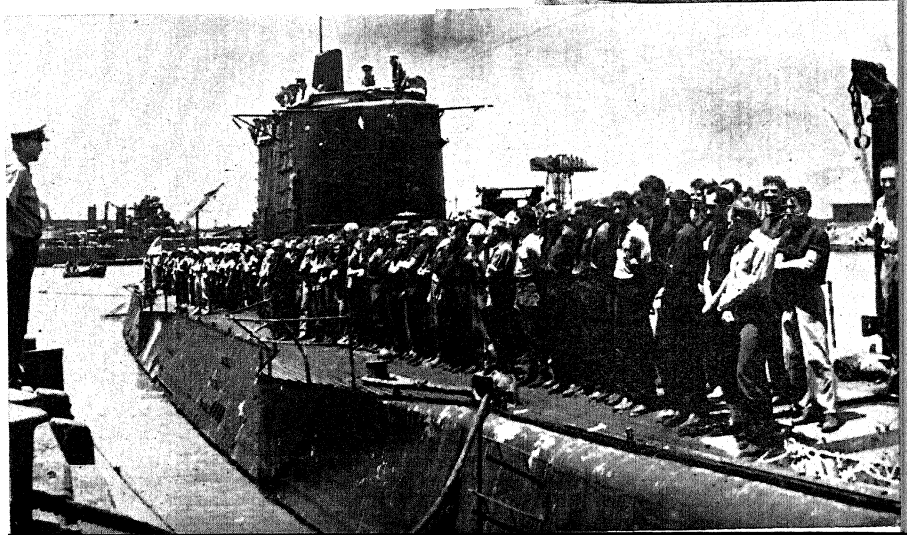


PLATE XXXV—Although the landings from the submarines were made with comparative dispatch through the reefs and surf by means of rubber boats, the rest of the raid was hard fought, and it was touch and go throughout. Here, as in the Solomons, the Japs fought to the last, often in hand to hand combat.

(upper) After the battle! These Marine raiders may have lost their shirts, but the enemy lost more than that, including the souvenir Jap rifle the raider in the foreground proudly carries. Marine casualties from two days of fighting totaled 51, of whom 18 were killed, 14 wounded and 12 missing. Seven Marines were drowned in the heavy surf.

(center) Colonel Carlson and Major Roosevelt hold the Japanese flag taken from enemy headquarters on Makin Island. Major Roosevelt had a close call returning from the beach when the ARGONAUT was attacked by Jap planes. He barely got down the hatch as the big sub submerged.

(lower) Return of the conquerors! Survivors of the raid line the deck of the submarine NAUTILUS as she is warped into the dock at Pearl Harbor, to receive a personal "well done" from the commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet, Admiral Chester W. Nimitz. In addition to its value as a diversionary maneuver, the raid resulted in the destruction of 1,000 barrels of aviation gasoline, demolition of the radio station, and the destruction of other enemy facilities and stores. A new type of machine gun, mounted on a high and heavy tripod, apparently adaptable for antiaircraft use, was also found.



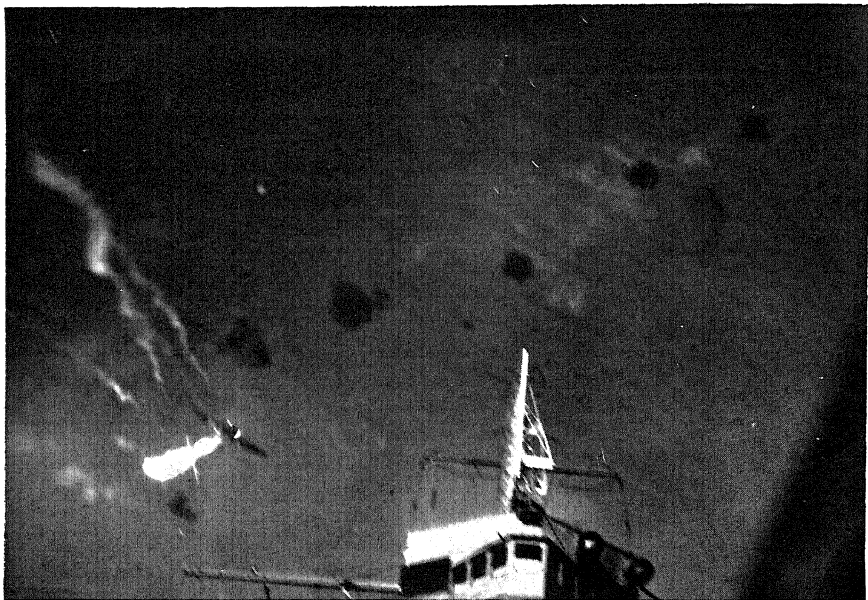


PLATE XXXVI—Now you see it (*above*)—now you don't (*below*). A remarkable sequence of photographs, taken split seconds apart, as a Japanese plane attacked the USS ENTERPRISE, August 24, 1942, during the Battle of the Eastern Solomons. Diving from a height of 15,000 feet, the enemy bomber attempted to smash head-on into the carrier, but 20-mm tracer bullets caught it en route and, in the ensuing explosion, the plane simply disintegrated. The brief interval of time may be judged by the carrier's search radar, which has revolved only a quarter turn.

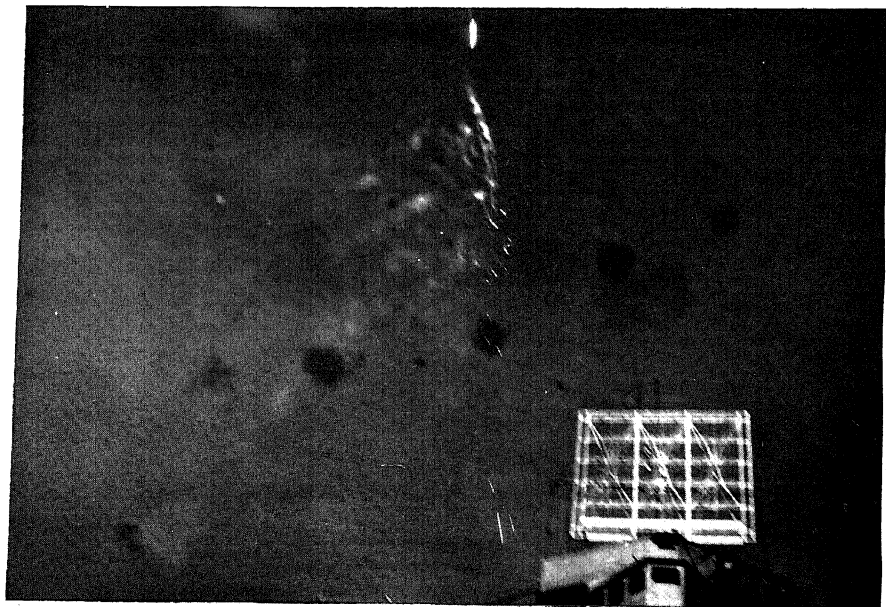
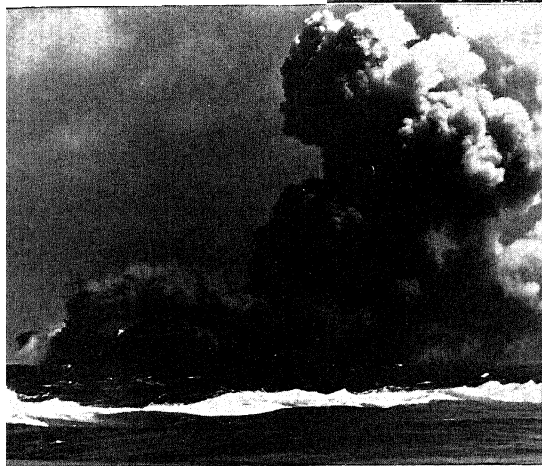
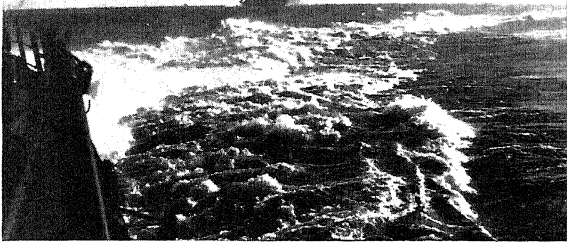


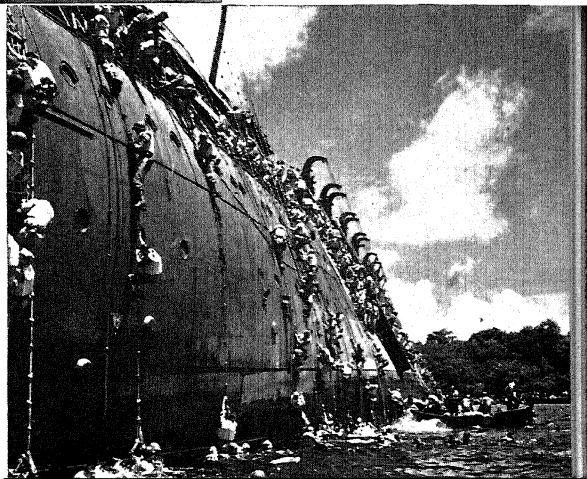
PLATE XXXVII—The Battle of the Eastern Solomons resulted when the Japanese attempted to send a considerable task force southward to reinforce their garrison on Guadalcanal and encountered an Allied task force on guard against just such an attempt.

(right) From the USS PORTLAND the great carrier ENTERPRISE is seen under heavy Japanese dive bomber attack, August 24, 1942. Despite terrific antiaircraft fire, which brought down 15 enemy planes, the "Big E" suffered three direct bomb hits. But within an hour after the engagement all fires were under control, and the carrier was steaming at 24 knots. Her losses: 78 dead and 91 wounded.



(center) Death throes of the gallant carrier WASP. While patrolling near Guadalcanal, September 15, 1942, the WASP was attacked by a Jap submarine wolf pack and received three torpedo hits. Despite valiant, superhuman efforts of her crew, fires and explosions made such a shambles of the ship that she had to be sunk by our own forces.

(right) This was a heart-breaker. The SS COOLIDGE, loaded with war supplies and 4,000 troops, hit one of our own mines while entering Segund Channel in the harbor of Espiritu Santo, New Hebrides, December, 1942. The big transport sank almost at once. Only two lives were lost, but much vitally needed equipment and stores went to the bottom.





Captain E. J. Moran, USN
Commanding Officer



Lt. Comdr. Edward C. Kennedy, (MC) USN
Senior Medical Officer



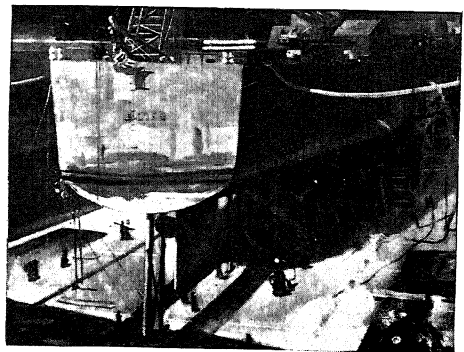
Lt. Comdr. William C. Butler, Jr., USN
Gunnery Officer



Commander Thomas Wolverton, USN
Damage Control Officer



Carl T. Ralston, BM 2/c
Damage Control Detail



USS BOISE Undergoing Repair
Philadelphia Navy Yard



Vint Elliot Eden, S 1/c
Damage Control Detail



Paul John Strecker, QM 1/c
Helmsman



2nd Lt. Harold L. Himer, USMC
Marine Gunnery Officer



Lt. John D. Howell, USN
Emergency Repairs Detail



Lt. (j.g.) Lowell E. Davis, USN
Signal Officer



Lt. David S. Edwards, Jr., USN
Gun Fire Director

Paintings and Drawings by Lt. Albert K. Murray, USNR, Official Navy Combat Artist.

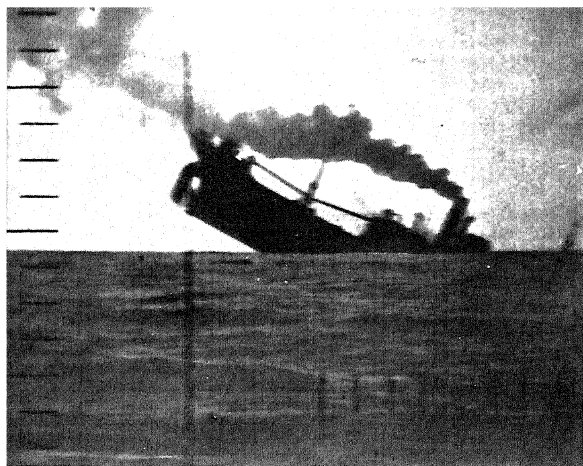
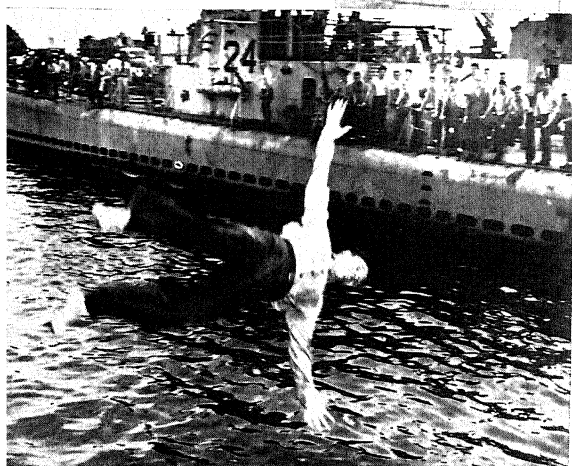
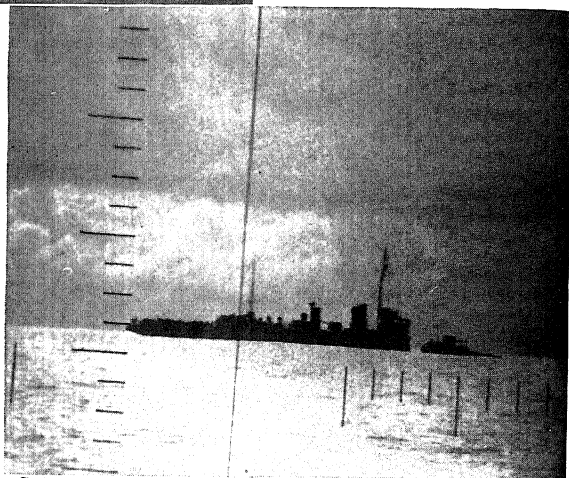


PLATE XL—U. S. Navy submarines, most silent of the "Silent Service," went about their deadly work with quiet efficiency. They were the first to take the offensive after Pearl Harbor, soon carrying the fight to the very shores of Japan. Periscope photography, developed during World War II, brought back graphic proof of sinkings of Jap ships as well as valuable reconnaissance photographs of enemy shorelines and installations.

(left) A torpedoed Japanese freighter heads for Davy Jones' locker. This is one of eight ships sunk by the USS WAHOO on a single patrol. The WAHOO

was later reported "overdue and presumed lost." Of the total number of Japanese naval vessels sunk, U.S. submarines are credited with almost a third.

(center) Its bow almost severed by the tremendous force of a torpedo explosion, this Japanese destroyer sags low into the ocean off Formosa, just before the final plunge. These two photographs were selected from a collection of several hundred similar scenes, showing victims of U. S. fleet submarines.

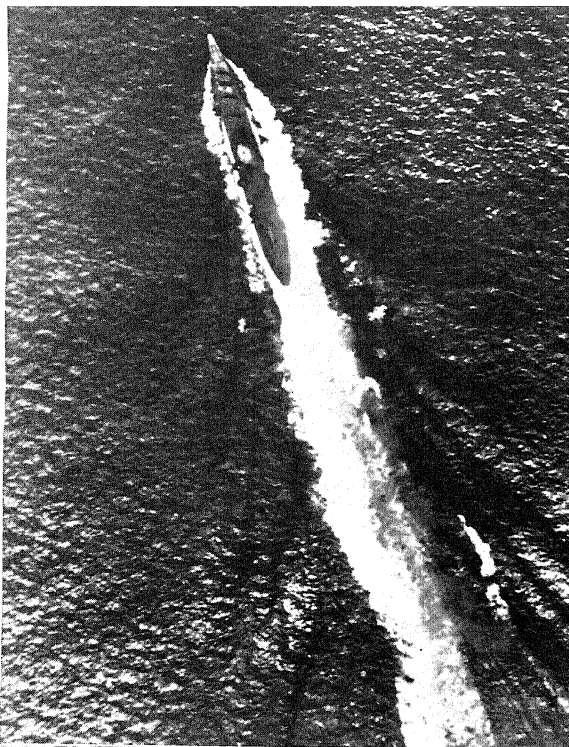


(left) Just an old Navy submarine tradition! A submariner, who ended a war patrol with an advancement in rating, flies through the air and into the drink, after having been thrown over the side of his vessel by shipmates in honor of the occasion. The completion of successful war patrols by submariners were always notable for hilarity when boats returned to bases. Usually a band and high ranking officers met them, and ice cream and mail were rushed aboard.

PLATE XLI—In an attempt to reinforce their garrison on Guadalcanal, the Japs, late in October, 1942, sent out a mighty armada of ships. This force was intercepted near the Santa Cruz Islands, east of the Solomons, October 26, by Task Force King, under the command of Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid.

(upper) Fleeing from six HORNET dive bombers is the big Jap cruiser CHIKUMA, with Rear Admiral Keizo Komura aboard. Hit three times, the CHIKUMA nevertheless managed to reach Truk, where she was joined by the battered carriers SHOKAKU and ZUIHO, also damaged by our flyers in the Battle of Santa Cruz Islands.

(lower) Her after batteries blazing, the new cruiser USS JUNEAU fights off a concentrated attack by Jap planes during the Battle of the Santa Cruz Islands. This is probably the last photograph of the JUNEAU, because she was sunk with almost all hands, less than a month later, after the Battle of Guadalcanal.



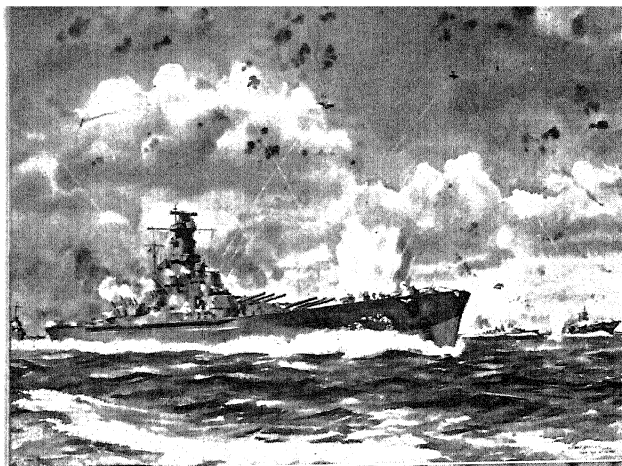
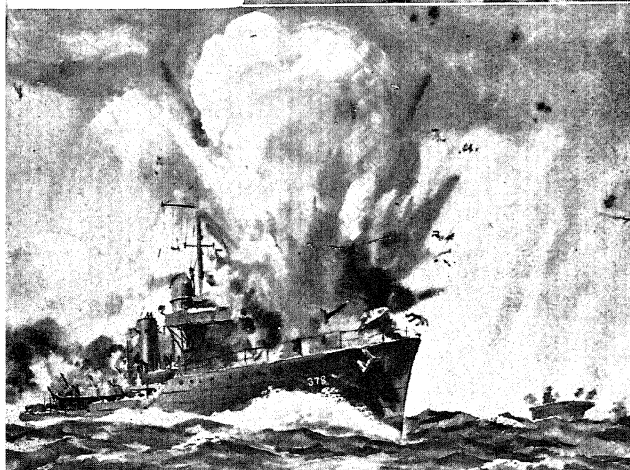
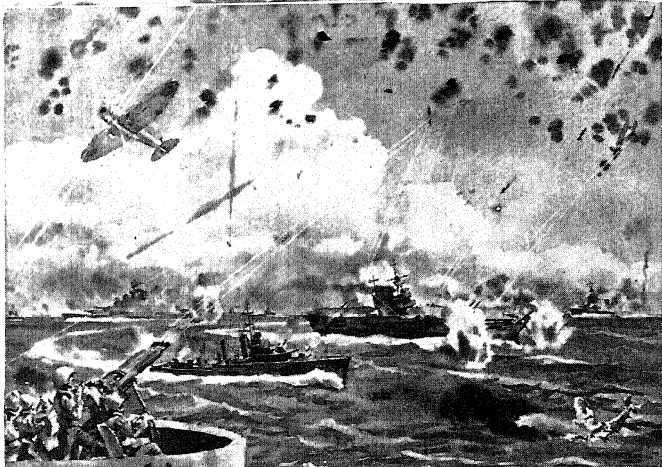


PLATE XLII—The enemy fleet that converged in the Battle of the Santa Cruz Islands consisted of about 40 vessels.

(left) The new battleship USS SOUTH DAKOTA, escorting the carrier ENTERPRISE, right distance, fights off wave after wave of Jap planes, proving that the battleship, with proper anti-aircraft equipment, can resist a sustained aerial attack. This painting has been reproduced in a mural in Bancroft Hall, U. S. Naval Academy, by the artist, who himself took part in the battle.

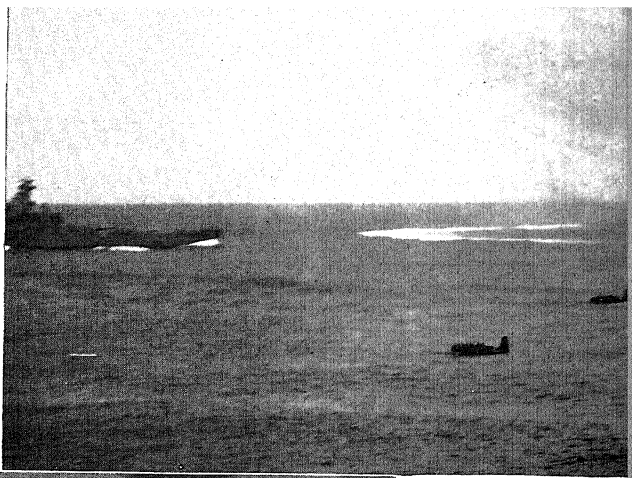
(right) At the height of the Santa Cruz action, Jap planes fell out of the skies like a shower of meteors. The artist's impression is from a sketch made aboard the cruiser USS SAN JUAN, during the battle. Meanwhile, U. S. Navy planes from the HORNET and the ENTERPRISE were attacking the Japanese carriers SHOKAKU, ZUIKAKU and ZUIHO.



(left) One of the bravest performances in naval history was the gallant fight put up by the destroyer USS SMITH, after a flaming Jap torpedo plane crashed on its bow and exploded. The SMITH, however, kept station, never stopped shooting, and put the fire out by plunging its nose into the high flung wake of the SOUTH DAKOTA. Some 58 of her crew lost their lives. (Watercolors by Lt. Dwight C. Shepler, USNR, Official U. S. Navy Combat Artist)

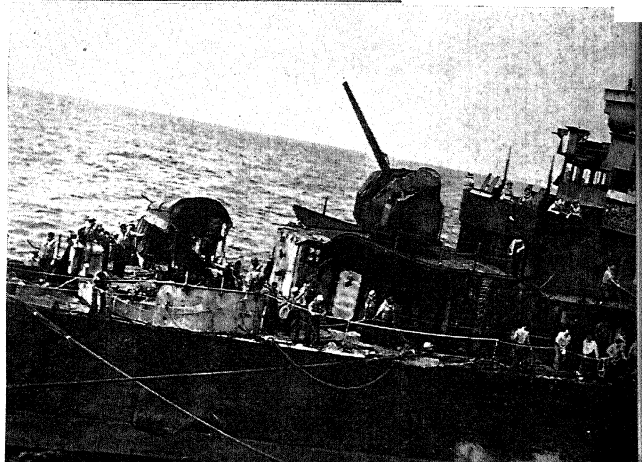
PLATE XLIII—During the Battle of the Santa Cruz Islands, one Jap plane made a direct hit on the SOUTH DAKOTA, wounding Captain Thomas L. Gatch and causing many casualties among the 20-mm and 40-mm gun crews.

(right) Two Japanese torpedo planes zoom over the water toward the SOUTH DAKOTA during the peak of the action, but failed to score hits on the fast battlewagon. More than 30 enemy planes were downed in one attack, most of them piloted by Japan's ace fighters.



(left) Battleship scoreboard. One of the earliest of such inspirational decorations was that painted on a steel bulkhead of the USS SOUTH DAKOTA, not long after the Battle of the Santa Cruz Islands. Four enthusiastic members of the "Old Nameless" (also called "The Big Bastard") crew, with thirty-two up-raised fingers, indicate the Jap planes downed in the action.

(right) Here is how the bow of the SMITH looked after the incident pictured on the opposite page. A flash of fire covered the whole forward part of the ship, necessitating the abandonment of the bridge. Topside was untenable, as a matter of fact, all the way forward of the stack. Bits of the Jap torpedo can be seen on the deck around the No. 1 (left) gun platform.



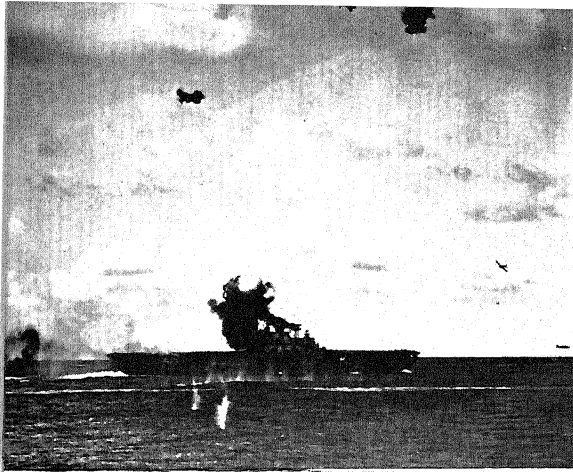
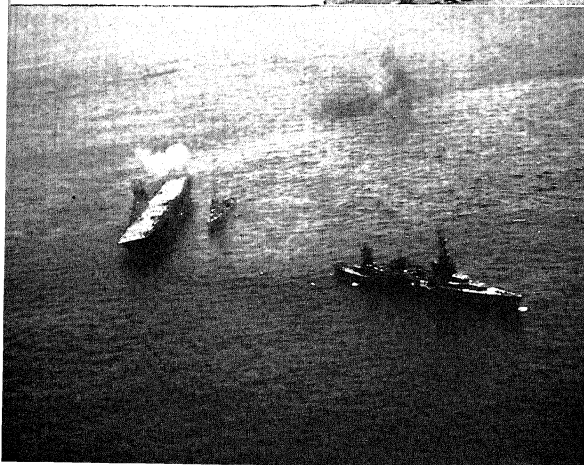
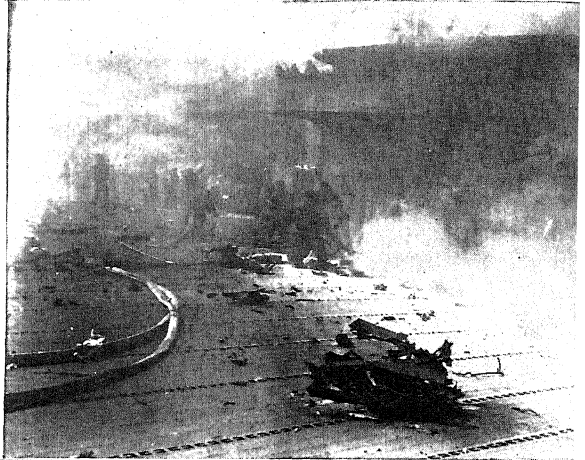


PLATE XLIV—The HORNET, taking the brunt of the Jap aerial attack at the Battle of the Santa Cruz Islands, received a terrific amount of punishment, yet, at the end, the stout-hearted ship had to be sent to the bottom by our own forces.

(left) A huge ball of flame and smoke roars upward from the flight deck of the USS HORNET after a Japanese dive bomber hit the signal bridge in a suicidal plunge. Note the Japanese dive and torpedo bombing planes at the right.

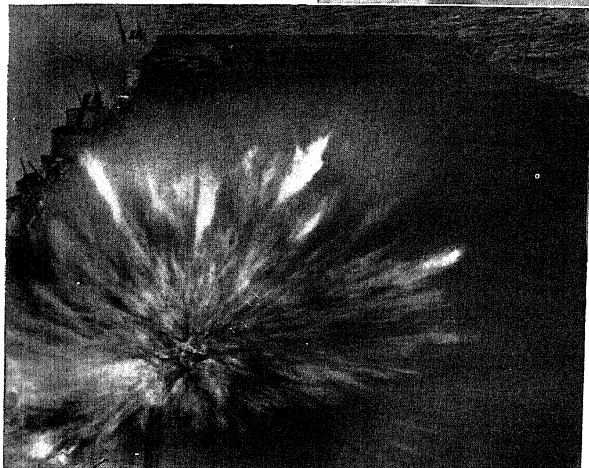
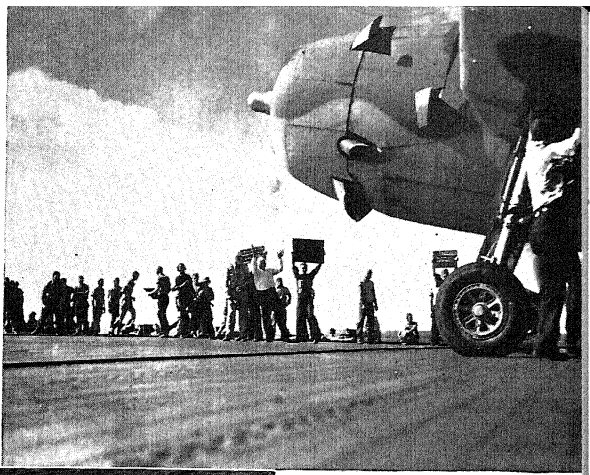
(right) Wreckage litters the flight deck of the USS HORNET as fire-fighting and damage control crews try to extinguish the flames set by the suicidal dive of a Japanese bomber. Meanwhile, the HORNET's planes, returning from attacks on the Jap carriers, could not all find refuge on the ENTERPRISE and many of them were forced to drop into the sea as the motors sucked up the last pint of gasoline. Most of the crews, however, were rescued.



(left) End of the HORNET. The cruiser NORTHAMPTON and a destroyer stand by as the stricken carrier, listing heavily, is racked with internal fires and explosions. The NORTHAMPTON attempted to tow the HORNET, but this effort had to be abandoned when Jap torpedo and dive bombers launched a fatal attack. When all hope of saving the year-old carrier had to be given up, the destroyers MUSTIN and ANDERSON gave the coup de grace.

PLATE XLV—While the HORNET was taking a terrific beating, the other U. S. carrier in the Battle of the Santa Cruz Islands, the USS ENTERPRISE, saw its share of excitement and danger, too.

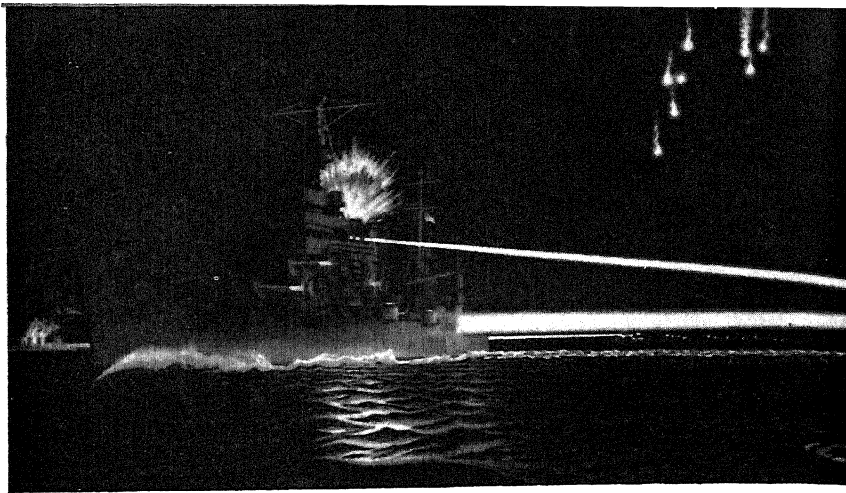
(right) "PROCEED WITHOUT HORNET." These terse words, flashed by signboard, told the pilot of a U. S. Navy torpedo plane, about to take off from the USS ENTERPRISE, the grim news that the USS HORNET had been put out of action. Another signboard tells the pilot the last known speed and position of the Japanese "flattop" he is to attack.



(left) This is another of the truly great photographs of the war. It was taken at the precise moment a Japanese aerial bomb hit the flight deck of the USS ENTERPRISE, and it cost the photographer his life. The film was found intact in his camera later. (Photo by Photographer's Mate 3/c Robert Frederick Mead, USNR.)

(right) This is the hole made in the flight deck of the ENTERPRISE by the bomb blast shown above. The damage, however, proved superficial and, in a few hours, repair crews had patched the deck and the corner of the elevator so that planes could operate. The "Big E" took several hits and near misses during the battle and had to return to base for repair.





A panoramic painting of the night action of November 13, 1942. As star shells and searchlights illuminate the battle, the USS SAN FRANCISCO, and other American units, sail between the enemy fleet, throwing

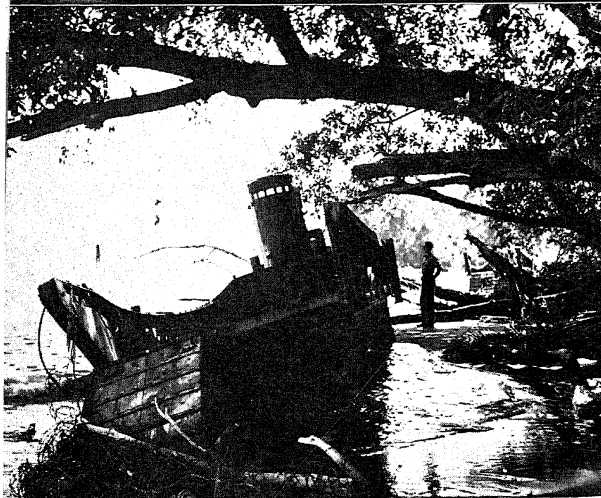
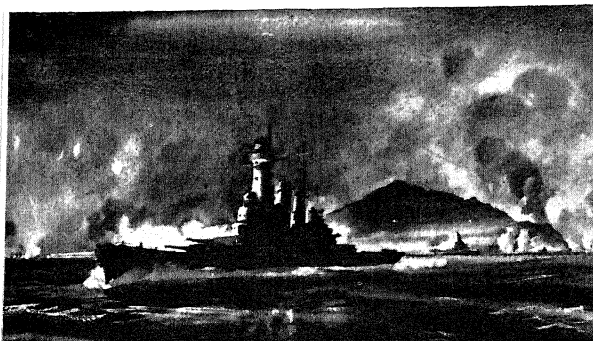
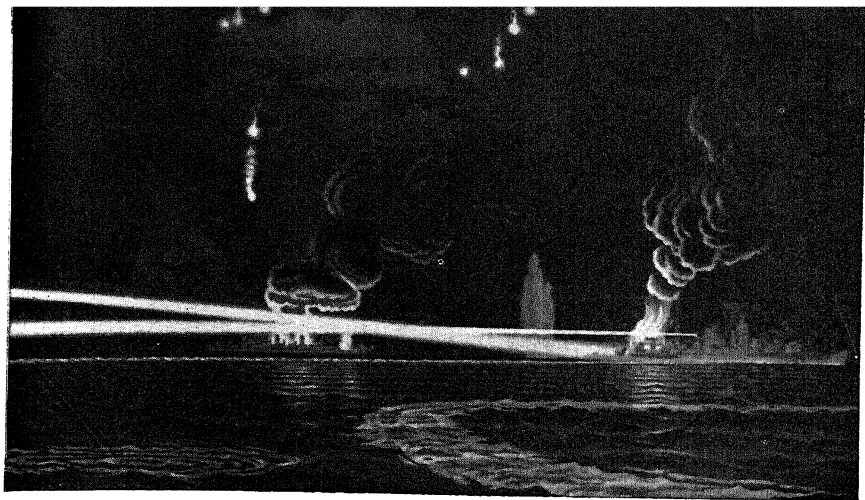


PLATE XLVI—The rapid-fire series of air-sea battles resulting from attempts of the Japs to reinforce or relieve their garrisons in the southern Solomons between August and November culminated in the vast and complicated Battle of Guadalcanal, which, in various phases, extended over a period of five days, November 11-16, 1942. Losses were heavy on both sides, but our beachhead was held. The Japs were never thereafter able to reinforce Guadalcanal with sufficient strength to recapture it, and they were likewise unable to prevent us from using the island as a springboard to take the rest of the Solomons.

(upper left) Second phase of the Battle of Guadalcanal, November 14, 1942, found the battleships WASHINGTON and SOUTH DAKOTA in the action. Here they round Savo Island, to slug it out with Jap battleships and cruisers.

(lower left) Broached on the shore of Guadalcanal, this Jap landing barge is far from its destination, due to the accurate shooting of Marine half-tracks, guarding the beach. The enemy landing force was wiped out.



it into confusion and causing Jap ships to fire haphazardly on each other. This painting, by Lt. Comdr. G. B. Coale, USNR, official Navy Combat Artist, will be the basis for a mural at the U. S. Naval Academy.

PLATE XLVII—The Battle of Guadalcanal was the decisive action for the control of the Solomons, although much hard fighting, on land and sea, remained to be done. The Japs lost 2 battleships, 1 cruiser, 4 destroyers and 12 transports and cargo ships in five days of savage fighting. U. S. losses were 2 light cruisers and 7 destroyers. But we sustained damage to a battleship, 2 heavy cruisers, 1 light cruiser, 4 destroyers and a cargo ship. (upper right) Four Japanese transports, hit by both U. S. surface vessels and aircraft, burn at the shoreline near Tassafaronga, about eight miles from the main American positions on Guadalcanal, November 16, 1942. They were part of the huge force of auxiliary and combat vessels the enemy attempted to bring down "The Slot" on the night of November 13-14.

(lower right) "Jap hangover." This enemy ship lies half submerged on a steep Guadalcanal beach. Because so many vessels, both U. S. and Japanese, were sunk in the placid body of water between Guadalcanal and Florida Islands (*background*) it earned the name "Iron Bottom Bay."



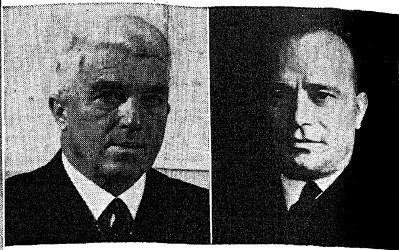
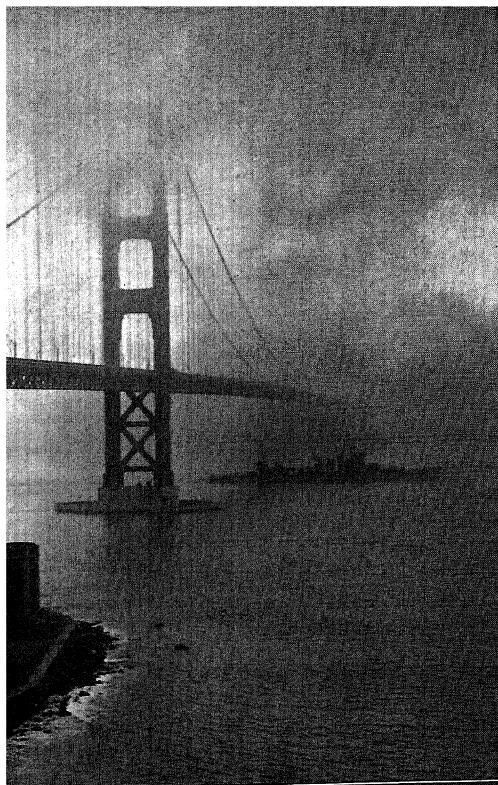


PLATE XLVIII—(above left) Rear Admiral Daniel J. Callaghan, USN, commander, Espiritu Santo group, Section one, Task Force Tare. (right) Captain Cassin Young, USN, commander, USS SAN FRANCISCO. (left) Warrior's return. Out of the Pacific mists the USS SAN FRANCISCO returns to the city for which it was named. The battle-torn cruiser, which played a major role in the night action of Guadalcanal, glides under the Golden Gate bridge to receive a rousing welcome from a proud citizenry.

(below) Admiral Ernest J. King, USN Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Fleet, reads the citation awarding Commander Bruce McCandless the Congressional Medal of Honor aboard the USS SAN FRANCISCO, in San Francisco, December 12, 1942. Commander McCandless, as officer of the deck, conned his seriously damaged ship out of danger when Captain Young was mortally wounded and Admiral Callaghan was killed during the Battle of Guadalcanal.



"With the ship being continuously shaken by violent explosions, it quickly became apparent that our case was hopeless, even though the watertight integrity was sufficient to keep her afloat for some time. With the flames extending from the bow to the after end of the island, Captain Sherman passed the word to abandon ship at 1320. I made my way aft to the starboard quarter of the flight deck, and descended to the water by a rope at 1542. I know the exact time, because I looked at my watch as I went in, realizing that it wouldn't be keeping time very much longer.

"The ship was lying in the trough of the sea, drifting to port. Hence, it was no great problem to get clear of her for those who went over the starboard side. Many, however, went over the port side, apparently because that was the high side, and they feared the ship was going to roll over. They had a tough time, and some of them were drowned because they could not swim faster than the ship was drifting. Being desirous of putting as much distance between me and the ship at the earliest moment, I deflated my pneumatic jacket to facilitate swimming. Normally, my favorite exercise is watching athletic friends burning up their heart muscles, while I confine my workout to bending my right elbow, to which I attach a weight in the form of a scotch-and-soda. I was therefore surprised to note that when I stopped to take a bearing after my first burst of speed, I had made good a distance of about three hundred yards.

"The ship had some residual sternboard on when I left. Amidships to starboard she was blowing up quite spectacularly, and a rain of missiles was striking the water for a distance of about two hundred yards, roughly on a line normal to the ship's side. To avoid embarrassing involvement with this barrage area. I had set a course of about one two five degrees relative to the ship's fore-and-aft axis. This kept me on a constant bearing with the point of the ship from which I had taken off.

"Once clear of the danger area of the barrage, I checked the oil on the surface. Noting that it was no longer a solid sheet, but was broken up in small globules, I concluded that I was out of danger from oil fire, which was raging over a considerable area around the ship. Then I slowed down, joining up with a large group of survivors.

"At 1810, I saw a motor whaleboat cruising around, and set course to intercept it. I was taken into the boat at about 1815, and subsequently put aboard the destroyer *LANSLOWNE*.

"While in the water, we occasionally saw sharks. But they caused us no trouble, apparently having been knocked silly by the depth charges

which were being tossed around from our destroyers. It appeared that the submarines which were working on us had remained in the area for some time, making the rescue work an uncertain business for the tin cans.

"It is evident that there was a considerable number of subs in the area. At the same time that we stopped our torpedoes, the destroyer O'BRIEN and the battleship NORTH CAROLINA, which were in the HORNET task force about seven miles from us, also were torpedoed. When I last saw the NORTH CAROLINA, she appeared to be making about ten knots *above* her designed speed, footing smartly along with the HORNET which prudently was clearing the area.

"The destroyer which picked me up, the LANSDOWNE, was assigned the job of completing destruction of the WASP. The carrier by this time was completely enveloped in flames, presenting a weirdly fascinating picture. Against the night, tropical sky, she looked like some ship of neon fantasy. The LANSDOWNE fired five torpedoes into her. Four of them were certain hits. But their effect seemed quite puny by comparison with what the Japs had tossed at us. At 2102, the WASP rolled gently to starboard, and her bow went under. Slowly she slid toward her grave. At the end, there was a brief puddle of brightness where the last of her oil burned. Then darkness enveloped the tragic scene.

"Interesting sidelights on the sinking of the WASP were certain incidents of behavior which I observed on the part of my shipmates. It was surprising, to me at least, the show of lack of excitement which they made about the whole business, calmly going about their regular routine, cracking their usual gags with their usual vivacity.

"After we were in the water, I was swimming along and felt a light tap on my shoulder and a small youthful voice saying, 'Sir,' I turned and saw the young lad who I thought was probably a seaman and asked him, 'What's the trouble, son?' He said, 'Your collar ornament is coming loose, sir, and I think you are going to lose it,' pointing to the left tab of my collar. I felt up with my hand, discovered that the ornament was indeed coming loose, put it in my pocket, thanked him for the information and we resumed our swimming.

"Later I fell in with an electrician's mate. He said he had a problem on his mind and that was, how did the searchlight platforms catch on fire? Looking over to the burning wreck I noted that they were indeed on fire and confessed that I was unable to account for it too.

" 'Well, sir,' he said, 'I have a theory about that. You know those

things have circuit breakers that will carry three or four hundred amperes. Now they are way out of the flame area, and I figure what happened is that something must have streaked across the lines and just stripped a little insulation off and then they arced, and, because the circuit breakers will carry a heavy load, the arc was able to maintain itself until it set fire to the searchlight platforms.' I agreed that this seemed a likely theory and he seemed quite happy that someone agreed with him. We resumed our swimming.

"I noted to my surprise, however, that after we had been in the water for some time it was the younger people, not the older ones, that began to crack up from nervousness. We had no boats and only five or six rafts on which we had put our wounded. Crowding onto the rafts with the wounded were a number of very young fellows. After we had been in the water for about two hours or so it was they that began to grunt and groan about the fact that we probably wouldn't be picked up. To them, of course, it did seem a little bad that the destroyer kept coming close aboard and then would race off to depth-charge submarines. I had always thought that these young people were the ones who could stand up best under that stress—they were not. The older people seemed to take it quite calmly, indeed the dental officer of the ship took it so calmly that when he realized that he was about to die he left those in the vicinity and went off by himself quietly to succumb to a heart attack.

"Later, however, when we were picked up, it was we older people who felt more tired than the youngsters. In fact, as soon as they hit the destroyer's firm deck they seemed to bounce right back and everything was going fine."

CHAPTER SIX

Carlson's Raiders--Makin Island

IT WAS D-day plus 1 in the Solomons. Three thousand miles away two submarines passed Hospital Point in Pearl Harbor and headed out to sea.

Submarines often had silently left Hawaii and had as silently returned, their conning towers emblazoned with added miniature Japanese flags, since the first days of the war. They would until the last. But none had left with such a cargo as these two that August 8 of 1942.

A plane on patrol swooped low over the pair. To the pilot as he wagged his wings in a gesture of "Good hunting!" they were as other submarines he had seen taking the great circle route eastward. Could he have seen below those narrow decks into the strong pressure hulls he would have snorted "what the hell are those asterisk Marines up to now?"

For there were Marines in the two submarines. Two hundred and twenty-two of them. But they weren't taking over submarines, they were being taken by them—on a foray unique in American naval history.

Under the command of Captain John M. Haines, this naval task force of the submarines ARGONAUT, under Lieutenant Commander John R. Pierce, and NAUTILUS, commanded by Lieutenant Commander William H. Brockman, Jr., was to carry out a daring raid on Makin Island, strategic atoll in the Marshalls. The purpose was manifold: to divert the enemy's preoccupation with the Solomons invasion, to destroy installations and the Japanese garrison, and to secure, if possible, intelligence from prisoners and documents. Lieutenant Colonel Evans E. Carlson's 2 Marine Raider Battalion was assigned to the job.

For eight days the submarines sailed eastward. It was hot and cramped in the close quarters. The temperature of the sea itself was 80°,

and although extra air-conditioning units had been installed, the temperature inside the submarine was raised over 90° and the humidity to 85 per cent by the sweating bodies of the jam-packed men. All torpedoes had been removed, except for those in the tubes, and bunks built in the forward and after torpedo rooms. To fit that many men in, the space between these bunks had been so limited that if a man wanted to turn over he had to slide out of his bed and crawl back the other side up!

Fortunately the weather was good, and so the men were able to go topside for exercise and fresh air, twice a day. A submarine is most vulnerable on the surface, so these periods—once in the morning and once at night—were timed carefully. It took four minutes for the Marines to get on deck and three minutes for them to get below again. They were allowed ten minutes in the fresh air. As they got within the radius of aircraft search of Makin, the morning airings were discontinued, but even until the night before the attack the evening "breathers" were kept up. And as a result, the Marines reached their objective in excellent physical condition, although in a state of temper that boded ill for the Japs.

Meals, too, were a problem. The galleys were in constant operation. Each meal required three and a half hours to serve, and baking had to be done at night. The men ate two meals a day, with crackers and soup at noon.

Each submarine headed toward Makin independently. Should the enemy detect the two submarines together, suspicions would be bred of an expedition in force. On the other hand, separated they could be evaluated only as submarines going to individual patrol stations.

Bill Brockman's NAUTILUS, being the swifter of the two subs, was to go ahead as fast as possible and to make a periscope reconnaissance of the island before the day of the landing. Brockman was to assay the preparations the Japanese might have made to forestall a landing, and to study the tides and currents around the atoll to ensure a rapid and safe debarkation when the time came for the attack.

To do this, the NAUTILUS sped ahead across the surface of the ocean, and on August 16 at three o'clock in the morning she made landfall on Little Makin atoll.

Creeping slowly at periscope depth along Makin Island during the morning and early afternoon, taking landmarks, such as Ukiangong Point on the south coast and prominent trees, Brockman plotted the tidal currents, and found them quite different from previous information.

Immediately after dark he surfaced and in the middle of a violent rain squall made rendezvous with the ARGONAUT within fifteen minutes of the time originally scheduled.

"At the rendezvous," said Captain Haines, "we exchanged supplementary operation instructions concerning the expedition and its extension to Little Makin and two other islands if the circumstances permitted. The submarines then proceeded in company to the prescribed landing point off Makin Island, arriving at about 2:30 in the morning. The disembarkation started about three o'clock and in weather which was less favorable than we had encountered during rehearsal . . ."

For weeks the Marines had trained intensively at Midway and in the Hawaiian Islands. Night landings from submarines had been practiced on several occasions, as had the handling of rubber boats in surf.

The plan of attack called for all landing boats to assemble alongside the NAUTILUS so that they might get under way together for simultaneous landing on two separate beaches. The continuous noise from the wash of the swell through the NAUTILUS's limber holes, and the roar of the surf, made it almost impossible to hear orders. And added to this, most of the outboard motors refused to start, and the swell of the sea made it difficult to keep the bubblelike rubber boats alongside the submarine.

Colonel Carlson, in trying to get his boats straightened out, was all over the topside of the submarine, getting the boats formed up with those that had motors running and also to divide his forces into the prearranged two groups. Because of the confusion, the colonel made a quick change of plans and word was passed that all boats were to land together in a body, and not at two separate beaches.

While this was going on, nobody noticed that Colonel Carlson's own boat had drifted off, its motor drowned. "Here were the troops in their boats," said Captain Haines, "and the general, or colonel in this case, on board ship! Trying to call a boat alongside, he couldn't make himself heard above the noise of the sea.

"I finally was able, with a megaphone, to bring one of the boats alongside and disembarked the colonel and his runner. The boat was not his, and after delivering the colonel to his own, it returned to the ship for instructions as to its proper landing place.

"Not knowing the last-minute change of plans, I directed this boat to its previously assigned landing beach. It was the only boat out of that contingent which was supposed to land in the rear of the Japs that

actually did so! The rest of them landed in front. But this boatload in command of Lieutenant Oscar F. Peatross succeeded in raising so much Cain behind the Japs' flank that it materially helped the major attack."

The landings in all cases were made easily through the surf without being detected by the enemy. A guard was posted, the boats hidden in the undergrowth above the beach, and before dawn the two companies had completed reorganization into their units.

With the Raiders on their way to the beach, the two submarines got under way and moved four miles offshore, keeping contact with their former passengers by voice radio.

Despite the initial confusion in getting away from the submarines, the landing had gone well. Too well. For then the inevitable accident happened: An overeager Marine tested his rifle to see if it would work.

It did.

The alarm had been given and Colonel Carlson immediately sent Company A to cross the atoll, seize the road on the lagoon side, and then report where they were in respect to the wharves. Japanese defense positions, including a barbed-wire fence, a portable "hedgehog" road block, and four machine guns, had been placed in an easterly direction across the island. But our Marines were able to overrun the installations before the Japs were able to man them. By 5:45 Lieutenant Merwin C. Plumley reported from the government wharf that his company had taken the government house without any opposition.

Our landing in the Solomons, coupled with the air and naval attacks on Kiska ten days earlier, had disturbed and alerted the enemy on this little island. Natives, who were invariably friendly, told the Marines that maneuvers had been held by the defending forces in preparation for a raid, and snipers had strapped themselves to trees three days before our arrival.

The Japanese reveille the morning of August 17 was at six, and upon the alarm they had rushed from their barracks. But Company A had by this time been deployed across the island and was advancing south, Company B being held in reserve on the left flank. Shortly afterward contact was made with the Japanese on the lagoon road near the native hospital, and our advance was halted by machine-gun fire from the right flank. Some of the Japanese had come up on bicycles, others by truck. Fire from our antitank rifles forced the latter to unload about 300 yards down the road and by 6:30 we were heavily engaged.

Snipers were a main problem, at first. Strapped to the heavy foliage of the palm trees, their jungle-green camouflage suits were hard to detect, and often the snipers could only be killed by the uneconomical method of shooting away the fronds that concealed them. Others were found because they moved after their fire indicated their position. One, ingeniously, tied the tops of two palms together so that when he knew he had been spotted, he cut his trees apart, and the Marines didn't know which one he was in.

Our radiomen were targets for snipers if they were seen using phones, and officers brought enemy fire if they used their hands or arms to direct their men. Officers soon learned to use voice signals entirely. Not knowing the action of a Garand rifle proved dangerous ignorance to many a Jap. After a Marine had fired, a sniper would frequently raise his head to take aim, thinking our rifle had bolt action. The Raiders were quick to show him his error.

Natives, who had moved north from Butaritari village ahead of the Japanese, reported that the majority of the enemy was on On Chong's Wharf, with others near Ukiangong Point on the lakes. So Lieutenant Colonel Carlson asked the submarines to open fire with their deck guns on this region.

The NAUTILUS, then heading southwest, complied almost immediately. "We fired about twelve salvos into this area," said Captain Haines. "During the firing, however, no spots were received from the Marine observer because of communications difficulties. The Jap was jamming our voice frequency. We continued firing until the course of the submarines began to uncover the entrance to the lagoon. I then ordered a reversal of course, because our information led us to believe that the lagoon entrance was covered by a shore battery and I did not want to unmask this. Before we could complete the reversal of course and again open fire on Ukiangong Point we received a request from Colonel Carlson to take under fire any ship in the lagoon 8,000 yards off On Chong's Wharf. This we complied with, but receiving no spots concerning the fall of our shot into the lagoon, we moved the salvos in deflection and range to cover approximately the area concerned. Subsequently we learned that in laddering these salvos around in this manner, the Japanese ships had got under way, steamed around the lagoon with a view to avoiding the shot and had run into two salvos and had been sunk. . . ."

At 9:02 the ARGONAUT suddenly submerged on a false plane contact

and the NAUTILUS followed. They remained under water for about an hour, but shortly after resurfacing an enemy biplane was seen and the submarines went down again; staying this time for two hours.

On shore, the Marines were finding the going difficult. Here, as in the Solomons, the Japs fought to the last man, and the final wiping out had often to be done with knives.

Lieutenant Peatross with his unit of eleven men, which had landed behind the enemy, made the most of their opportunity to harass. Near the trading station they killed eight Japanese soldiers with the loss of three Marines. They burned a truck, destroyed a radio station, searched houses, and did other damage before struggling through the surf to the NAUTILUS that evening.

The Marines found willing allies on the island. The native police chief was handed a Garand to hold by a Marine, and he used it to kill two snipers. Some natives opened coconuts to relieve the men's thirst, while others carried ammunition for the machine gunners. They gave useful—if not always reliable—information as to the presence of isolated enemy groups.

At 11:30 two Japanese Navy reconnaissance planes flew over Makin for about fifteen minutes and dropped two bombs before leaving. At 12:55 the NAUTILUS surfaced, but had to crash-dive immediately when twelve shore-based bombers were seen approaching. Both submarines remained submerged for the rest of the day.

In the afternoon an attempt was made by the Japanese to reinforce Makin and two planes carrying about thirty-five men landed in the lagoon. Both were destroyed by machine-gun fire.

During the day, the Japanese attempted three counterattacks. After several minutes of yelling and shrieking to work up a fighting frame of mind, they came forward on the run, waving their rifles. Rifle fire quenched their exuberance, and in one instance a submachine gun killed eight Japs who came out bunched together. Warned by the noises, the Marines easily stopped these attacks.

In one instance the Japs gave us some welcome help. Before the last air attack at 4:30 on August 17, the Raiders had withdrawn about 200 yards in an attempt to lure the enemy from his positions. It didn't work, but when the bombers came over they bombed the area most strongly held by their own men, causing many casualties.

Rendezvous with the submarines had been set at after 6:30 and no

later than eleven. So at five o'clock Lieutenant Colonel Carlson ordered a slow retirement and by seven they were back at the beach.

Leaving the island had been timed to coincide with high tide and darkness, so the submarines could get as close as possible to the beach. It was realized that the men would be exhausted after the day's heavy fighting, but the peculiar nature of the surf off the atoll had not been taken into account. The short, quick rollers made it virtually impossible to launch the rubber boats that had been dragged from the foliage where they had lain hidden all day. Gasoline motors refused to work, boats overturned, throwing men and equipment into the water. Even the loss of equipment and the jettisoning of motors didn't help any. Furious paddling or swimming with the boats in tow accomplished nothing.

Only 53 men in four boats reached the NAUTILUS, and three boats the ARGONAUT during the night. About 120 Raiders had to stay all night on the rainy beach. Half-clothed, almost entirely unarmed, and in a state of complete exhaustion, they had reached, as Lieutenant Colonel Carlson said later, "the spiritual low point of the expedition."

Captain Haines decided to send the two reserve landing boats which were aboard the ARGONAUT to help in bringing the men back. A few available arms were gathered together and five Marines—Sergeant Robert V. Allard, Sergeant Dallas H. Cook, Private John J. Kerns, Private First Class Richard N. Olbert and Private Donald R. Robeton—chosen from volunteers, elected to take the equipment in and assure the Marine commander that the submarines would remain indefinitely to get the men off, except as forced by planes to submerge during the day.

At daybreak they started in, and at the same time four boats managed to get to the two submarines from shore. In one of them was a tall, bald, bespectacled major—James Roosevelt, executive officer of the Raiders and eldest son of the President. They just made it.

"Roosevelt was the last man out of the boat," said Captain Haines, "and had just barely got his tail feathers down when the first Jap plane came over and the ARGONAUT had to go under. If the plane had appeared fifteen or twenty seconds earlier, I'm afraid Major Jimmie would have been swimming around in the Pacific."

The planes severely strafed the volunteers' boat, and only one man managed to get his message through to Lieutenant Colonel Carlson by swimming.

The submarines remained submerged during the day.

Stranded ashore until nightfall, the Marines sent out patrols. Contrary to the impression received from the fighting the day before, it was found that few Japanese were still alive. Eighty-three enemy dead were counted, some near their machine guns and others behind palm trees which our guns had penetrated. Bodies were searched for papers, and equipment taken to rearm themselves. Only two snipers were encountered during the day; one near the north end of the atoll, and the other near On Chong's Wharf. Both were shot. The defense force had numbered, therefore, only about ninety men.

Marine casualties from the two days' fighting totaled 51, of whom 18 had been killed, including Captain Gerald P. Holtom, intelligence officer. Fourteen men were wounded, of whom two were officers. The missing totaled 12. Seven Marines were drowned trying to buck the surf.

Destruction of enemy installations included the firing of about 1,000 barrels of aviation gasoline, demolition of the main radio station at On Chong's Wharf and the destruction of other facilities and stores. A new-type machine gun mounted on a high and heavy tripod, apparently adaptable for anti-aircraft use, was found.

At dusk that night the submarines returned to the rendezvous, and Lieutenant Colonel Carlson signaled them to go to the lagoon entrance by 9:30, as he thought the evacuation could be made easier there.

Captain Haines was not satisfied that this message was bona fide. He had not received positive information that there were no shore batteries, and there was a possibility that the Japanese had taken Carlson prisoner and were forcing him under torture to decoy the submarines.

"He requested by blinker the acknowledgment of his request," said Captain Haines, "which I refused to give him until I was satisfied that it was actually Colonel Carlson. Consequently, I tried to send a message through to him on this order: The night before we had disembarked the Raiders, at supper the Colonel and I had been talking over the fact that my father was a Marine officer and had been head of the Adjutant Inspectors' Department of the Marine Corps. In the course of the conversation we had discussed who had relieved him, and I knew that he would remember this and that if he gave me a prompt reply, I could accept as a fact that the Japs were not putting the screws on him, and that it was, in effect, he."

"So I tried to get this message through: 'Who succeeded my father

as A.N.I.?' I got the 'Who . . .' out all right, but before I could go any further, I got a flash from the beach, 'Please acknowledge, this is Evans.'

"So I again started all over, and again he interrupted. Finally he gave up and waited. And I got the test question through. I had hardly got the last letter out before the flash came back from the beach, 'Squeegy!' That was the correct reply. The officer concerned was Colonel 'Squeegy' Long of the Marine Corps. That was my way of identifying Colonel Carlson."

Only four landing boats were still serviceable and these were carried from the sea beach to the lagoon, where natives provided an outrigger in addition. These five boats were lashed together and the seventy Marines still remaining paddled out to the waiting submarines.

By midnight all the surviving Marines were aboard and the two submarines headed back for Pearl Harbor, the scarlet flames of the fired aviation stores reflecting redly in their wakes.

The submarines returned, as they had come, independently; the NAUTILUS entering Pearl Harbor on August 25, and the ARGONAUT a day later.

"Each submarine on the return trip had seven wounded Marines on board. The operations by the surgeons [Lieutenants William B. McCracken and Stephen L. Stigler] were carried out under the most difficult circumstances with relatively crude arrangements. But such was the skill of these two surgeons that not a single one of the casualties, to my knowledge, subsequently died," Captain Haines commented.

"To me, the most gratifying feature of this expedition was the spirit of co-operation between the raiders and the naval personnel. We trained the Marines to be lookouts, we gave them diving stations, and the crews of the submarines assisted in every way with the launching of the craft and the reassembly, re-embarkation of the Marines upon their return. The crews and officers gave up their bunks to the wounded and to those Marines who were exhausted from their efforts ashore, and it is one of the greatest exhibitions I have seen of common self-sacrifice and helpfulness."

The success of the Makin expedition resulted from this willing co-operation. "Unity of mind and effort," as Lieutenant Colonel Carlson declared, welded the personnel of the submarines and Raiders into an effective fighting team.

And it was an eminently successful expedition. It had caused a task force of Japanese cruisers, transports, and destroyers en route to reinforce

the Japanese on Guadalcanal to change course for the Gilbert Islands. It gave us practical information about the enemy's fighting equipment and experience in a new type of warfare. The submarine, though uncomfortable, proved it could be used for transporting troops for long distances.

A new technique had been tested. These two trail-blazing submarines were to play a continuing part as our forces crept closer, in the months to come, to Japan itself.

They, and their sisters of the "Silent Service," already were preparing the way, by creeping to the very shores of Dai Nippon. Within two months of the attack on Makin, the *WHALE*, commanded by Lieutenant Commander John Azar, on her first war patrol, penetrated the heavily defended harbor approaches of land-locked Kobe to sow the entrance to the Inland Sea with mines, before continuing on to photograph the fortifications of the shore between Ashizuri Zaki and Murato Zaki—and, incidentally, to bag six ships with her torpedoes.

After this first successful mining, American submarines continued to shove into Empire waters with a combination torpedo-mine load. In December, Lieutenant Commander R. W. Peterson in the *SUNFISH* dropped mines on the approaches to Nagoya, and Lieutenant Commander Roy Benson's *TRIGGER* laid her lethal eggs off Inubo Saki, just east of Tokyo. Less than an hour after this minefield was planted, the *TRIGGER* men had the unusual experience of watching an 8,400-ton freighter pass over the fresh mines and sink in the moonlight with a broken back. Then the *TRIGGER*, free of mines, finished her patrol with torpedoes and a credit of two more freighters and a *MINEKAZE*-class destroyer for a total of 23,671 tons of Empire shipping sunk.

Ask a submariner what his service did during this period of the war's history; you'll probably get the answer: "We simply went out and sank enemy ships. . . ."

CHAPTER SEVEN

Cape Esperance

CRUISER DIVISION 6 of the Imperial Japanese Navy was pretty pleased with itself following its engagement with the Americans off Savo the night of August 8-9, and perhaps with reason. The Japanese felt that they had won a victory, greater than their usual "victories," and although the loss of the *KAKO* outside the harbor of Kavieng following the battle had cut into their forces by a quarter, they felt themselves to be the backbone of Japan in the Solomons.

But the Americans still clung tenaciously to their ground in the Guadalcanal and Florida islands despite air raids and night bombardments from the "Tokyo Express." And although their position was precarious, it wasn't enough so for the Jap.

If the Japanese headquarters on Rabaul was busy with plans for marshaling their strength for a knockdown battle for the Solomons, so were the Americans at Espiritu Santo. Something had to be done to stop the Japanese from reinforcing their troops, and from storming Marine positions from the sea, and obviously one way to do it was to reinforce our own land forces at Guadalcanal. For this, a large convoy with Army reinforcements for Guadalcanal was soon to depart from Noumea, in French New Caledonia, halfway between Fiji and Australia. By October 11 it would be about 250 miles west of Espiritu Santo, protected by two task forces: one built around the carrier *HORNET*, the other around the new battleship *WASHINGTON*.

In Espiritu was a newly organized task force. Its ships had engaged only in target practice together but they were good ships. It would do well, as protection for the left flank of the Army convoy approaching Guadalcanal, to station this task force off the southern shore of that island to intercept any enemy units moving in from the west.

But as Task Force SUGAR was now constituted it wasn't strong enough to take on any Japanese units likely to be met. Under Rear Admiral Norman Scott, it consisted of:

2 heavy cruisers—

SAN FRANCISCO (flagship) Captain Charles H. McMorris

SALT LAKE CITY Captain Ernest G. Small

1 light cruiser—

BOISE Captain Edward J. Moran

3 destroyers—

FARENHOLT Lieutenant Commander Eugene T. Seaward

BUCHANAN Commander Ralph E. Wilson

LAFFEY Lieutenant Commander William E. Hank

So to it were added three other ships that were operating in the vicinity of Espiritu Santo: the light cruiser HELENA, commanded by Captain Gilbert C. Hoover, and two destroyers: the DUNCAN and MC CALLA, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Edmund B. Taylor and Lieutenant Commander William G. Cooper, respectively.

On October 7 the fortified task force left Espiritu Santo and headed toward Rennell Island. It took them two days to get there, and for two days more they steamed up and down the southwestern shore of Guadalcanal, waiting for news of Japanese ships. But everything was peaceful—until the 11th.

At 1:45 search planes from Guadalcanal reported that they had seen what looked like a force of two enemy cruisers and six destroyers steaming at high speed on the accustomed Japanese route down "the Slot," on course 120° true, 210 miles from Guadalcanal. Admiral Scott realized that to intercept this force he would have to be in the vicinity of Savo Island about eleven o'clock that night.

Led by the SAN FRANCISCO, followed by the BOISE, SALT LAKE CITY, and HELENA, and screened by the destroyers in a mile and a half semi-circle ahead—the MC CALLA and BUCHANAN to port, the FARENHOLT dead ahead, and the DUNCAN and LAFFEY to starboard—the task force headed for Cape Esperance, the northernmost tip of Guadalcanal.

At 10:00 P.M., with the enemy expected within another hour, Admiral Scott ordered one aircraft catapulted from each cruiser. The SALT LAKE CITY's plane, for some unknown reason, took fire as it was launched and crashed in flames 500 yards from the ship. It burned fiercely for three minutes before sinking, and most of our task force

thought that surely the enemy would see it and be warned. Fortunately the pilot and his observer managed to get clear of the plane and inflate their rubber raft, in which they paddled to safety on Guadalcanal.

Just before 10:30, our ships neared the northwestern end of the island and course was changed. A few minutes later, battle disposition was taken. The destroyers FARENHOLT, DUNCAN and LAFHEY formed column in the van, followed by SAN FRANCISCO, BOISE, SALT LAKE CITY and HELENA in column, with BUCHANAN and MC CALLA in column in the rear.

Just before eleven, the SAN FRANCISCO's plane saw "one large and two small vessels" off the north beach of Guadalcanal, 16 miles from Savo Island. To Admiral Scott these ships were but an appetizer, with two cruisers and six destroyers, as he thought, due any minute.

Admiral Scott didn't know it, but the ships that were coming were the heavy cruisers of Japanese Cruiser Division 6; the victors of Savo returning to the waters of their greatest triumph: The AOBA, flagship of Admiral Goto, FURUTAKA and KINUGASA, escorted by the destroyers FUBUKI and MIRAKUMO.

The engagement off Cape Esperance the night of October 11-12, 1942, lasted only thirty minutes from the time the first shot was fired by the HELENA until the SAN FRANCISCO ceased.

It was Savo in reverse.

The Japanese force was first spotted by radar. Steaming in a T formation, the AOBA leading with the destroyers on her port and starboard hands, and followed by the FURUTAKA and KINUGASA, Admiral Goto undoubtedly thought that his mission to bombard Henderson Field on Guadalcanal and cover a landing of troops and supplies from a tender and two destroyers at Tassafaronga would be accomplished as planned.

At a quarter to twelve he fully expected to make contact with his supporting force. One minute later contact had been made—but with the American force of Admiral Scott. And for seven minutes the contacts were raining on his ships, unopposed.

The HELENA was the first to fire, but by only a few seconds. She was followed by SALT LAKE CITY and BOISE, then SAN FRANCISCO.

Commander W. C. Butler, Jr., was assistant gunnery officer aboard "Mike" Moran's BOISE that night. "Some of the men out on the deck saw the first cruiser go down without even getting its turrets trained out. Its tail went up in the air with the propellers still going around. I didn't get to

see that up on the bridge where the Captain and Gunnery Officer and myself were standing. At that time I was No. 2 in Gunnery.

"The Captain handled the situation in very fine manner. He got the gunnery officer and myself in a little huddle just like a football huddle; we crouched down to get out of the wind—for we were going 25 knots and the wind was whistling—and we talked over the situation. Of course, when I say 'talked over' we did it in a couple of words.

"He would ask the gunnery officer if he was ready, and ask if I was ready. We'd both agree on the bearing on the target by radar, and then all that was necessary was 'Let's go!' and we'd go into rapid fire again. . . . So we'd blast away for a minute or two and then cease firing and pick a new target.

"Meanwhile the boys down in the radar room were just jumping up and down because the target ships were disappearing as fast as we would pick them up after a short period of fire. At one time I saw four Japanese ships burning around the horizon so we knew we were getting hits—the task force and ourselves. The other ships were in there just shooting as fast as they could too; we were all blasting away. . . ."

The Japanese were completely surprised. Captain Kikunori Kijuma, Admiral Goto's chief of staff aboard the AOKA, says: "At first we thought the fire was from our own supply ships. It was a surprise attack. All ships but the KINUGASA immediately reversed course to the right. Due to the shellfire and the congestion, the KINUGASA turned left. As a result of this turn the KINUGASA only received minor damage from three hits. The AOKA was hit about forty times and was badly damaged. The FURUTAKA and FUBUKI were sunk. The FUBUKI sank before it completed the turn, although it only received four hits. Due to the smoke from the AOKA, the MURAKUMO was not hit. The KINUGASA did most of the fighting for our force.

"Soon after the action started Admiral Goto was mortally wounded. While he was dying, I told him that he could die with easy mind because we had sunk two of your heavy cruisers.

"Following this action we retired to the northwest. The MURAKUMO turned back and rescued about four hundred survivors. When your forces reappeared it departed the area trying to make you chase it within range of our aircraft."

When the Japanese returned the fire, the FARENHOLT became our first casualty, receiving two 6-inch hits on her port side. Damaged, she

fell out to port on the disengaged flank, and lost contact with the formation, but was able to rejoin the following day at Espiritu Santo.

In the slugging match that followed, the HELENA was engaging a cruiser, the MC CALLA another cruiser and a destroyer, the SALT LAKE CITY was groping for a target, and the SAN FRANCISCO was trying to identify a destroyer approaching to starboard flashing unrecognizable signals. The BOISE's searchlights illuminated an enemy cruiser and let go with both batteries. The Jap promptly retaliated, and a minute later the BOISE received an 8-inch hit which started large fires in the area of the captain's cabin. Two or three enemy shells followed in quick succession before the BOISE's target itself commenced burning brightly. Captain Moran stopped firing and instituted damage-control measures.

"An 8-inch salvo is very hard for a cruiser of this class to take," said Commander Butler. "One projectile landed short, and instead of ricocheting as all projectiles are supposed to do, it hadn't gotten the word and went right on down and entered the side of the ship, nine feet below the waterline. It landed in the magazine, bounced on the deck and exploded. Another hit turret 1 barbette and was almost deflected by the barbette in that the projectile entered halfway, was ripped open by the barbette and instead of exploding it merely spewed its insides into the turret. That gave some of the men in the turret a warning, and about five or six were able to scramble out to safety on deck.

"Meanwhile, the explosion down in the magazine sent flames in both directions, forward and aft. The flames came up in both Turrets 1 and 2 and even as far back as the magazine of Turret 3, killing all people around and all the people who were left in Turrets 1 and 2.

"At first, on the bridge, we didn't know quite how badly we had been hit. . . . We hadn't heard the explosion, but we could feel her settling and we went down six or seven feet, because we were taking in tons of water forward. And the very fact that we were taking in tons of water forward, I believe, helped to save the ship's life as it helped to put out the fires belowdecks in the magazines. You can imagine the awful wreckage that occurred. We lost 107 lives. Some people were killed by drowning, some by the flash of the powder, searing of the lungs, others by suffocation, others by gassing and some by concussion. Some of our repair parties up on the second deck were killed by that concussion.

"We came hard left to get out of the fracas then, because Turret 2 was blazing high with flames. We expected momentarily to be hit because

we were a perfect target with this flame going up and the life rafts on top of the turret burning. Luckily, the other ships in our task force were taking care of the Japanese and we weren't hit during this period."

The SALT LAKE CITY was engaging a light cruiser when she saw the BOISE's plight. Fire was immediately checked in order to bear on the heavier and deadlier target. The SALT LAKE CITY had to maneuver to avoid the BOISE, which was changing course continually in order to escape the enemy's fire. While maneuvering, the SALT LAKE CITY received an 8-inch hit forward on her starboard side.

October 11 was only fourteen minutes old when the SALT LAKE CITY trained her guns on the Jap cruiser, and for one minute rained her own 8-inchers on it. The SAN FRANCISCO also joined in the fray.

One minute after that, at 12:16 A.M., after managing to get another hit on the SALT LAKE CITY that caused minor damage and a few casualties, the Japanese cruiser was seen to sink.

The action was now practically over. The MCGALLA engaged a destroyer at 12:16 and the SAN FRANCISCO fired upon a cruiser at 12:17. The enemy destroyer retired in flames and the cruiser disappeared from the radar screen, though there was no indication to the lookouts of what the American cruiser's salvos had accomplished.

An eloquent silence prevailed over the area once filled with enemy ships.

During the short time the battle had been fought, our ships in their maneuvering to bring their guns to bear and to evade the enemy counterblows had become somewhat scattered from their formation. So Admiral Scott ordered the ships to form up, to be ready again in case any more Japs unwittingly appeared. And the task force headed to the southwest.

Admiral Scott tried to reach Captain Moran on the BOISE and Captain Tobin on the FARENHOLT by radio. He wanted Captain Tobin to detail a destroyer to stand by the BOISE, for he knew that ship was badly damaged if not sunk. However, he was unable to raise either ship, so the MCGALLA was ordered to stand by to give any necessary help, or to pick up survivors.

In forming up in the darkness there was a natural tenseness aboard every ship. As one officer says, "No one was in the mood for not shooting." No one could be positive that a ship looming near in the blackness was not enemy. At 12:50, the SALT LAKE CITY "enlivened the situation" by firing two star shells to illuminate the SAN FRANCISCO. The flagship

was then well ahead of the formation and to the approaching cruiser might well have been a Japanese. The two ships joyfully identified each other, and the SALT LAKE CITY fell in astern of the flagship.

"It was one of the most ticklish points of the night," said Commander Butler, "when the BOISE tried to rejoin the task force. We had intercepted a signal that they had seen us burning off in the distance and sinking. So far as they knew, we had gone down and were a lost ship. That was one more reason for being very, very careful when we tried to rejoin. We finally picked up what we thought were our ships, but loaded up the guns that could still shoot just in case they weren't.

"Luckily they were our cruisers and we joined up, happy to be with friends once more.

"The men behaved magnificently. On the BOISE, one young seaman in the tense moments before the engagement was jokingly comforted by a shipmate with the words used in every theater of war: 'The one that's coming for you will have your name on it.'

"I'm not worried about that one,' morosely replied the youngster, 'it's the one marked "To whom it may concern." ' "

And aboard the same ship there was a chief boatswain's mate whose battle station was pointer on Director 1. For seven minutes our ships had plastered the surprised enemy before they returned our fire. When they did, above the noise arose the indignant voice of the gun director's pointer: "Say, those sons of bitches are shooting back at us!"

With the BOISE back in the fold, the task group steamed back to Espiritu Santo. The FARENHOLT and DUNCAN were missing, and the MCCALLA was searching for the BOISE. The FARENHOLT made Espiritu on October 13, and the next day the MCCALLA arrived; she had found the DUNCAN lying gutted off Savo, and had rescued her survivors as well as three Japanese seamen she found floating in the water.

The action off Cape Esperance had repaid the debt of Savo Island. The gunnery training that was a daily occurrence aboard these ships had proved in the first few minutes what dividends could be gained from it. In the words of one petty officer who was overheard talking with another on the way back to Espiritu Santo, "I'll never complain of another drill, and I'll deck the man who does."

And cocky Imperial Cruiser Division 6 was paid off for Savo, paid off for keeps. Only one destroyer of the five-ship force escaped damage. One was sunk, as was a cruiser; a second cruiser was reduced to a floating junk heap, the third was holed thrice.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Santa Cruz Islands

I

THE Battle of Cape Esperance, besides being a tactical victory for Admiral Scott's task force, had been a highly strategic one as well. The American convoy whose flank had been so well protected reached its objective and landed some 6,000 Army troops.

They arrived at a highly propitious moment, for the Marines on Guadalcanal and Florida Island badly needed reinforcing just to fight the enemy on hand and the Japs were making frenzied plans to push the Americans out of the Solomons. With both feet on the lower rungs of that ladder we were more than an irritation to Nipponese plans. We were not only a block to Japan's program of expansion, but a menace to the retention of what she had conquered.

For two days after the disastrous night battle in the waters that shortly before had been the scene of so great, though unconscious, victory the Japanese made no overt move. But it was a temporary lull; a gathering-up for a stronger assault. The Japanese were making ready for a prolonged full-scale attack and counterinvasion of their lost holdings on Guadalcanal.

Their plan was simple: to co-ordinate land and sea efforts to make our holdings untenable by overwhelming them. This meant: first, put Henderson Field out of commission so American land-based planes couldn't strike at the warships that plied the Tokyo Express or, more important, the transports that would bring Japanese troops; next, bombard to dust the positions the Americans had so hardly won; lastly, when the island was softened up, a grand joint Army and Navy offensive of co-ordinated bombardment from sea and air that would coincide with the arrival of strong forces of fresh, fanatic troops who had rested well after laying waste to China.

The initial setback to this scheme came with the torpedoing on Octo-

ber 12 of the transport SHINYO MARU bringing 600 Japanese Marines, "a well-trained special unit" which was supposed to mop up after the bombardment of Henderson Field scheduled for the next night.

But none survived, and, although the bombardment came off as scheduled and for an hour and a half Henderson Field was pounded by two battleships, one light cruiser and eight destroyers, the synchronized attack by the Japanese Marines was not forthcoming. Our casualties were light, but the Jap destroyed most of our planes.

The next night the cruisers and destroyers returned and administered more of same. In the morning, only one solitary dive bomber was able to be airborne to contest a Japanese landing west of Kokumbona from six transports. Other dive bombers were hastily flown in from Espiritu Santo and, with the help of Army B-17s, they destroyed at least three of the transports and damaged a heavy cruiser. But General Vandegrift had an estimated 16,000 more Japs to oppose.¹

Bombardments became a nightly affair, and daylight brought air raids. Under cover of darkness Japanese reinforcements seeped in, from small boats, in small numbers, but they came. And the pressure against our lines along the Matanikau River grew greater.

A growing number of submarines converged on our supply line from Espiritu Santo to Guadalcanal. On October 20 one of them torpedoed the heavy cruiser CHESTER, causing heavy damage. On the 15th, planes from the converted carriers HITAKA and HAYATAKA sank the destroyer MEREDITH guarding a convoy en route to Guadalcanal.

Large numbers of merchant and combat vessels assembled in the upper Solomons and New Britain. Troops and aircraft began a steady procession from the Netherlands Indies and the Philippines, from Formosa and even the home islands of Japan.

This time, thought the Jap, there will be enough Imperial forces to make the outcome certain! The Allies could not possibly muster a similar fleet.

Their intelligence was correct, as far as it went. In this second week of October, 1942, the ENTERPRISE was in Pearl Harbor having the damage received in the Eastern Solomons Battle repaired; the WASP had been sunk by a submarine on the 15th of September; that same day the battleship NORTH CAROLINA had been torpedoed and was laid up for

¹ The Japanese, in postwar testimony, asserted that only 5,000 fresh troops were landed but admitted they were crack outfits, "never defeated" in regimental history.

repairs; for the same reason the aircraft carrier SARATOGA had been out of action since August 31.

The ships the Japanese had gathered were four carriers, four battleships, and a great armada of cruisers, destroyers, transports and auxiliaries.

To contest this, the Japanese knew, the United States Navy had a task force built around the carrier HORNET that included the heavy cruisers NORTHAMPTON and PENSACOLA, the antiaircraft light cruisers JUNEAU and SAN DIEGO. Our only battleship in the South Pacific was the WASHINGTON, which had supported the Army convoy at the time of the Battle of Cape Esperance.

Except for some destroyers on convoy duty between Espiritu Santo and Guadalcanal, the only other combatant ships available were the ships of Admiral Scott's task force, and wounds from the battle the night of October 11 prevented immediate use of the SALT LAKE CITY, BOISE and FARENHOLT.

One carrier, one battleship, and their attendant complement of cruisers and destroyers could hardly terrify the Japanese or be expected by the Allies to stop the forces the enemy was known to possess. Back in Pearl Harbor, Admiral Nimitz estimated from the evidence that the Japanese would strike in force not before October 23 but very shortly thereafter. To bolster our defenses, he ordered submarines concentrated in the Bismarck Islands. Patrol planes and heavy bombers were added to the complement of Espiritu Santo, Henderson Field on Guadalcanal was reinforced with more planes, and aircraft of the Southwest Pacific Command intensified their attacks on Rabaul and on airfields in the Bismarck Islands. Four PT boats were moved into Tulagi harbor.

At Pearl Harbor, every effort was made to rush repairs to the ENTERPRISE. It was literally a race against time, but on October 16 the task force built around this carrier stood out to sea with the Big E, fit and ready to resume her old job of burning Nips, flying the flag of Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid.

His orders were to proceed at high speed to the South Pacific and rendezvous with the HORNET group, commanded by Rear Admiral George D. Murray, thereafter to operate as part of the command of Admiral William F. Halsey, Jr., who had succeeded Vice Admiral Robert L. Ghormley as Commander South Pacific on October 18, when serious illness necessitated Ghormley's return.

Shortly after noon on October 24, the HORNET and the ENTERPRISE

task forces joined northeast of the New Hebrides Islands, and Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid took charge of the joint forces now known as Task Group KING.¹

It was a force not half as powerful as the Japanese possessed, but it was nearly twice as strong as the enemy calculated the Americans to be.

Admiral Kinkaid was directed to skirt the northern shores of the Santa Cruz Islands, and thence go to the east of San Cristobal Island, southernmost of the Solomon chain.

In the afternoon of October 25 Admiral Nimitz's calculation was confirmed by a report from a shore-based patrol plane: two enemy battleships, four heavy cruisers and seven destroyers were headed in, a day's sailing distance. And, shortly after, another report from another patrol plane gave news of two Japanese carriers and supporting vessels in Lat. $08^{\circ} 51' S.$, Long. $164^{\circ} 30' E.$, about 360 miles from Task Force KING, on course 145° , speed 25 knots. The position of the battleship force was not clear, so in order to gain more information on the enemy's whereabouts, and to strike the carriers if they continued their approach, Admiral Kinkaid launched search and attack groups from the ENTERPRISE, keeping the HORNET in reserve for more positive reports.

No contact was made with the enemy, for the Japanese carriers had radically changed course. All the scouts returned safely to their carrier, but the attack group, after reaching the limit of its assigned distance and ever hoping to find the enemy just beyond, flew on an additional 80 miles. On the way back they ran out of fuel and six aircraft—but no lives—were lost in water landings or by crashing on the landing deck.

¹ The combined forces consisted of: ENTERPRISE GROUP—1 carrier: ENTERPRISE (flagship of Admiral Kinkaid), Capt. Osborne B. Hardison. 1 battleship: SOUTH DAKOTA, Capt. Thomas L. Gatch. 1 heavy cruiser: PORTLAND (Capt. Mahlon S. Tisdale, Comcrudiv), Capt. Laurance T. DuBose. 1 AA light cruiser: SAN JUAN, Capt. James E. Maher. 8 destroyers: PORTER (Capt. Charles P. Cecil, Comdesdiv), Lt. Comdr. David G. Roberts; MAHAN, Lt. Comdr. Rodger W. Simpson; CUSHING, Lt. Comdr. Christopher Noble; PRESTON, Lt. Comdr. Max C. Stormes; SMITH, Lt. Comdr. Hunter Wood, Jr.; MAURY, Lt. Comdr. Gelzer L. Sims; CONYNGHAM, Lt. Comdr. Henry C. Daniel; SHAW, Lt. Comdr. W. Glenn Jones. HORNET GROUP—1 carrier: HORNET (flagship of Rear Admiral Murray), Capt. Charles P. Mason. 2 heavy cruisers: NORTHAMPTON (Rear Admiral Howard H. Good, Comcrudiv), Capt. Willard A. Kitts, III; PENSACOLA, Capt. Frank L. Lowe. 2 AA light cruisers: SAN DIEGO, Capt. Benjamin F. Perry; JUNEAU, Capt. Lyman K. Swenson. 6 destroyers: MORRIS (Comdr. Arnold E. True, Comdesdiv), Lt. Comdr. Randolph B. Boyer; ANDERSON, Lt. Comdr. Richard A. Guthrie; HUGHES, Lt. Comdr. Donald J. Ramsey; MUSTIN, Lt. Comdr. Wallis F. Petersen; RUSSELL, Lt. Comdr. Glenn R. Hartwig; BARTON, Lt. Comdr. Douglas H. Fox.

2

The Japanese Army on Guadalcanal had planned to time a full-scale land offensive with the arrival of their naval forces. Apparently they were not as well informed of the Nip Navy's schedule as was Admiral Nimitz, for the offensive was begun on the 20th and rose to full fury on the night of October 23-24. Four times they attacked and four times they were thrown back with heavy losses. A fifth attack in the early morning was again stopped.

Before dawn on the 25th a Japanese surface force of one heavy cruiser, one light cruiser and four destroyers sneaked in close to Guadalcanal and landed troops and supplies. The rain, which had prevented operations from Henderson Field, had ended and the ground hardened enough to allow twenty-five bombers to take off. These attacked the enemy ships from noon until five o'clock, reported scoring hits on the light cruiser. They were helped by the arrival of six B-17s from Espiritu Santo that dropped two 500-pound bombs close to a destroyer. Neither of the ships was seriously damaged.

Weakened by almost incessant attack by land, sea and air, the Marines were unable to prevent a break-through along Lunga Ridge, on the night of October 25, but a desperate counterattack by Marines and Army troops restored the lines. And, as the opposing armies caught their breaths and buried their dead, the Japanese fleet, whose holy mission it was to wipe out the Americans, converged on the islands.

The fleet consisted of about forty vessels of different types organized into three task forces. The advance force included two battleships, with heavy cruisers and destroyers. The major carrier striking force to the rear consisted of three carriers, SHOKAKU, ZUIKAKU and ZUIHO, and their escorts, and the third force comprised two more battleships, heavy cruisers and destroyers. Transports and auxiliaries kept well to the rear beyond range of our aircraft, waiting for control of the sea and air to assure their safe approach to Guadalcanal.

The morning of October 26 was calm and clear as Bombing Squadron 10 and Scouting Squadron 10 took off from the ENTERPRISE on their search to find that enemy.

Lieutenant Vivien W. Welch and Lieutenant (jg) Bruce A. McGraw had been assigned a sector almost due west of their fleet. After flying for nearly an hour they saw two battleships, one heavy cruiser and seven

destroyers. The two search planes climbed into the clouds and circled the force, made sure that there were no carriers present, reported to the ENTERPRISE, and continued on to the limit of their search.

They found no carriers, and turning back, passed again over the force they had seen previously. Through heavy but ineffective antiaircraft fire the information was radioed to our task force and then the search planes returned.

As Welch and McGraw again passed over the battleship force, Lieutenant Commander James R. Lee and Lieutenant (jg) William E. Johnson in another sector found the carrier force. The ZUIHO had not joined up, which she was to do before the morning was over. Here, though, were the ZUIKAKU and SHOKAKU, their decks empty.

The Japanese had an air patrol up, and the Zeros promptly attacked. Lee shot down one and Johnson two, and then managed to return to their carrier safely.

Lieutenant Stockton B. Strong and Ensign Charles B. Irwin, a hundred miles away, heard the report of the discovery of the carriers, and rushed to intercept. By the time they reached the Jap force, the ZUIHO had relieved the SHOKAKU, and it was on her that our two pilots concentrated their attack.

Caught off guard, the Japanese had no time to greet the bombers with antiaircraft fire as Strong and Irwin dived to the release point. But, after planting two 500-pound bombs on the carrier's stern, Zeros swarmed on them like hornets. Each of our planes downed two of them, and returned to the ENTERPRISE without mishap.

With the word that the enemy carriers had been found, Admiral Kinkaid ordered an attack group launched from HORNET and ENTERPRISE. They left in three waves; two from HORNET (Bombing Squadron 8 and Scouting Squadron 8 with Torpedo Squadron 6 and Fighting Squadron 72) and one from ENTERPRISE (Bombing Squadron 10, Torpedo Squadron 10 and Fighting Squadron 10).

Each of the three waves proceeded independently, the first HORNET group in the lead, with the ENTERPRISE flight a little behind. Suddenly, without warning, a dozen type-2 Zeros attacked the second wave from out of the sun. These Zeros were part of the escort of a Japanese attack force that was even now approaching the HORNET.

Four of our fighters on the right flank never recovered from their initial disadvantage of the surprise attack, although they managed to

account for at least two Zeros. Only one of our pilots, Ensign Willis B. Reding, returned. His plane was badly shot up, with guns and radio out of commission.

The pilots of the four fighters on the left flank, who were executing a weaving turn, did not see the enemy until the attack was well under way. Then Lieutenant Commander James H. Flatley led his group in pell-mell, all guns blazing, and all ten Zeros plummeted flaming into the sea.

But the ENTERPRISE torpedo planes in that formation were wiped out too. Lieutenant Commander James D. Collett, the squadron commander, was shot down in flames almost at once. Two other planes, piloted by Lieutenant Marvin D. Norton and Lieutenant (jg) Richard K. Batten, also were lost, although the pilots and crews were later rescued by destroyers.

Both the first and second HORNET waves saw the attack, but they didn't deviate from their course. Torpedo planes of the latter group literally flew through the center of the fracas.

They also saw about twenty-four Japanese bombers and torpedo planes, and the warning was promptly sped to our fleet.

At a quarter past ten in the morning, about 150 miles distant from our task force, the leading dive bombers saw two heavy cruisers and several destroyers on their right. This was an escort group for the ZUIKAKU, which was then retiring to the northwest after having launched her own attack group against our fleet. Its position was reported, but no attack was made. Carriers were the target.

Boring steadily on, our planes found aerial opposition twenty miles from the battleship group to their left. The fighters dropped out to engage the Zeros and the bombers continued on to the carrier force that was revealed below.

That force now consisted of the SHOKAKU, the ZUIHO, a light cruiser and four destroyers, and its fighter cover was alert. Two of the first four American planes were shot down and two others forced out of the fighting by damage and wounds. But the other dive bombers, keeping together and fighting Zeros all the way, scored at least four 1,000-pound bomb hits on the SHOKAKU, the larger of the two carriers. Fifteen Zeros fell to the bombers' guns on that run.

The HORNET's TBFs were flying low. They had lost sight of their dive bombers after the attack by the Zeros over the battleship force. They

had seen the cruisers and destroyers covering the ZUIKAKU's retirement, but could not locate the enemy carriers, so Lieutenant Edwin B. Parker, Jr., led his planes back to the vicinity of the group he had seen and loosed a torpedo attack on it.

The six torpedo planes returned to the HORNET at noon, to find the big carrier dead in the water, listing badly and plumed with smoke. The wounded ship was voiceless. From the cruiser NORTHAMPTON standing by flashed the order for the planes to land aboard the ENTERPRISE.

But there, too, the exhausted fliers found no welcome. The Big E was fighting off an enemy attack, and the homeless TBFs, unable to join in the scrap, circled on the fringe of the battle. There they were presently joined by other bullet-pierced aircraft—Jimmy Flatley's ENTERPRISE fighters and Mac Thompson's TBFs which had attacked the enemy's cruiser division. Later other HORNET planes, ordered to find refuge on the ENTERPRISE, swelled the number of aerial spectators of the fight. Their ammunition expended, their fuel running low, many of the pilots and crew wounded, the planes were helpless to aid. One by one they began to drop into the sea, as the hungry motors sucked up the last pint of gasoline.

Boats put out from the warships to haul the fliers out of the sea. Among them were some of the company of six HORNET dive bombers which Lieutenant John J. Lynch had led to smash the Japanese cruiser CHIKUMA, and the TBFs led by Lieutenant Ward F. Powell in an attack on the cruiser TONE.

By three o'clock the last of the planes still aloft, including the HORNET refugees, were aboard the ENTERPRISE and the pilots and crewmen rescued from the water were being ferried to the carrier.

Rear Admiral Keizo Komura was aboard the CHIKUMA when the HORNET dive bombers came whistling down.

"It was a very skillful attack," he related, after the war, "because we were maneuvering at high speed and firing all our guns. Two bombs hit the bridge. All but twelve men were killed in this area. I was badly wounded. One bomb hit behind the bridge and entered the engineering spaces, killing some men and reducing our speed. Two other bombs landed very close on the starboard side amidships. I thought they were hits, at first. They did some damage from shrapnel. Unfortunately we were not close enough to the other ships for protection and we did not have air cover. . . ."

The CHIKUMA poured on steam to get out of the fighting area, and headed for Truk, where she was later joined by the battered carriers SHOKAKU and ZUIHO. There the three ships were patched up for the long trek back to Japan for a long lay-up in drydock.

While the Japanese ships were being pounded and scattered by the American planes, their aircraft had found our fleet. Two hundred and seven fighters, bombers and torpedo planes from four carriers joined in the attack, which reached its apogee around eleven o'clock.

First American ship to go down was the destroyer PORTER, torpedoed as it paused to rescue the pilot and gunner of a shot-down ENTERPRISE torpedo plane. Lieutenant Albert D. Pollock, in an F4F of the Big E's combat air patrol, saw the torpedo heading for the destroyer and dived upon it, machine guns spraying the deadly tin fish in a vain hope to explode it. The PORTER reeled, and as the 100-foot column of water cascaded to her decks, lurched to starboard. Fifty minutes of desperate work only proved the ship to be doomed, and the destroyer SHAW, after rescuing the PORTER's survivors, delivered the coup de grâce to her sister ship.

By then, HORNET had already been under a concentrated dive-bombing and torpedo-plane attack which had left the big, new carrier dead in the water under a pall of smoke.

Warned of the Japanese approach at 9:30 A.M. by her own outgoing planes, the HORNET made ready. The enemy planes were located on the radar screen. At ten o'clock the carrier's air combat patrol slashed at the twenty-seven oncoming "meat-balls," but ten minutes later most of the Japs were boring through the carrier's curtain of fire.

One of the first dive bombers scored a hit on the starboard side of the after flight deck. Then came two near hits on the starboard side abreast of the bridge. Next, a dive bomber with machine guns blazing crashed into the stack, spraying gasoline over the signal bridge and plunged part way through the flight deck near the first bomb hit. One of its 100-pounders demolished the signal enclosure, causing many casualties, and the plane itself exploded on piercing the flight deck, causing a large fire there and in the compartment below.

Co-ordinated with the dive-bombing attack on the port quarter came a torpedo attack on the starboard.

Two hits in the engine room disrupted all power and communications and threw the ship into a 10½-degree list to starboard. The spray had

not yet settled when two 500-pound bombs landed on the after part of the ship, one penetrating to the fourth deck before exploding, and the other bursting on the flight deck. A third exploded between the third and fourth decks near the forward messing compartment, starting fires and killing a number of men. Two minutes later, an unarmed and flaming torpedo plane attempted a suicide dive from dead ahead. It crashed into the port forward gun gallery and exploded.

All around was a melee of darting planes, belching guns and lurching ships. One plane which started to strafe the *MUSTIN* was shot down by her 20-mm. guns. One torpedo bomber in the first group attacking the *HORNET* found the *PENSACOLA* in its path and attacked her, only to be set afire from the cruiser's 20-mm. fire. The blazing plane attempted a suicide dive but missed. A torpedo plane fired a burst of machine-gun fire at the *ANDERSON* but merely wasted ammunition.

Although twenty of the twenty-seven attacking planes were shot down, the damage they had caused to the *HORNET* was crippling. By 10:21 the carrier was dead in the water, with several large fires burning, a decided list to starboard, many of her crew killed, many more injured, and power and communications so disrupted that all attempts to re-establish them failed.

If the carrier was to be saved, her fires had to be brought under control by more potent means than the hastily organized bucket brigades. The *MORRIS* and *RUSSELL*, and later the *MUSTIN*, were ordered to come alongside and pass hoses. The *MORRIS* was the first on the spot and paid out three hoses, two of which were hauled across the flight deck and used to fight the fire on the port side, while the third was used on the fire on the signal bridge. When the *RUSSELL* came alongside on the port bow, her hoses were directed against the fires on the port side, as were the *MUSTIN*'s when she came up on the port quarter. A thousand men labored to save the ship and before noon it looked as if the fires were under control.

A few minutes after eleven o'clock the *NORTHAMPTON* was ordered to take the disabled carrier in tow. As she maneuvered for position a single dive bomber made a surprise attack on the carrier's bow. The bomb landed just outboard of the *MORRIS*, abreast of *HORNET*'s bridge. It caused no damage, and the plane escaped through the fire put up by all the ships.

By 11:30 the *NORTHAMPTON* was again ready to tow. But bad luck

dogged them. First, the original towline snapped, and it wasn't until half after two o'clock that a 2-inch towline was secured which men aboard the HORNET had roused out by hand.

Meanwhile Admiral Murray and his staff were taken from the HORNET by the RUSSELL, and transferred to the PENSACOLA, which now became the flagship for the HORNET group. The RUSSELL then went alongside the stricken carrier and removed wounded and some uninjured personnel. A total of five hundred men were taken aboard by means of breeches buoys, and by stretchers. The HUGHES also evacuated some men. By 3:40 all seriously wounded and excess members of the carrier's crew had been transferred to destroyers. The HORNET was being towed at a speed of three knots and there was every chance that the herculean efforts of the engineers would be able to get some of her power restored.

Every chance—but one!

Six Japanese torpedo planes, flying low, streaked in. Two veered to attack the NORTHAMPTON which cast off the towline and evaded the torpedoes. The helpless HORNET sagged under a hit on her starboard side. There was not even small comfort in the fact that two of the Japanese torpedoes were duds, because five dive bombers whistled down and the carrier lurched under the shock of near misses which made her wounds gap wider.

Captain Mason gave orders to abandon ship, and climbed down from the bridge to the flight deck just as six enemy horizontal bombers came over in a tight V formation and dropped their lethal eggs. One hit the carrier, others fell in the water close aboard the HORNET and the SAN DIEGO. And now there was more than small comfort shared by all hands, because the bombs did no hurt to the boats rescuing the HORNET's crew, and three of the six enemy aircraft were shot down.

More punishment was still in store for the ship. Just before sunset four dive bombers set the HORNET ablaze once more. It was wasted effort for the enemy, because the carrier's escorts were already making ready to bury the dying ship.

The HORNET was abandoned in an orderly manner "although about ten nonswimmers were urged into the water with some difficulty." Survivors were picked up by all the destroyers of the task force.

When the last bombing was unleashed, all survivors were aboard other ships except the occupants of two rafts and two boats. One carried Cap-

tain Mason, who had finally left his ship at 5:27 and was being rowed to the MUSTIN.

A destroyer made a last circle around the HORNET and found no further survivors.

The HORNET—the ship that had carried Jimmy Doolittle and his band of Army fliers to sow the first American bombs on Japan—did not want to die. She had taken terrible punishment from the Japanese on this 26th of October, 1942, and remained afloat. She now took even more from her own side, and remained afloat.

The MUSTIN expended all her torpedoes.

The ANDERSON fired her torpedoes at a range of less than a mile.

Still the HORNET floated.

The two destroyers now turned to gunfire. As though knowing that her career was truly ended, the HORNET broke into flames from end to end.

Her career had been short, but few would ever equal it.

High in the sky, far beyond anti-aircraft range, Japanese patrol planes circled.

3

All during that eight hours of agony for the HORNET, that scarred old veteran of the Pacific, USS ENTERPRISE, fought for her life too. Warned by the HORNET's first flight of the enemy's morning approach, the ENTERPRISE launched an additional eleven F4Fs to augment the combat air patrol already circling above the task force.

In one of these planes was a young lieutenant, Stanley W. Vejtasa. He was the leader of four of the fighters, and, airborne, they streaked toward the HORNET, ten miles away, to help in forestalling the attack which now was seen to be directed at that carrier.

The four fighters, at full throttle, climbed to 12,000 feet. Leveling off, Vejtasa saw that six to eight enemy dive bombers were above him, making a high-speed glide to their push-over point, which would be at about his altitude. One of the aircraft dived into a cloud; as he darted out Vejtasa made a steep wing-over and a high-side run, guns blazing. The Japanese burst into flames.

The other bombers completed their attack and climbed for safety. Hot after them flew Vejtasa and two more of the enemy plummeted in flames.

The defensive fighters climbed back to 10,000 feet to wait for the next assignment. Suddenly over the radio crackled orders from the fighter director. Eleven torpedo planes were headed for the ENTERPRISE: "Go get 'em."

The Japanese were just deploying for their approach on their target when Vejtasa and his wingman bore down on them. Each pilot got a plane. The bombers scattered and flew into a cloud, but Vejtasa was close on the heels of a three-plane section.

In the space of a few moments and a few short bursts of his machine guns, the three Japanese bombers were falling wing over disintegrating wing into the ocean.

Lieutenant Vejtasa pulled up and saw a torpedo-bomber overhead. He tried a quick low-side attack on it but missed. Chagrined, the flier chased the enemy plane out of the clouds flying too fast for an effective bombing drop. Antiaircraft opened up and Vejtasa broke away as the enemy plane crashed into the destroyer SMITH; Vejtasa saw the whole forward part of the destroyer flare into flame, but there was nothing he could do about that.

A little respite from work now. With no enemy in sight Lieutenant Vejtasa circled around the screen. Suddenly he saw two torpedo planes whiz through the antiaircraft fire close to the water. One was attacked by another fighter, and Vejtasa attacked the nearer one. His ammunition was nearly gone. Firing short bursts, he emptied his guns into the bomber. It skidded, caught fire, and dived flaming.

With two dive bombers, five torpedo bombers and one assist on a torpedo bomber as his bag for the day, Lieutenant Vejtasa joined up with the other members of his section and returned to the ENTERPRISE, where the four pilots circled for an hour and twenty minutes until the enemy attacks were finished, and they could land.

For performing one of the astonishing feats in the history of naval aviation, Lieutenant Stanley W. Vejtasa was awarded the Navy Cross.

4

In the day's biggest attack on the ENTERPRISE an estimated twenty-four planes struck and, although seven were shot down by antiaircraft, three bombs hit the carrier. One pierced the flight deck almost on the center line, ten feet abaft the forward elevator, causing a number of

casualties and starting fires that were speedily brought under control. Another pierced the flight deck twenty feet from the forward end, passed through the forecastle deck and exploded in the water. Apparently a part of one of these bombs split off from the main body and exploded on the third deck, inflicting severe damage and casualties. A third bomb opened a seam in the starboard side plating.

The ship shuddered from island to keelson. One plane was bounced off the deck into the sea, and another was hurled into the starboard 20-mm. battery.

At 11:20 the SOUTH DAKOTA, CONYNGHAM, and SMITH fired on what they took to be a submarine surfacing 4,000 yards from the SMITH. It was actually one of our planes that had pancaked in the water. This plane landed only 1,000 yards from the PRESTON, which maneuvered to collect the crew, but had to maneuver even more sharply to avoid the battleship's 5-inch shell fire.

About 11:35 a heavy torpedo plane attack began. Aboard the ENTERPRISE, the aircraft were seen to split into two groups and attack from both sides of the carrier. Despite heavy antiaircraft fire from all ships, approximately nine torpedoes were launched, five from starboard and four from port, from 1,000 to 2,000 yards away. Turning sharply, the carrier managed to evade all. Several of the planes were shot down.

One was the bomber pursued by Lieutenant Vejtasa. It dived on the SMITH from slightly abaft the starboard beam, hit the shield of Gun No. 2 and crashed on the port side of the forecastle deck, abreast of Gun No. 1. An immediate flash of fire covered the whole forward part of the ship, necessitating the abandonment of the bridge, and just as the damage-control crew went to work the plane's torpedo, which had skidded along the deck under the No. 1 gun, exploded.

The entire bow and forward superstructure of the destroyer was wrapped in flames. Topside was untenable all the way forward of the stack. The SMITH maneuvered magnificently still, but unless the flames could be subdued she was doomed.

Inspiration! Above the crackle and roar an order was shouted. The destroyer ran up close behind the speeding SOUTH DAKOTA and buried her blazing nose in the froth and spume of the battleship's high-flung wake. The fire sputtered and died down.

At 12:20, about twenty torpedo planes and dive bombers came out of a rain squall, attacking the carrier for only two minutes. Eight of

them were brought down in those hectic seconds, but a near hit caused minor damage on the starboard side of the ENTERPRISE. Ten minutes later, several enemy dive bombers appeared out of a cloud a thousand feet above the SOUTH DAKOTA's port bow and dropped four bombs. One of these was a direct hit on the forward turret. Fragments and blast injured Captain Thomas L. Gatch and wounded many of the gun crews of the 20-mm. and 40-mm. guns in the vicinity. The other three bombs missed.

The new battleship SOUTH DAKOTA's antiaircraft batteries, in action for the first time, had acquitted themselves magnificently. The heavy curtain of steel they threw up around the ENTERPRISE contributed tremendously to the successful defense of that carrier. Dubbed "Old Nameless" by the press, her exploit was made public knowledge long before her identity could be revealed. Even in the age of aerial warfare and of sea battles in which ship never engaged ship, the battleship had proved itself no bad investment.

From the same formation, six bombs were dropped at the SAN JUAN. Five were near hits and one glanced off the starboard side, exploding in the water and causing considerable damage aft. The rudder was jammed right, and steering control was not regained for about ten minutes. Thirteen men were injured.

Five minutes after the last attack on the ENTERPRISE, radar found a group of enemy planes coming in. They were seen just before they went into a rain cloud and were spotted as fifteen dive bombers escorted by nine fighters. They were already in their dives before they were seen again, but all the bombs missed. Ten of the enemy planes paid with their lives.

So ended the Battle of the Santa Cruz Islands. The ENTERPRISE resumed landing her planes and the HORNET's homeless aircraft, although fuel exhaustion caused many of the planes to land in the water. When all aircraft had been taken aboard and downed personnel picked up from the water or ferried over from other rescue ships, Admiral Kinkaid ordered the ENTERPRISE and HORNET forces to retire to the southwest independently.

It was another victory for the United States Navy, but at first evaluation it seemed to be of the Pyrrhic sort. As in the still debated affair of Jutland, in World War I, the enemy had suffered the lighter losses but had abandoned the field.

We had lost the HORNET and the PORTER. The enemy had no ships sunk. The ENTERPRISE was damaged and had to return to base for repairs. The Japanese had two carriers likewise hors de combat temporarily. Damage had been done the SOUTH DAKOTA, the SAN JUAN and the SMITH. Comparatively, only one Japanese cruiser was as badly hurt.

The United States lost 74 airplanes—the Japanese nearly twice as many. We lost 23 pilots and 10 air crewmen, the Japanese lost over 100.¹

But the relief of Guadalcanal had been thwarted, and that was the real gauge of the battle, as it was then evaluated. There was, of course, no way of knowing that the most important element of victory was its influence on the battle still to come. Let Admiral Keizo Komura—6-foot, 220-pound commander of cruisers in the battle—give the analysis:

“Our naval losses were not important, but the general assault to recapture Guadalcanal failed at a time when our forces were much stronger than yours. Following that attack you were able to reinforce Guadalcanal and increase your air strength in that area while the naval strength available to us in the November action was reduced by this battle.

“We also lost some of our most experienced pilots in this action. The damage to the carriers and loss of pilots prevented proper air coverage during the November battle. After this action we were never able to reinforce our garrison on Guadalcanal with sufficient strength to recapture it. You were able to use Guadalcanal as a base to recapture the remainder of the islands.

“I think that this was the turning point of the war in that area!”

¹ Testimony of Commander Masataka Okumiya, air staff officer, October 12, 1945.

CHAPTER NINE

Guadalcanal

I

THE Japanese had expected to wipe out the American invaders of the Solomons. The United States Navy had thwarted the effort. But there was no respite for either side.

The Japanese intensified their efforts to cut the American supply line and step up the capacity of their own. With the former they achieved considerable success, but with the latter they were not so fortunate. Their only means of reinforcement was by the Tokyo Express, and twenty-four of our submarines made its periodic journeys through the Slot hazardous. During the first half of November the submarines sank at least six ships, and damaged seven more of assorted classes.

On land, Navy and Marines were co-operating to push the Japanese back. On October 30 the light cruiser ATLANTA and four destroyers bombarded enemy positions back of Point Cruz for eight hours. The next morning the 5th Marines struck across the Matanikau River, and on November 3 our troops had advanced beyond Point Cruz. Our offensive had to be checked here, because the previous night Japanese cruisers and destroyers had managed to land 1,500 men and artillery east of Koli Point. On November 4 the SAN FRANCISCO, HELENA and STERETT bombarded this new force, and destroyed stockpiles of newly delivered stores and ammunition. Only about 700 Japanese were left alive. They escaped to the jungle, where the 2nd Marine Raider Battalion met them, and so there were none.

By November, United States air defenses on the island had been greatly improved. The development of landing strips around Lunga proceeded rapidly, and both Marine and Army aircraft were adding to the enemy's discomfort. On the 7th, Guadalcanal planes attacked an enemy light cruiser and ten destroyers. They scored one bomb and two

torpedo hits on the cruiser, damaged two destroyers and shot down sixteen planes.

The Japanese continued to try to lighten the pressure on the defending forces. The darker the night the more certain the Marines could be that enemy units by squads and platoons were being sneaked ashore. In counteraction, PT boats from Tulagi attacked repeatedly. On the night of November 6-7 they sank a destroyer. Two more were damaged on other nights.

Such reinforcements dribbling in to the beleaguered Japanese were far from adequate and the cost in transportation was profligate. The Japanese realized that they would have to make another major strike. Again they gathered and concentrated a fleet in the Rabaul-Buin area.

This time, the Japanese said in effect, we won't be stopped. Nothing the Americans can bring together will be strong enough. And the roving, watchful reconnaissance planes, emblazoned with the star of the United States, counted sixty enemy ships in anchorages of Buin, Faisi and Tonolei.

They included four battleships, six cruisers, two carriers, and thirty-three destroyers besides more than a score of transports and cargo ships.

Vice Admiral William F. Halsey, Jr., Commander South Pacific Force and South Pacific Area, had no force like this. Only one carrier, the ENTERPRISE, was near-by, and she was in Noumea being repaired. The Big E could not possibly be ready to fight again until the third week in November, the wounded ship's bedside report had it. But news of impending battle hastened recovery.

The Allied forces on Guadalcanal had received some reinforcements from Efate on November 6. Now seven more United States transports were scheduled to sail from other ports with much-needed supplies and men. These would have to be protected and, probably, a major enemy offensive simultaneously would have to be beaten back. If we couldn't accomplish that, the Solomons campaign would be finished—and with it our position in the entire South Pacific would be dangerously compromised.

In all, about 6,000 men were to be put ashore from the seven transports. For their protection Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner had a force of only twenty combatant ships: three heavy cruisers, one light cruiser,

two anti-aircraft light cruisers, and fourteen destroyers.¹ These were based at Noumea, New Caledonia, and Espiritu Santo, New Hebrides.

Task Force TARE's Noumea section sailed first on the afternoon of Sunday, November 8. Espiritu Santo Section 2 followed next morning, with the first section leaving early Tuesday. All were to rendezvous on Wednesday morning, the 11th, southeast of San Cristobal.

By the afternoon of Monday, November 9, there was no longer any doubt that the Japanese had started a vast amphibious offensive. Reconnaissance and intelligence reports led Admiral Turner to estimate that the enemy planned to use two to four carriers, possibly two to four fast battleships, as well as cruisers and destroyers, to the northward of Guadalcanal. As protection for at least one division of troops in eight to twelve transports, the Admiral reasoned, two heavy cruisers, two to four light cruisers, twelve to sixteen destroyers, and several light minelayers would

¹ Task Force TARE, Rear Admiral Richmond K. Turner:

Noumea Group, Admiral Turner:

- 1 heavy cruiser—
PORTLAND (Capt. Laurance T. DuBose)
- 1 AA light cruiser—
JUNEAU (Capt. Lyman K. Swenson)
- 4 destroyers—
BARTON (Lt. Comdr. Douglas H. Fox)
MONSSEN (Lt. Comdr. Charles E. McCombs)
O'BANNON (Comdr. Edwin R. Wilkinson)
SHAW (Comdr. Wilbur G. Jones)
- 4 transports, Capt. Ingolf N. Kiland—
MC CAWLEY (Capt. Charlie P. McFeaters)
CRESCENT CITY (Capt. John R. Sullivan)
PRESIDENT ADAMS (Comdr. Frank H. Dean)
PRESIDENT JACKSON (Comdr. Charles W. Weitzel)

Espiritu Santo Group, Section 1, Rear Admiral Daniel J. Callaghan:

- 2 heavy cruisers, Rear Admiral Mahlon S. Tisdale—
PENSACOLA (Capt. Frank L. Lowe)
SAN FRANCISCO (Capt. Cassin Young)
- 1 light cruiser—
HELENA (Capt. Gilbert C. Hoover)
- 6 destroyers, Capt. Thomas M. Stokes (Comdesdiv 10)—
BUCHANAN (Comdr. Ralph E. Wilson)
CUSHING (Lt. Comdr. Edward N. Parker)
GWIN (Lt. Comdr. John B. Fellows, Jr.)
LAFFEY (Lt. Comdr. William E. Hank)
PRESTON (Comdr. Max C. Stormes)
STERETT (Comdr. Jesse G. Coward)

Espiritu Santo Group, Section 2, Rear Admiral Norman Scott:

- 1 AA light cruiser—
ATLANTA (Capt. Samuel P. Jenkins)

probably operate eastward from Buin. He anticipated that land-based planes would start bombing Guadalcanal on Tuesday, and that the airfield would probably be bombarded by surface craft Wednesday night. A continuous and concentrated carrier air attack on Henderson Field would probably take place on Thursday, with further naval bombardment and landings, perhaps after midnight, on Thursday night near Cape Esperance or Koli Point.

Although no carriers were directly involved, many of these hypotheses were accurate.

Since the enemy invasion force was expected in the Guadalcanal area by Friday, November 13, it was very important that our transports should have finished unloading by that time and be well out of danger. Therefore they would have to finish by Thursday. The combatant ships, no longer charged with the protection of the transports, would then be able to carry the fight to the Japanese.

4 destroyers—

AARON WARD (Comdr. Orville F. Gregor)
 FLETCHER (Comdr. William M. Cole)
 LARDNER (Lt. Comdr. Willard M. Sweetser)
 MC CALLA (Lt. Comdr. William G. Cooper)

3 cargo ships—

BETELGEUSE (Comdr. Harry D. Powers)
 LIBRA (Comdr. William B. Fletcher)
 ZEILIN (Capt. Pat Buchanan)

Rear Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid's task force at Noumea was held as a support group. It was now organized as follows:

1 aircraft carrier—

ENTERPRISE (Capt. Osborne B. Hardison)

2 battleships, Rear Admiral Willis A. Lee, Jr. (Combatdiv 6)—

SOUTH DAKOTA (Capt. Thomas L. Gatch)
 WASHINGTON (Capt. Glenn B. Davis)

1 heavy cruiser, Rear Admiral Howard H. Good—

NORTHAMPTON (Capt. Willard Howard A. Kitts, III)

1 AA light cruiser—

SAN DIEGO (Capt. Benjamin F. Perry)

8 destroyers, Comdr. Harold R. Holcomb (Comdesron 2)—

ANDERSON (Lt. Comdr. Richard A. Guthrie)
 BENHAM (Lt. Comdr. John B. Taylor)
 CLARK (Lt. Comdr. Lawrence H. Martin)
 HUGHES (Comdr. Donald J. Ramsey)
 MORRIS (Comdr. Arnold E. True, Comdesdiv 4), Lt. Comdr. Randolph B. Boyer
 MUSTIN (Comdr. Wallis F. Petersen)
 RUSSELL (Comdr. Glenn R. Hartwig)
 WALKER (Comdr. Thomas E. Fraser)

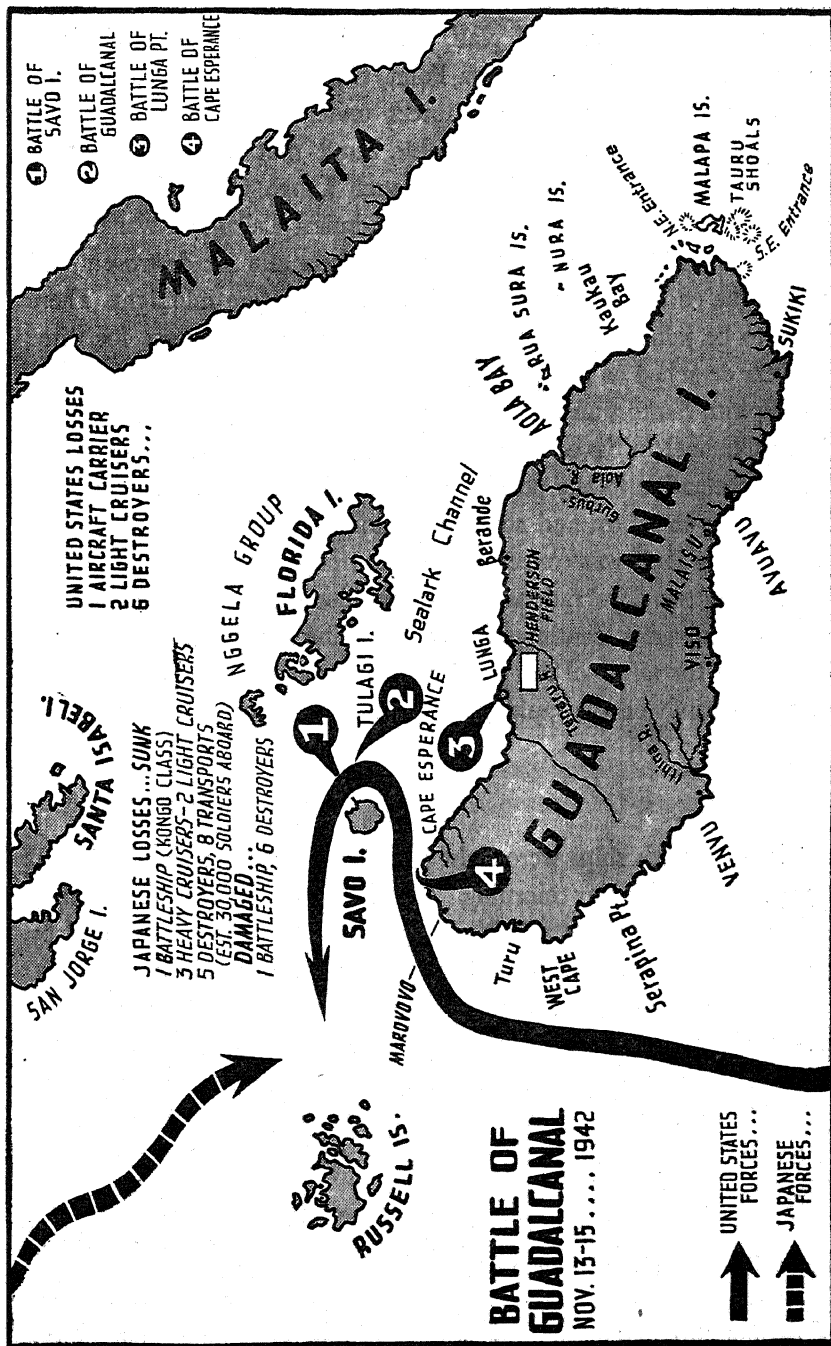


FIGURE 5

According to the original plan, Admiral Scott's cargo vessels from *Espiritu Santo* were due off Lunga Point, Guadalcanal, at 5:30 A.M. on Wednesday, November 11. The forces under Admirals Turner and Callaghan were to reach Indispensable Strait that night, after which the Noumea transports would pass through Lengo Channel and reach the unloading point Thursday morning. Admiral Callaghan was to precede the transport group with his three cruisers and six destroyers and arrive at the end of Sealark Channel two hours before midnight. There he was to be joined by Admiral Scott's fighting ships, except for three destroyers detached as antiaircraft and antisubmarine protection for the three *Espiritu Santo* transports. During the night he was to pass through Sealark Channel to Savo Sound and strike any enemy forces he might find, with attention to any possible transports in their rear. If none were found he was to return and cover the unloading during the day. As far as the landing itself was concerned, all the troops were to be put ashore first, carrying two days' rations and ammunition. Those who were on the beach were to work continuously at unloading the boats. As Admiral Turner said, the safety of the position of the troops ashore on the island depended entirely on the rapidity with which the ships were emptied.

2

Admiral Scott's ships were right on schedule, reaching Guadalcanal at 5:30 on Wednesday morning. And four hours after their arrival they had their first air attack. Nine Aichi type 99 bombers escorted by fifteen Zeros chose the transports as they peeled off from 10,000 feet.

Rocked by heavy antiaircraft fire, and pounced upon by our Marine land-based fighters, the bombers dropped three bombs near the *ZEILIN*, flooding her No. 1 hold. The *LIBRA* and *BETELGEUSE* were slightly damaged by other near hits. Then the half of the bombers that had survived the antiaircraft fire roared away with our fighters close on their tails, falling one by one as they tried to escape.

Unloading operations were promptly resumed. At 11:27 a flight of twenty-five medium and heavy level bombers, protected by five Zeros, caused another alert. These planes, however, occupied themselves with the ground installations on the island. Ten more bombers fell to the combined fury of ack-ack, and the Marine fighters lost one Grumman.

At twilight Admiral Scott's ships retired to Indispensable Strait for

the night. The ZEILIN's damage required that she return to Espiritu Santo, so the LARDNER was detached to escort her.

Meanwhile, Admiral Turner and Admiral Callaghan's combined forces were approaching on schedule. On the morning of the 11th the PORTLAND's four seaplanes had been sent back to Espiritu Santo, because the Battle of Savo had shown that cruiser planes on board during action are a serious fire hazard. Although air search from Guadalcanal had detected no enemy surface vessels in the vicinity, Admiral Callaghan wanted to be sure, so he sped ahead of the transports, and made two thorough sweeps through the waters to the east and west of Savo Island. He rejoined Admiral Turner's transports at dawn on Thursday.

Admiral Turner's four transports anchored off Kukum Point at half past five Thursday morning and the LIBRA and BETELGEUSE anchored two miles east of Lunga Point. Combatant vessels were formed in two protective semicircles about them.

At 7:18 a Japanese 6-inch shore battery opened up on BETELGEUSE and LIBRA. The HELENA, BARTON, and SHAW turned their guns against it and blasted that menace. Neither of the cargo ships was hit, and debarkation was not interrupted. What was one shore battery compared with the fifty bombers expected to arrive at any minute?

The alert didn't come until afternoon, a good three-quarters of an hour warning enabling our ships to up anchors and get into previously designated formation to repel attack.

Just after two o'clock two dozen Mitsubishi type-1 torpedo bombers and eight Zeros roared in low over Florida Island. Over the beach they dipped down close to the water's surface, skimming toward the transports at 200 miles an hour, in a long line abreast. It was a terrifying charge of aerial cavalry, but it ran headlong into point-blank fire of the screening ships so devastating that four or five enemy planes were immediately blasted from the air and as many others set ablaze. It was holocaust. In a desperate attempt to avoid destruction the formation split into two groups, one swerving across the bows of our ships and the other swinging around astern. So violent was the maneuver that their torpedoes were jerked haphazardly into the sea.

But the attempt to escape was fruitless. The land-based Marine and Army fighters, five of the Zeros already bagged on the approach, now eliminated every remaining bomber but one. But the attack had drawn blood.

A Mitsubishi which dropped its torpedo on the starboard side of the MC CAWLEY was set afire by that ship's guns. The pilot swerved his blazing plane in a suicide course for the SAN FRANCISCO. Although he was practically parallel to her and disintegrating under her guns, he managed to strike Battle II and the after control structure with one wing, and side-swipe the ship like a scythe of flame before diving into the water. Several fires broke out, all soon extinguished, but thirty lives had been mowed down and three after 20-mm. guns on the after superstructure demolished. Their crews were killed to a man as they steadfastly stood to their guns, firing until the plane hit them.

The transports anchored again at about 3:25, two hours' unloading time lost.

By late afternoon it was calculated that the transports could be 90 per cent unloaded before nightfall. Then scouting aircraft sent in reports of three strong enemy forces steaming toward Guadalcanal, close enough to arrive during the night if they kept to their course. They were not accompanied by transports. Obviously their mission was to attack our transports and bombard our positions ashore.

Admiral Turner did some quick calculations. He decided to withdraw his transports to safer waters and to send Admiral Callaghan to meet the Japanese.

Leaving only one damaged destroyer, two low-fuel destroyers, and two minesweepers to cover the transports, he assigned to Admiral Callaghan five cruisers and eight destroyers, as a welcoming committee for at least two battleships, three cruisers, eleven destroyers and two seaplane tenders, with more perhaps in the offing. Well, so had we something in the offing too. To the southwest, Admiral Kinkaid's task force was steaming toward the area, and the invincible ENTERPRISE, her wounds patched, was with him. They wouldn't be near enough for action this night, but the following morning, Friday the 13th, would be in fly-off position at Guadalcanal.

3

There was no moon when the ships' clocks showed it was Friday the 13th, November, 1942. Nor were there any stars, for the sky was overcast with ink-black clouds. In a single column, Admiral Callaghan's thirteen ships entered Lengo Channel for a search of the Savo Island

area. They were in Battle Disposition "Baker One": the CUSHING leading, followed in order by the destroyers LAFFEY, STERETT and O'BANNON, the cruisers ATLANTA, SAN FRANCISCO, PORTLAND, HELENA, JUNEAU, and destroyers AARON WARD, BARTON, MONSSEN and FLETCHER.

Only five of these ships were equipped with search radar: PORTLAND, HELENA, JUNEAU, O'BANNON and FLETCHER. Their antennas revolved, sending out probing beams of microwaves through the inky dark.

The HELENA's clocks said 1:24 when blobs appeared on her scopes. The report was flashed to Admiral Callaghan on the flagship SAN FRANCISCO: Three groups of ships off the port bow, at distances ranging from thirteen to fifteen miles!

Course was changed to head directly for the enemy. The two fleets closed rapidly and the warning eye of radar showed that now the enemy was split into four groups—*on either side of our ships*. All told there were between eighteen and twenty Japanese ships. To the right were two light cruisers and several destroyers; to the left were two heavy cruisers and two or three destroyers to be met first, then a battleship, HIYEI, and three or four destroyers. To the north and somewhat to right was another battleship, KIRISHIMA, and escorting destroyers.

At 1:45 Admiral Callaghan ordered the task force to stand by to open fire at a range of 3,000 yards. At this point, the cat's eye of radar showed enemy ships on both sides of our column, but the opposing forces were invisible to each other. The seconds ticked by as the yardage decreased. Suddenly the Americans tense on deck saw the Japanese flash recognition signals—red over white over green, and then at once realizing their mistake, they flared their searchlights, port and starboard, illuminating the United States force as if it were on holiday display. Then, down the track of light screamed the first enemy salvos.

The time was 1:48.

Coolly, Admiral Callaghan sent the order. "Odd ships fire to starboard, even to port!" The guns of the task force opened up, and so began a free-for-all fight with little semblance of co-ordination on either side, a fantastic battle, the likes of which had not been fought since navies abandoned sail, in which ships fought independently and both sides had to exert care not to hit their own ships.

At a conservative estimate, the Japanese could throw three times as much steel per broadside as the Americans. They could also pound our ships from both sides and from ahead. The American fleet was in a box.

But the Japs had not expected to fight a surface engagement. They had been ordered to bombard our positions on Guadalcanal, especially the airfields and supplies, to clear the way for another landing, and so their guns and ammunition hoists were loaded with bombardment ammunition. Despite the initial Japanese accuracy of fire, the amount of damage caused the American ships by the lighter shells was low.

Immediately as the enemy illuminated, what was believed to be a light cruiser two miles to starboard came under fire from the SAN FRANCISCO and STERETT. Seven main battery salvos from the SAN FRANCISCO, and the Japanese ship—a large destroyer—blew up in a gaudy display of fireworks. The job was accomplished in one minute flat.

Now, a searchlight is a two-way affair, and if our ships were lit up, the beams led back to their source. On the port side, the ATLANTA, JUNEAU, HELENA, AARON WARD, BARTON, FLETCHER, LAFFEY and O'BANNON opened up on illuminating vessels, concentrating on two in line. The ATLANTA and JUNEAU blasted a light cruiser, while the HELENA, BARTON and FLETCHER attacked a heavy cruiser. Both enemy ships burst into flame and retired. Seeing her target out of action FLETCHER shifted fire to the next ship in line which she reported as either "a NATORI- or TENRYU-class cruiser." She was joined by the STERETT, which fired thirteen salvos. Both Japanese ships were thought to have sunk almost immediately. In the same area "an enemy destroyer exploded" and two others were seen to be on fire.

The ATLANTA, an odd-numbered ship, had been unable to open fire to starboard as ordered because our destroyers were in the way. While she was shooting at a cruiser to port, a division of Japanese destroyers crossed half a mile ahead of her. Concentrating her forward guns on the last in line, the ATLANTA put twenty shells into her and she "erupted into flame and disappeared." The after group of guns continued to fire at the cruiser until she, too, vanished.

The ATLANTA herself was not unscathed. By now she had sustained thirteen 5-inch hits and some 3-inch from the light cruiser, mostly around the bridge, and twelve 5-inch hits from the destroyers, and she was fighting fires forward. Then, as the enemy ceased fire, the cruiser was struck by one or two torpedoes forward from a destroyer to port. All power was lost, except the auxiliary diesel, and the rudder was jammed left. The ATLANTA began to circle back toward the south.

The SAN FRANCISCO saw a "small cruiser or large destroyer farther

ahead on the starboard bow," and shifted her fire to the vessel which "was hit with two full main battery salvos and set afire throughout her length." The range was 3,300 yards. At about the same time, as nearly as can be judged, "a heavy cruiser" came up in the dark on ATLANTA's port quarter and opened fire against her at a range of about 3,500 yards, bearing 240° relative. The ATLANTA reported that nineteen hits were scored on her with 8-inch armor-piercing ammunition. Although many of the projectiles failed to explode, her hull was holed several times, and her damaged bridge was shattered. The shells were loaded with green dye, the SAN FRANCISCO's color. As the first shot struck, Captain Samuel P. Jenkins of the ATLANTA rushed to the port side to get off torpedoes. When he returned to starboard, Admiral Scott and three officers of his staff had been killed, as well as a large number of others. The foremast collapsed, fires were blazing everywhere, and the ATLANTA was dead in the water.

The remodernized Japanese battleship HIYEI was being engaged by the destroyers O'BANNON and AARON WARD. The O'BANNON's guns shot out the battleship's searchlight and started several blazes. Then the SAN FRANCISCO took the HIYEI under fire and scored at the waterline with two salvos.

The engagement had now become a battle royal, in which the temptation was to shoot first and identify afterward. The sea was crosshatched with torpedo tracks and plumed with geysers of shell splashes. When the SAN FRANCISCO shifted her fire to the HIYEI, that vessel did not shoot back. Instead, mistaking foe for friend, the battleship frantically blinker-signaled the code for "error."

Admiral Callaghan had to get his ships in some semblance of order. Over the short-range voice radio, TBS, he broadcast: "Cease firing!" The order did not get through to the other vessels, but the SAN FRANCISCO stopped firing at the HIYEI.

The enemy battleship, probably thinking her signal obeyed, bore down on the destroyer LAFFEY, which put on a burst of steam and managed to cross the enemy's bows with a few feet to spare. As the destroyer slid by she swung out her tubes and fired two torpedoes, but the range was too short and the missiles bounced, unarmed. Simultaneously the destroyer blasted the battleship's bridge with all guns she could get to bear, before a salvo from the Japanese smashed her own bridge as well as her No. 2 turret.

Meanwhile, at 1:52, the PORTLAND'S second salvo to starboard ripped into one of the enemy destroyers making a torpedo attack on the American column, but it was a poor exchange because the PORTLAND herself had a screw sheared off by a torpedo, and the cruiser JUNEAU and destroyer LAFFEY were mortally wounded.

Lieutenant Roger W. O'Neill, a doctor aboard the JUNEAU, felt the jolt of the torpedo's hit. "I can assure you it was terrific," he said. "It had sufficient concussion to cause the deck to buckle. . . . From what I could gather, the torpedo hit somewhere between frames 42 and 45 and entered the forward fireroom on the port side. The hit was below the armor belt. . . . All hands, approximately seventeen, inside this forward fireroom were killed immediately. . . . The chief engineer was quoted as having said, in his opinion, the keel of the ship had been broken by that initial torpedo hit. Immediately following the hit, the ship seemed to rise and settle deeper and listed somewhat to the port side. All lighting forward of the after messhall was lost. We had also lost all our engine room generators for power and we couldn't fire our guns. . . . We immediately left the scene of action because we were injured to the extent that we could not fire and there was nothing left for us to do."

At 1:54, with the battle only six minutes old, Admiral Callaghan again gave the order to cease fire, but few heard it because of damage to their TBS, and the melee continued. The CUSHING fired six torpedoes at the HIYEI and was immediately blasted by destroyer and cruiser salvos that put all her guns, except her 20-mm., out of commission. One minute later the BARTON stopped to avoid colliding with a friendly ship and was struck with one, and then two torpedoes. She broke in half and sank in ten seconds, the loss of life tragically increased when a destroyer astern, and herself under attack, tore through the BARTON'S swimming survivors at high speed.

At 1:56—eight minutes of the battle gone—the O'BANNON closed to within half a mile of the burning battleship HIYEI, readied her torpedoes, and fired a spread of three at the colossus. There was a tremendous explosion on the enemy ship, and a sheet of fire completely covered her. Burning particles fell on the destroyer, which was swung north to avoid colliding. From her decks five burning ships could be counted astern, whether friend or enemy none could tell.

Now, the SAN FRANCISCO again had the blazing but still firing HIYEI

on her starboard bow, with the battleship heading parallel on the same course. On the flagship's starboard quarter an enemy cruiser was groping for her range, and a Japanese destroyer cut across her bow, turned hard left and raked her port side, all guns blazing.

The SAN FRANCISCO's predicament was called out to the fleet over voice radio, and the PORTLAND responded, asking for directions. Admiral Callaghan, broadcasting the appeal to get "the big ones," told the PORTLAND to concentrate on the HIYEI, a shining mark. The American cruiser fired four main battery salvos at a range of two miles and made fourteen hits on the enemy battleship. The SAN FRANCISCO also gave the HIYEI everything she had in one grand broadside just as the enemy cruiser found her range and the HIYEI's third salvo smashed her bridge, killing Admiral Callaghan and mortally wounding Captain Young.

The SAN FRANCISCO kept firing at the HIYEI as long as the main battery would bear, and the Japanese battleship threw two or three more salvos before the duel was broken off. The SAN FRANCISCO had received fifteen major-caliber hits and uncounted lesser ones. Twenty-five separate fires were aggravating that damage. The officer of the deck, Lieutenant Commander Bruce McCandless, was conning the damaged ship, while Lieutenant Commander Herbert Schonland, who had succeeded to command, continued to fight the fires below.

After just fifteen minutes of battle, most of our ships were seriously shot up. Target for twenty direct hits, the destroyer CUSHING was lying helpless. The LAFFEY and BARTON had sunk; the STERETT had lost her foremast; the O'BANNON was slightly damaged. The cruiser ATLANTA was burning, and the SAN FRANCISCO and PORTLAND were badly holed. The HELENA had received minor injury. The JUNEAU had crawled from the scene of action, her back broken. Only the AARON WARD, MONSSEN and FLETCHER were untouched.

The AARON WARD's immunity was short-lived. In pursuit of a cruiser she received three 14-inch, two 8-inch, and five smaller hits, and was put out of action. Then the STERETT was caught in a cross fire while pumping torpedoes at the HIYEI and sustained several 5-inch hits on her bridge.

At twelve past two, twenty-four minutes after the opening gun, the HELENA tried to reassemble the scattered American units. Most of the Japanese ships had turned in headlong retirement, firing haphazardly at each other as they withdrew. The STERETT, despite her serious damage, closed with a limping enemy destroyer and set her afire with two

torpedoes and two 5-inch salvos, before the Jap was able to return a single shell. When the Japanese destroyer blazed up, the light from the explosion revealed the STERETT to other enemy stragglers who immediately took her under fire, and the courageous destroyer absorbed eleven more direct hits, setting ready-service powder afire. Now the destroyer had only two guns still serviceable; her remaining two torpedoes were jammed in their tubes. But the engines were all right and the STERETT managed to get away at flank speed, just as the near-by MONSSEN, one of the two ships left unscathed, was illuminated by star shells. Believing them to have come from a friendly vessel trying to make formation, the destroyer flashed recognition lights. Immediately searchlights lit her up and a salvo of medium-caliber shells hurtled down, putting her out of action. Steering was lost, and her upper works became a mass of flames. Without guns, torpedoes or power, the ship was ordered abandoned. The commanding officer and several others were trapped on the bridge, but managed to jump into the water from the rail, all suffering serious injury.

At last, though, the HELENA instructed all the ships to form on her and head eastward. The only means of communication left to the SAN FRANCISCO was a flashlight, and by it she signaled the news of Admiral Callaghan's death. The CUSHING was sinking, and her crew abandoning ship. The FLETCHER formed up, and shepherded the HELENA and SAN FRANCISCO out of Sealark Channel, meeting up with the damaged JUNEAU in Indispensable Strait. The O'BANNON and STERETT retired through Lengo Channel and joined the four others in a limping procession toward Espiritu Santo, none knowing that the JUNEAU would never get there.

Daybreak found the battle area still smoking. The PORTLAND was circling, her steering out of control. Dead men, and some still living, dotted a sea foul with oil and wreckage.

Two miles to the south lay the ATLANTA, her fires out. The CUSHING and the MONSSEN were burning to the northwest and north, and presently the latter blew up and sank. The AARON WARD was dead in the water seven and a half miles to the north. Northwest of Savo Island the battered HIYEI was slowly steaming, circling, her steering also shot away; a destroyer was standing by the stricken giant. Six and a half miles from the PORTLAND, south of Savo, lay a Japanese destroyer with two small boats alongside.

The crippled ships glowered at each other. Then, suddenly, angrily,

the cruiser PORTLAND pumped six 6-gun salvos at the Jap destroyer. The last one exploded the after magazine and the destroyer sank. According to Admiral Nimitz, this destruction of an enemy vessel while steering was still out of control was "one of the highlights of the action."

Half an hour later the Japanese battleship, like a dying rattlesnake striking in final fury, hurled eight 2-gun salvos at the AARON WARD, which was about to be taken under tow by Lieutenant James L. Foley's tug BOBOLINK from Tulagi. Then the Japanese firing stopped, for out of the sky was descending a formidable antagonist—planes from Guadalcanal to give her the coup de grâce.

At ten o'clock the ATLANTA and PORTLAND were still helpless off the enemy-held shore. The BOBOLINK returned from taking the AARON WARD to Tulagi, and took the worse-hurt ATLANTA to Lunga Point, a fruitless labor because salvage operations proved to be of no avail, and a demolition party led by Captain Jenkins himself sank the cruiser that night.

In the afternoon the sturdy, homely, tireless BOBOLINK came back for the PORTLAND. Towing was slow and difficult and it took until the following morning, almost exactly twenty-four hours after the battle, to berth the PORTLAND in Tulagi.

During all that salvage and sporadic shooting during the daylight following the engagement, survivors were being picked up by small craft and taken to Guadalcanal.

So ended the first phase of what naval history will record as the Battle of Guadalcanal.

In thirty-four minutes of slam-bang furious action a vastly inferior American force had, at great cost, stopped Japan's South Pacific fleet and turned it back in staggering retreat. That fleet's mission had been to blast a hole in the Americans' grip on the Solomons through which would be poured the army of veteran troops even then bearing down on Guadalcanal.

The battle cost us five ships—the new antiaircraft light cruiser ATLANTA and the new destroyers BARTON, LAFFEY and MONSSEN, the older but modern CUSHING. The heavy cruisers SAN FRANCISCO and PORTLAND were severely damaged, the light cruiser JUNEAU more so, her sister ship ATLANTA less. Three destroyers had been hurt in varying degrees of severity—AARON WARD, STERETT and O'BANNON. Only the FLETCHER came through relatively unmarked by the most savage fleet action of modern times.

The Japanese, fully aware of the presence of the American cruisers and destroyers in Guadalcanal waters, admittedly did not believe that the light force would challenge Nippon's superiority in ships and fire power. The enemy once more suffered much less material damage than did the victors—one battleship and two destroyers sunk, two cruisers and three destroyers damaged. But he had lost the field again. The object of the Japanese fleet was to flatten the American positions on Guadalcanal. The mission of the handful of American ships was to prevent that accomplishment, no matter the cost, and—they succeeded.

But final payment for the preservation of Guadalcanal had not yet been exacted. A new battle was brewing, and death was dogging the trail of our wounded ships plodding toward Espiritu Santo.

The damaged HELENA, SAN FRANCISCO, JUNEAU, STERETT and the FLETCHER were having difficulties, and the going was slow. The JUNEAU was ten to twelve feet down by the bow with a 2-degree list. She could turn only to the right, because only one screw was working and her steering mechanism was damaged, so she kept station on the SAN FRANCISCO's starboard quarter.

The SAN FRANCISCO too had been terribly hurt, and, to climax the damage, the sick bay had been shot away. Her many casualties were lying on the decks wherever space could be found. Dr. O'Neill, who had been working all night on the JUNEAU, took three hospital corpsmen with him in a whaleboat to the SAN FRANCISCO to help the greater need there.

"Upon arriving aboard the SAN FRANCISCO it was immediately evident that there was considerable work to be done," said Dr. O'Neill. "My first assignment, I operated upon a colored messboy by the name of Jackson, whose entire abdominal viscera had been hanging out exposed all night since he had been hit. This was just an example of what the medical department aboard the SAN FRANCISCO was up against . . . We improvised an operating table in what had been Admiral Callaghan's cabin. I had just finished treating Jackson when word came over 'Stand by for an attack!'

"Seconds later I heard perhaps the most terrific explosion I shall ever hear. After hearing bombs at Santa Cruz and shell fire during the night battle, all I can say is that this was the most terrifying explosion of all. My first reaction was: Stand by for another! When none other came, I looked out of the porthole of the SAN FRANCISCO into tremendous clouds

of gray and black smoke. I didn't know who or what had been hit. Then somebody told me that it had been the JUNEAU."

But when he looked, the JUNEAU was not there. The big new cruiser had sunk in twenty seconds, a minute after eleven o'clock, from one of three torpedoes apparently aimed at the SAN FRANCISCO. It struck the JUNEAU on the port side, in the same place she had been hit the night before. No sight or sound contact with the submarine was made. The other ships were so crippled, and the antisubmarine screen so weak, that they couldn't stop and look for survivors and jeopardize themselves. It did not seem likely that there would be any survivors from the JUNEAU; it had gone so quickly.

Actually, about 120 men were left struggling in the water. One of them was a seaman named Allen Clifton Heyn.

Another was a young junior grade Reserve lieutenant, Charles Wang.

4

If anybody mentioned the date he was told to pipe down, for heaven's sake. So it was Friday the 13th. So what? On the JUNEAU the men were tired. Dog tired; numb. But they had to work. All hands that were able had to work to keep the ship going; all those who were not lying with a pain they could not forget; those who were not forever past pain and exhaustion were neatly covered with blankets.

The men manning their stations, and those who could think other thoughts than prayers for relief from pain, knew that theirs had been a great victory. With each turn of their ship's lone propeller, they were nearer to safety. Espiritu Santo would look good after the past few hours! And surely the ship would be sent back to Pearl Harbor for repairs. That meant liberty, girls, music, restaurant chow!

It was eleven o'clock, and Allen Heyn, "striking" for gunner's mate, was at his battle station, the 1.1 gun on the fantail. Here is his story as he dictated it:

"Everybody was kind of talking low and breathing a little easy. Everybody was pretty well shook up from the night before and I remember I was just relieving another man on my gun on the phones. We took turns every once in a while so it would be easier. It was pretty hard on your ears and everything and I took over one phone.

"I was putting them on while he was taking the other ones off. And I said to him, 'Are you ready?'"

"And he said—he didn't say anything. He just looked at me with his mouth open. I didn't know what it was: Somebody passing the word over the phone or what. It just seemed like everybody was just standing there and then—an explosion! A torpedo struck or something.

"It struck about midships, because the whole thing just blew up and it threw me against a gun mount and I had one of those steel helmets on and when I came to, everything was all torn apart there, and there was oil coming down the air and I thought it was rain, but it was just oil from the boilers or something. The tanks had blew up in the air.

"And there was smoke and there was fellows laying all around there and parts of their shields torn apart and the fantail, where I was, was sticking almost straight up in the air. It was so slippery that you couldn't walk up it and the guys that was still able to climb over the side, couldn't walk up, they were crawling over the side and holding on the life line trying to pull themselves further aft and jump over. And they were jumping over and bumping into each other.

"It was still so smoky and all, you couldn't quite see. I was still hazy and I knew that I had to get up and get off of there; I was afraid the suction would pull me down.

"When I went to get up, I felt this pain in my foot and I couldn't get my foot loose from the shield or something. And the water was—it was only a few seconds—and the water was closing in around the ship and there was just this little bit of it left.

"I knew that I had to get off but I couldn't.

"There was a lot of kapok life jackets laying around deck. I grabbed one of them in my arms and held it. I didn't even put it on and the water closed in around the ship and we went down.

"And I gave up. I just thought that there wasn't a chance at all; everything just run through my head. And you could see objects in the water—all the fellows and everything—and after we were under the surface, I don't know how far, but the sheet of iron or whatever it was, released and my foot came loose and then the buoyancy from the life jacket brought me back to the surface.

"I came to the surface, it was like a big whirlpool. There was oil very thick on the water, it was at least two inches thick, and there was all kinds of blueprints and documents floating around. And then there was

roll after roll of toilet paper. That's about all there was on top; I couldn't see anybody. I thought: Gee, am I the only one here?

"My head was very hazy, and I didn't think a thing about the other ships. I put the life jacket on when I came to the top, and I paddled around the water.

"I don't know how long it was—it wasn't too long—when this doughnut raft just popped up right in front of me. I don't know where it came from it just seemed to come up there. I grabbed on it and held on it and then I heard a man cry and I looked around and it was this boatswain's mate second class; his name, I can't remember his name. He was in the post office on the ship and he was crying for help. I went over to help him.

"He said he couldn't swim and he had his whole leg torn off—blew off—and I helped him on the raft and then gradually one by one some more stragglers would come along and get on.

"We all hung onto this raft, there was so many of us that it was sinking way in the water and there wasn't much room. Everybody was kind of scared at first. Some of them couldn't swim, they were afraid they'd lose their grip and drown.

"Toward evening the water was very calm and then it rained. You couldn't see anything at all, and every couple of minutes some would say, 'There's a ship!' and they were just thinking they saw it, it wasn't there at all. And the rain stopped, and there were other rafts near-by. We paddled and tried to get each other together.

"By nightfall we were about three doughnuts together. They are just a mat like in the water; it just lays on the water and you try to lay on top of it. Well, there was several of them there in the water and a lot of fellows on them.

"Most of the fellows were in the water. I should say there was about 140 of us when we all got together. Some of them were in very bad shape, their arms and legs were torn off. And one of them, I could see myself, his skull—you could see the red part inside where his head had been split open you might say torn open in places.

"That night, it was a very hard night because most of the fellows were wounded badly, and they were in agony. And in the morning this fellow that I said had his head open, his hair had turned gray just like as if he was an old man; it had turned gray right overnight.

"Everybody had so much oil on them, their ears and eyes would burn

and the salt water would hurt so much that you couldn't hardly look around to see if anybody was there. You couldn't recognize each other unless you knew each other very well before the ship went down or else, unless it was somebody that you knew pretty well, you wouldn't recognize them except by his voice. So all these rolls of tissue paper that were floating around there, if you unrolled them, in the middle they were dry and we'd take that and wipe our eyes out with them and ease the pain a lot and wipe our face off a little.

"Well, we all decided to stick together and try to secure the rafts so we wouldn't drift apart and help the wounded guys as much as we could. Those of us who wasn't so bad could float around and swim.

"The oil was so thick it made everybody sick to their stomachs, so we decided to get out of the oil to where the water was clear. But then we worried about the sharks because we knew there were sharks in those waters.

"We tried to secure the rafts together and Lieutenant Blodgett—he was gunnery officer on the JUNEAU—took charge of the party and decided we ought to try to paddle for land because we could see land when we first went down. [Ed. Note: San Cristobal Island was 20 miles to port.] We secured the rafts, one behind another in a line, and the fellows that were able would get up in the forward two rafts and straddle their legs over it and paddle.

"And we done that all that day. We took turns. We paddled all that day, and night we done the same thing. And the lieutenant was supposed to be navigating by the stars in the direction of land.

"Well, we done that, and we didn't seem to be getting anywhere at all, because we were too clumsy. On the third day a B-17, Flying Fortress, flew over very low and it dropped a rubber life raft. We were all deciding what we should do about it, swim out and get it or what, because we were beginning to know there were sharks around.

"The raft was quite a ways off, but it was yellow and you could see it once in a while, as it would come up on top of a wave. So we decided two or three of us ought to paddle over on one of these rafts and pick it up.

"There was a fellow named Hardy, and Fitzgerald and a Mexican, I don't know what his name was, and the four of us went out in a doughnut and picked up this rubber boat. I'd never seen one before and didn't know to blow it up—it had tubes and a chemical or something. Well, we blew it up and we got it back to the rest of the party.

"When we got back there we decided to put the worst of the wounded fellows in the rubber raft, because they would be free of the water and it would be better for them, they would rest more comfortably there.

"Lieutenant Wang was hurt very bad so he went in this rubber raft. Then we decided a couple of guys ought to go in this raft and paddle with the oars and secure it to the other ones and try to do like we did before.

"Toward evening it was Hardy, and Wang and, I guess, Fitzgerald, in this rubber raft. And they hollered back to us that they decided to go for land and send us help.

"Well, after they went, we tried to get together again and the ones who were wounded that hadn't died already—it had narrowed down to about fifty men—and the ones of us who were in the best shape tried to swim around and help out the other ones.

"There were some planks there, and some of the fellows decided to try to swim for land on these planks. Well, they tried to do it and I never did see a couple of them again but one fellow came back, he found out he couldn't make it, and he came back to our party on this big wooden plank.

"Well, the sea began to get rough again. In the daytime the sun was very hot and I found out that the fellows who took their shirts off, or the ones that had them torn off by the explosion, their backs, their skin had all burned; they were in agony because it hurt them so much. The ones of us who kept our clothes on were in the best shape because of the oil in the clothes and that protected us. At night it was very cold; you'd have to keep under water to keep yourself warm, and in the daytime it was the same way, the oil in the clothes would keep that sun off you—wouldn't penetrate your body so much.

"But then on the fourth day, the sea was rough. The rafts began to separate; there were about twelve on my raft. There was a gunner's mate second, a boatswain's mate, myself and a gunner's mate second. There was several others; there was a Polish fellow from somewhere in Pennsylvania, I remember him talking about he was a coal miner before the war; and then there was a fellow from Tennessee.

"Well, anyway, after we were separated from the rest, we thought maybe we'd better stick together again. We could just see them at a distance once in a while, at a distance on the horizon. They'd be on top of a wave, and we would too, and we'd see them. Well, we tried to get

back to them but we never could, and we didn't know what to do. We tried to paddle and we found it wasn't doing no good, so we decided just to lay there and hope that someone would find us.

"Airplanes did fly over and some of them would come down close to us and some of them wouldn't, and after a while some of the fellows were getting very delirious and if a few waved at a plane that went by, they'd get mad at you and say you were crazy for doing it and not to pay any attention; they didn't want to save us and they were going to leave us there.

"Well, I always thought that probably there was still battles going on and they couldn't send a ship out there and if we just hung on, sometime somebody would come and get us. Some of the guys got kind of disappointed and pretty low in mind, so they sort of gave up.

"There's one fellow that kept swallowing salt water all the time. He'd let his head fall down in the water and swallow it and he'd begin to get very dopy and dreary, and he couldn't help himself at all, so I held him up. I held him in my arms, his head above the water as much as I could, and I held him that way all afternoon.

"Towards night, yellow stuff started to come out of his mouth and he got stiff. I said to the other fellows: 'How about holding him a while? I can't hold him. I've got all I can do to hold myself.'

"They said they wouldn't do it; they were arguing and fighting among themselves a lot, and I said, 'I felt his heart and his wrists and I couldn't find any beating.' I figured he was dead and I said to them, 'Well, I am going to let him go.'

"And the gunner's mate said to me, 'You can't do that,' he said. 'It's against all regulations of the Navy. You can't bury a man at sea without having official orders from some captain or Navy Department or something like that.'

"I knew he was delirious, but still they wouldn't let me let him go.

"It went on that way, arguing back and forth, and after a little while, his legs were hanging down in the water a little way below mine, a shark bit his leg; bit his leg right off below the knee—tore it. He didn't move or say anything, so that was enough for me. I figured, well, I am going to drop him; there isn't any sense holding a dead man.

"So we took his dog tag off, one fellow did, and said a prayer for him and I let him float away.

"At night it was so cold, we'd try to huddle the fellows who didn't have no clothes among us to keep them warm under the water.

"The sharks kept getting worse in the daytime and you could see them around us all the time and we'd kick them with our feet and splash the water and they'd keep away. But at night you'd get drowsy and you'd kind of fall asleep and you wouldn't see them coming. But as night went on they'd grab a guy every once in a while and bite him; and once they did, they wouldn't eat him altogether, they'd just take a piece of him and go away and then they'd come back and get him and drag him away. He'd scream and holler and everything, but there wasn't anything we could do to help.

"I had a small knife with about a four-inch blade on it. We handed that around to each other every once in a while; borrowing it, some guy would want to cut a piece of line or something to try to tie this doughnut together. The water and weather kept wearing it apart and the canvas around the sides had been tearing off. We thought maybe if it came apart we wouldn't have nothing to hold on, so we were trying to secure it all the time. All the time we were in the water up to about our shoulders; we couldn't get up on it because there were too many of us and it was too small to sit on.

"At night, one of the fellows would all the time swim away, saying he was going away. And we'd drag him back, and he'd go away again. Finally a shark got him about fifty yards away from the raft, and that's the last we seen of him.

"And then the fellows got kind of ideas that the ship was sunk under us, sitting on the bottom, and you could swim down there at night and get something to eat.

"I was beginning to believe them for they just kept on all the time. Then one night, they said they were carrying ammunition from one of the forward mounts back aft and, I don't know, they said they could see a light down there.

"One fellow kept saying, 'If it's down there, what are we staying up here for? Let's go down there and get something to eat then.'

"So I said, 'You show me the way down then.'

"He dives under water and I went after him. And I never did find nothing down there; no hatch or anything like he said was there. And then I got my sense again and I knew what I was doing, and then I didn't believe him any more.

"Then when it got daylight, it was the fifth day coming up. The guys were getting pretty bad. Guys were fighting among themselves; if you bumped into one of them, he'd get mad and holler at you. And they did talk a lot about home and what they were going to do and a lot of them said if they could get on an island there, they'd stay, they'd never go back on a ship.

"Well, this day the water was calm and it was very hot and the fellows that didn't have shirts on, the sun burned them something awful. It burned their skin all out, and their backs was just like as if you'd shaved them with a razor, all raw. And some of them just decided they weren't going to try any more. They said they'd rather drown themselves than suffer like that. So that night after dark, the gunner's mate said he was going to take a bath. And he took off all his clothes and got away from the raft a little way and the white of his body must have flashed and showed up more, because a shark come and grabbed him and that was the end of him.

"That night they got two other guys too, and towards morning it was rough again. The sea was pretty rough and the waves were high and heavy, and we were getting very hungry and it started drizzling rain.

"A sea gull flew around and it landed on the raft. We grabbed, and we missed him, and he came back and we grabbed him that time, and wrung his neck and we ate the sea gull. There was about three or four of us. There wasn't much of it, but we ate him anyway.

"The sharks kept bothering us all the time. We'd beat them off, keep beating them off and try to keep away from them. And planes flew over all the time again, but they didn't pay any attention to us.

"One plane flew over and it dropped something, a raft or something, but it dropped it so far away that we couldn't get to it. If we'd tried to swim out to it we might have drowned, or a shark would have got us between. So we just left it be.

"Another night went on and the next day a fellow said there was a hospital ship there and we were going over to it. There were three of us now—him, me and another fellow—and he said that we should swim over to it and leave the raft. We didn't know whether to or not. You hated to leave it because you knew if you got out in the water, you were gone.

"But that night it got cold again. He'd thrown all his clothes away and he didn't have a thing, and he wanted me to give him my clothes

so he could have them. But I said, 'No, there's no sense to that.' And he said, 'Well, I'm going down to the ship and get a clean suit. I've got a lot of them in my locker.' Then he added, 'I got a case of peaches in my gun mount.'

"I wouldn't let him go, because I knew if he dove down into the water that something would happen to him. So I kept talking him out of it. And I kept him in between the two of us to keep him warm.

"He dove in the water and swam off and he just kept swimming out over the water and he wouldn't turn around. You could see the sharks going after him and he swam and kicked and swam. Then he hollered to us to come and get him with the raft—to paddle towards him. But he kept swimming the other way. Finally we paddled towards him and he got tired and he turned around and came towards us and he got back before the sharks got him.

"Then there was just two of us left, me and the Mexican.

"I guess it was about the seventh day or so, because that's about what I think it was anyway. We talked a lot that day together what we'd do, and I remember I gave my knife to this Mexican boy. We were at each end with our feet kind of up in the water so we could fight the sharks off better, there'd be more room for us.

"That night we got kind of sleepy and we dozed off I guess, because a shark grabbed him and tore his leg off below just jaggedy-like.

"And he complained. He said to me that somebody was stabbing him with a knife.

"I said, 'How can anybody stab you out here, there's nobody but us two?'

"He said I had to get him to a doctor. I was delirious, and I was paddling in the water there. I didn't know where I was going, I was just paddling, trying to get him to a doctor.

"Finally he screamed and hollered and he came over by me and I held his arm and then I could see what it was. I knew that he had been bit by a shark and I held him, and the shark come up and it just grabbed him underneath and kept eating him from the bottom and pulling on him.

"Well, I couldn't hold him any more, they just pulled him down under the water.

"It seemed like the night would never end.

"The next day I just floated around some more and it went like that for the next couple of days and in the morning of the last day, which was

the ninth day, I began to get delirious myself and I see these guys come up out of the water; looked like to me they had rifles on their backs and I'd holler to them, and they said they were up there on guard duty. They'd come up from each hatch on the ship. Well, I asked them how it was. And they said the ship was all right, you can go down there and get something dry and eat and so I said to them, 'I'll come over there by you and go down with you.'

"I swam over to them and they just disappeared. I went back, and I done that twice and they disappeared, and I went back. Then my head got clear and something told me just to hang on a little longer; that this was the day that somebody was going to pick me up.

"About noontime that day a PBY flew over and circled around and then it went away again.

"Well, I gave up. I figured, well, I guess it's just like all the other planes, they ain't gonna bother, they figure you ain't worth while coming for.

"Maybe they didn't know what I was because I was all black. I might have been a Jap for all they knew. A couple of hours later, they come back and they flew around me and they dropped smoke bombs all around me.

"Well, that built up my hope a lot and I took off my shirt and I waved at them and they waved back at me and then went off and I could see them way off flying.

"I figured, well, they must be guiding the ship to me, and that's what they were doing because it wasn't long before I could see the mast of a ship coming over the horizon, and it was the USS BALLARD.

"They lowered a small boat and came out and picked me up and took me aboard, and I went into sick bay."

That's Heyn's story. Here is the saga of Lieutenant (jg) Charles Wang:

5

"As to the actual sinking of the JUNEAU," said Lieutenant (jg) Charles Wang, "there is very little that I can add to the stories of the other survivors. At the time of the explosion I was in Battle Two, we were at general quarters, alert three, relaxing at our stations. I heard, without warning, a terrific explosion. I was raised up in the air about six feet and

landed on my back on the deck. I looked up in the air and saw the radar antenna going straight up in the air above me, then coming down. I instinctively doubled up and the next thing I knew I was trying to stand up and my right leg collapsed from under me; I realized it was useless. Although it was a bright, clear, sunshiny day, I was in utter darkness; no doubt because of the smoke from the explosion and the fuel oil being sprayed and atomized out of the stacks.

"My first thought was to get out from underneath the smoke, out of the darkness, to see what was up. I groped around the station and removed my phones and binoculars; groped around and felt what was the splinter shield, lifted up my bum leg over that and my good leg, and then hung, could touch nothing, and dropped down to what must have been the main deck.

"I was under the impression at the time that I was trapped somewhere inside the ship. Fortunately for me the ship was going under very rapidly, and I landed on the deck in chest-deep water and still in utter blackness, and I was completely covered with water boiling and surging all around me. I kept my hands above my head, and kept fighting upward, holding my breath all the time. Just when I thought I couldn't hold my breath any longer, I burst out to the surface of the water, just about ten feet away from a life net wrapped up in a tarpaulin.

"I paddled over to that, hung on, looked around. There was just a dull brown haze in the air then. I could see the other ships going off across the horizon, but I could see no sign of our ship whatsoever. My guess was that the ship from the time she was hit until it was under water was within a minute.

"The JUNEAU went down so quickly that all the survivors, all those who survived the actual sinking, were necessarily within a very small area. So there is no doubt in my mind that all those that were not gathered together on the three rafts and seven nets that floated free went down with the ship. I feel sure that it was so sudden for them that I doubt whether they even heard a noise.

"While we were in the water, oh, within fifteen minutes, an Army bomber circled low over us and there was no doubts in any of our minds that we wouldn't be picked up very shortly. We were quite wrong.

"We knew that the plane saw us because one of the gunners had pushed back the blister and was waving down at us. The reason they didn't locate us, I believe, was because they had us plotted in, our position

in the water, and they had us being set by tides and the current in one direction, whereas, in fact, we, the group, were trying to fight against tide and current to get over to the island of San Cristobal, which we had seen off in the distance.

"A very large percentage of the men on the rafts and nets were very seriously wounded. There were no medical supplies; we had a few cases of food—a very, very small amount—and several water breakers.

"When I found myself in the water, I paddled over to the life net with the tarpaulin on it, and two men came over to it shortly thereafter. I took out my sheath knife which I'd carried with me, and with the aid of the other two men we ripped off the tarpaulin and unrolled the net. Very shortly thereafter the other rafts and nets were collected together and all the survivors were dispersed around the rafts and the nets. Shortly after we had gathered together, I saw a staging floating by and a couple of the men pulled that in and I lay on that trying to support my leg, but the leg kept sliding off into the water.

"My leg was bleeding quite badly, and I took out a tourniquet, a two-foot piece of white line which I'd always carried in my pocket and wrapped that around the leg above the knee, and then I let the leg dangle down in the water, feeling that the blood pressure would be somewhat counteracted by the effect of the water pressure at about a two-foot depth. It apparently did stop it somewhat because I didn't seem to lose much blood after that.

"There was at least six inches of fuel oil on the water as far as you could see and as fuel oil does, it coats and coats on your body; you don't get one layer. In fact, it was so thick that a life jacket floated by and I tried to pick it up but it was so heavy that I couldn't remove it from the water. We had fuel oil around us all that day and all that night, and the next day we could see the fringes of where the fuel oil stopped and it was getting thinner around us.

"I was conscious of seeing no sharks whatsoever in the area during the day we were sunk and the next day. On the second day, a plane circled over and dropped a rubber boat; one of the men brought it back. It was inflated and Lieutenant Blodgett asked me if I wanted to go over to that island. He said he realized that I could not do any good as far as any active assistance in paddling or doing anything around the rafts and nets. Lieutenant Blodgett was the senior officer present, he and Jack Pitney—Lieutenant Pitney—were uninjured. So I felt that I could pos-

sibly do some good in aiding the two men who were going to do the paddling and get over to the island.

"So I left with Signalmen 2/c Joseph Hartney and Seaman 1/c James Fitzgerald.

"Later on in that day I began to suffer the effects of shock and exposure to heat, and also thirst, and I became delirious. I remember the dreams I had very vividly. They are very inconsequential.

"The following morning a very strange thing happened; one of the most remarkable things to me is that I came out of that period of shock—that was the third morning—and from then on I was completely clear, conscious and knew exactly everything that was going on."

The men in the raft lost all sense of direction. Wang floated a line in the water to determine the tide set, computed the duration of the tide, and had the men alternately paddle against the current on the ebb and let the raft drift when the current reversed. That night the overcast lifted, and he glimpsed the moon through the clouds:

"I knew that if I lined up the straight edge of the half moon in a line tangent to it and the straight edge of the moon I would have a course, and lay back in the boat and directed to port or starboard to keep us on that course. I had them paddle against the tide during the night, and after I had figured six hours had elapsed I told them to stop and rest, to rest six hours and let the tide and current work us in toward the beach."

On the following morning, the sixth day since, it was apparent that the plan was working because they could see land. About noon a PBY circled them, as if to land on the water, which was very rough. The plane dropped a smoke bomb which failed to go off, and then, without any warning, a tropical squall obliterated the flying boat. Waves twenty feet high tossed the rubber boat like a chip.

"Because of some experience I had had with a canoe during the summertime in my civilian life," Wang relates, "I realized that the thing to do was not to run with the wave, but meet each wave head-on, and let it pass us. Along about six o'clock in the evening, about sunset the storm had abated enough and I realized that it was just about time when we could turn around and go with the waves. I told the men to watch their chance, told them to turn, and we turned. I told them to keep going in with the rollers, but I would keep looking over my shoulder and let them know when to back paddle because a big one was coming.

"It was apparent that the wind, waves, tide and current had been working in our favor all along, because they just pushed us in toward the beach at a tremendous rate and we had gained a great amount of distance in toward the beach. I could see that we were going to make the beach that night.

"Along about ten o'clock we were within a mile of the beach, and I could see this white froth of foam all along, and gradually as we got closer I could hear a roar. It was then, the first time, that I realized we were going to run into coral.

"Well, there wasn't anything we could do about it, because we were inexorably being pushed in towards the beach. As we came close we saw several channels going through this coral shelf, which was about fifty yards wide, running parallel with the beach and we steered towards that.

"A large wave caught us, pushed us in through the channel and as we went scraping through there, why, the bow of the boat swung around and caught on the shelf of the coral. The waves subsided, and the bow tipped down to about a 45-degree angle and miraculously enough caught onto a jagged pinnacle of coral. If that boat hadn't caught, we would all have been dumped into that channel of coral and cut to ribbons by the next wave surging in."

Fitzgerald took the lamed Wang on his back to the coral reef above water, and there the three men remained until the tide turned again and floated them in the rubber boat to the beach. They dragged themselves to the dry sand on the jungle's edge, and slept.

"We awakened when the sun rose," relates Wang, "and Hartney and Fitzgerald said they were going off in search of help, food, and water. About 250 yards up the beach they called back to me to drink as much water out of the water breaker as I wanted because they had found a fresh stream of water. They were going on to find food.

"After Hartney and Fitzgerald disappeared up the beach, I relaxed. I closed my eyes and a little while later I opened one eye and saw a black-looking individual standing a short distance away. At first I thought it was Hartney or Fitzgerald, then I opened both eyes and saw it was a very wild-looking individual dressed in just a loincloth and dipping some white powder out of a bamboo segment and putting it in his mouth. His lips and teeth were a brilliant red.

"I thought it might be the soup pot for me, but I figured that nothing could be much worse than it was, so I gave him a smile and waved

my hand to show that I was a good fellow and wouldn't hurt anybody. Then I shut both eyes again. A little while later I opened them up and saw about fifteen or twenty men and women, boys and girls, standing around in a semicircle. A few of the children started to pick up the rubber boat I was leaning against and it gave me such excruciating pain that I yelled. The old folks obviously told the children to put the boat down, and then they gathered around in a circle.

"I made motions that I wanted a drink. One of the natives went off into the jungle and came back with a green coconut with the top knocked off—very delicious.

"I counted on my fingers seven times and pointed to my stomach and my mouth and made motions of eating to show how long I had been without food. So a little girl was sent up the beach, and fifteen minutes later she came back with a creamy white mixture that tasted like mashed potatoes without any seasoning.

"I held onto one side of the dish and a native held onto the other, and as I picked up a spoon to start eating, he pulled the dish away and one of the natives picked up the empty coconut shell, went down to the edge of the water, filled it, came back and held my hands and poured the water over them. I was very embarrassed, I had missed up on my table manners.

"Then I noticed a little girl with a medal around her neck and I motioned to her and the old folks pushed over close to me and she bent down and there was a religious medal. I looked at it, and then pulled a medal of my own out of my pocket and showed it to them, and there was a great hue and cry and jibber-jabber, for they knew we were of the same faith. It so happened that this group of natives had been Christianized by a missionary who was not on the island at the time but was expected back in about two weeks.

"A little while later Hartney and an old native approached. The old man was evidently the oldest of the group and wore a crucifix around his neck. He was more or less the monitor of the group, being placed in charge of the settlement there in the absence of the missionary.

"He could speak a smattering of English, and he told me that he was going to try to get word to the other side of the island to the son of a trader named Kuper. Trader Kuper, I believe, was the commissioner of the island of Santa Ana which was right below San Cristobal. His son, Albert, was thought to be on the other side of the island.

"The next morning Albert Kuper walked in, a young fellow about eighteen years old. I told him the situation and he said he would take us down to his father's island to see if he could get a doctor for us. I told him about these survivors out there on the water, and he said he would get help to them.

"After he had fixed up my leg by putting a rough splint on it to facilitate my being moved without too much pain, the natives made a litter and put me on that, then we went through the jungle. About half-way across they had dragged our rubber boat to a small creek, and they put my litter on that. With me in the rubber boat and Hartney and Fitzgerald with another group of natives in a native dugout, the first group went back to their settlement, shaking hands with each of us before they left.

"The creek gradually widened into a brook and the brook into a stream and the stream into a bay where lay anchored a motor launch. Getting into the launch we went down to Santa Ana where we found Mr. Kuper and his family.

"Mr. Kuper was a German who had come to the island of Santa Ana thirty years before and had married the daughter of a native chief. He had three sons, the oldest Jeffery, next Charles and then Albert. The oldest boy was a doctor who had been trained in the Fiji Islands and was now in the hills of Guadalcanal. He also had a daughter. Mr. Kuper had had a transmitter and receiver which he used in conjunction with the Australian government. Because of lack of supplies his transmitter was out of commission, but he had one in his boat that worked which he used to send a message to Tulagi.

"Mr. Kuper made us comfortable. Three natives washed me down with benzine to get as much fuel oil off as possible and then gave me hot soup and a water bath. They wanted to do the same for Hartney and Fitzgerald, but they said they could do it themselves.

"The next morning there was a great hue and cry from the natives. They had spotted two PBYS. Hartney, Fitzgerald and I went down to the beach and with natives around us, gathered in a semicircle. The planes came over, swooped low over the beach, came down very low and just buzzed the beach three or four times.

"And each time they'd come, we'd wave and wave.

"After about twenty minutes of this, one of the planes dropped his depth bombs and right after the explosion, Mr. Kuper yelled to the

natives, 'Go out in the water and get those dead fish!' So a group went off in their boat and started to gather up the dead fish.

"In the meantime the PBY was landing. As it landed Mr. Kuper had us get into the whaleboat, and pulled by five burly natives on each side, we rode out to the plane.

"As we went on board, the crew gave us cigarettes, packages of them, and we turned around and gave them to Mr. Kuper, who had broken out his last can of Australian tobacco for us to roll cigarettes.

"I found out later, when we got back to Espiritu Santo and told the story of Kuper's kindnesses, planes went over the next day and dropped blankets and bundles of magazines and newspapers and cases of tobacco and cigarettes.

"The names of the survivors of the JUNEAU besides myself, and their ratings at the time of the sinking are as follows:

"Lester E. Zook, Signalman 1/c; Wyatt Butterfield, Seaman 1/c; Victor J. Fitzgerald, Seaman 1/c; George I. Mantere, Chief Gunner's Mate; Frank Holmgren, Seaman 2/c; Arthur Friend, Seaman 1/c; Allen Heyn, Seaman 2/c; Henry J. Gardner, Machinist Mate 2/c; Joseph Hartney, Seaman 2/c.

"That's all."

6

The naval Battle of Guadalcanal was not yet over. With the morning of the 13th, Admiral Kinkaid's task force of the ENTERPRISE, WASHINGTON and SOUTH DAKOTA, with their escorting destroyers, were south of San Cristobal Island.

The ENTERPRISE had left Noumea on Wednesday, November 11, her damage not fully repaired. However, as she steamed northward, her ship's repair force with the help of fifty-nine officers and men from the repair ship VESTAL and a construction battalion worked continuously, watch and watch, preparing the carrier for battle. By Friday, the forward elevator was still not working properly, and as the enemy units that had survived the night's battle with the cruisers were not within range, nine torpedo planes with a six-plane fighter escort were ordered to go temporarily to Guadalcanal and place themselves under the orders of General Vandegrift. Aboard the carrier, flight operations with the remaining planes would be facilitated with the absence of these aircraft.

Lieutenant Albert P. Coffin's squadron found the HIYEI in their path, and spiraling up from 500 to 5,000 feet they launched a torpedo attack on the battered battleship before continuing on to Henderson Field. The HIYEI felt the force of this group again later in the day, plus the weight of the Marines' planes. In all, she was subjected to seven torpedo, five dive-bombing and two strafing attacks during Friday.

But the HIYEI was a tough ship. Sir George Thurston, the eminent British naval architect, had done a good job in designing her away back before World War I. The 26-year-old battleship—rebuilt in Yokusaka Navy Yard in 1930—had been hit by approximately twenty-one torpedoes,¹ at least four 1,000-pound bombs, and from one to six 500-pound bombs, as well as having been mauled by eighty-six direct hits from gunfire. But she didn't sink until Friday night, and then only after she had made one more defiant two-gun bombardment of Guadalcanal.

At the moment the JUNEAU exploded, the radio aboard the ENTERPRISE was crackling with orders to Admiral Kinkaid from Admiral Halsey. They told him to hasten northward to cover the retirement of the damaged ship. That accomplished, he was to detach his battleships and their destroyers under Admiral Lee, to take station east of Savo Island and intercept enemy bombardment forces which might arrive any time.

It was to be the same thing all over again. But this time instead of cruisers in those often contested waters between Guadalcanal and Florida islands, which had come to bear the ironical sobriquet of Iron Bottom Sound, we were to have two battleships—WASHINGTON and SOUTH DAKOTA.

The enemy transport group which had originally been scheduled to make a landing November 13-14 retired toward Buin after Admiral Callaghan's force beat off the bombardment group. On Friday morning a Flying Fortress from Espiritu Santo saw twelve transports escorted by four light cruisers and six destroyers still withdrawing slowly. That night a strong force of cruisers and destroyers bombarded Henderson Field for an hour and twenty minutes, but six PTs from Tulagi attacked them and cut the firing short. But the transport group either did not "get the word" or was told a fairy tale of the bombardment's success.

Because the transports now turned around and headed back toward Guadalcanal.

Just before dawn on Saturday, the 14th, the ENTERPRISE was warned

¹ The Japanese say only three exploded.

that the flotilla was on its way in, and it was her job to stop it. And stop it the planes of the Big E did, with the aid of Marine bombers from Henderson Field and Army B-17s from Espiritu Santo.

By six o'clock that evening the transports were milling around about 60 miles northwest of Savo Island under a concentrated attack by the carrier's dive and torpedo bombers. Army and Marine planes from Guadalcanal rushed in to give them the finishing touch, and, all told, four transports and cargo ships were damaged so badly that they sank, four were set on fire and completely gutted, and another transport and three cargo vessels were beached near Tassafaronga on Guadalcanal early the next morning. The air operations damaged two destroyers and two cruisers as well.

The force of Rear Admiral W. A. Lee, Jr., consisting of the battleships WASHINGTON and SOUTH DAKOTA and the destroyers BENHAM, GWIN, PRESTON and WALKE, was in the meantime steaming toward Savo Island. Another bombardment group and fleet of transports were reported bearing down on the island.

It was a beautiful night, that 14th of November. A light breeze rippled the surface of the calm sea, and a quarter moon shone, silhouetting Savo Island 18 miles away.

All the ships were at general quarters. Word had come in that a Japanese cruiser and a destroyer were lying in ambush close to Savo, so at a little after nine o'clock the task force formed a single column, the WALKE leading, followed in order by BENHAM, PRESTON, GWIN, WASHINGTON and SOUTH DAKOTA.

Japanese were certainly near-by. High-pitched chatter from their voice transmissions were plainly heard on our receivers, and at a quarter to eleven, just as our ships headed southeast after passing the northernmost point of Savo, the Jap chatter from three stations reached hysterical pitch.

An alert watch was kept. Once there was momentary excitement when a glow was seen to come from Savo. "Strange light to sta'b'd!" Was it the cruiser and destroyer reportedly waiting? No, it was moonlight on a white rock!

Then a new complication, gruesome to contemplate, intruded.

Watchful motor torpedo boats spotted our force as enemy, and fell on the battleships' trail with lethal intent. Knowing the deadliness of these "splinter boats," Admiral Lee warned Guadalcanal Control that

"friendly PT boats are believed to be after us." The chagrined PTs retracted their stingers, but then the PT boys were rewarded for their zeal. One of them spotted three destroyers charging around the north of Savo Island, heading west.

Our battleship force was then some 13 miles southeast of the island. And the time was midnight.

As the PT made its sighting, the WASHINGTON's radar picked up a group of other ships, nine miles away and six miles east of Savo, in waters through which our ships had just passed.

For two minutes the radar operators aboard our battleship watched the images on the scopes. Then they faded in the blur of Savo.

There were a tense few moments before the "pips" were again visible. Then the SOUTH DAKOTA's lookouts saw them by eye, dimly outlined in the light of the setting moon. There were three ships.

The leading vessel was very large; either a battleship or a heavy cruiser. The two others were cruisers.

The American ships swung around and headed for the enemy. Paraphrasing Admiral Dewey's famous remark, Admiral Lee informed the SOUTH DAKOTA that she could open fire when ready.

The WASHINGTON was first to fire, followed immediately by the SOUTH DAKOTA, the former opening up on the leading ship of the trio and the latter choosing the third in line.

They had the Japanese completely surprised. Not even in battle formation, they had no idea any opposing American force had yet arrived. They expected opposition, but not this soon.

Three minutes after the WASHINGTON opened fire, her flaming target disappeared. The SOUTH DAKOTA's first or second salvo hit the mark, and started tremendous fires. Then Tom Gatch's battleship aimed for the second enemy ship. After the eighth salvo she appeared to sink.

Four minutes after the roar of 16-inch guns had broken the silence of the night, at 20 minutes after midnight, the destroyers opened fire.

The GWIN picked one of the enemy cruisers for her torpedoes, but she was still too far away. She didn't have long to wait.

Around the southwestern end of Savo came a group of six to ten Japanese cruisers and destroyers dashing into the fray. Their commander had sized up the situation and was preparing a torpedo attack on our capital ships. But the American destroyers made realization of this plan impossible.

The WALKE, leading the column, opened fire on a ship that was emerging from the shadow of Savo, and the BENHAM followed suit. The target merged with Savo again, but then the darkness of the night was lit with brilliant flames. Other ships to the left started shooting, and the WALKE and BENHAM shifted to them. Hits followed, with masses of smoke darker than the sky.

"We opened up," said R. P. Spearman, chief fire controlman on the WALKE, "with a range of around 14,000 yards, but the ranges came down very fast. I don't remember what it was when we ended up, because I wasn't near the rangefinder, but I know it was point-blank. The Gunnery Officer said, 'We'll take the bridge off that ship,' so we went through 250 rounds into that bridge. The SOUTH DAKOTA got three salvos out and the third hit the magazines in the stern of the Jap, and it looked to me like it went 500 foot up into the air!"

The GWIN was firing at the leading ship of the Japanese column and doing very nicely with consecutive salvos landing squarely in it. The PRESTON engaged a ship off the southern shore of Savo with all of her four guns. Scoring hits after a few salvos, the PRESTON saw flames sweeping her antagonist, so shifted to another. As she did so, two 6-inch shells hit her starboard side; one landing between the two firerooms and killing all the men there. And fires broke out in the destroyer—including one in the TNT of war heads cracked open by the shock. Her second stack, too, collapsed.

Meanwhile an enemy heavy cruiser came in on the port side of the column "virtually undetected," and the PRESTON was hit on the port side by three shells of a salvo. The whole after part of the ship became a mass of flaming wreckage, and the destroyer listed to starboard and settled by the stern. Commander Max C. Stormes, seeing that nothing could be done to save her, gave the order to abandon ship.

In half a minute the destroyer rolled over on her side and began to sink. The bow rose vertically, stayed there for ten minutes, and then slowly slid below the surface of the water.

At the same time that the PRESTON was hit, the BENHAM was torpedoed. The explosion threw up a great column of water, and the ship rose up, fell off to port, and then rolled about thirty degrees to starboard, slowly righting herself from there. Despite her damage she turned and tried to head for the PRESTON's survivors struggling in the water. But she couldn't stop, for the Japanese, seeing her plight, kept up a heavy

and accurate fire, hoping to finish her off. The destroyer worked her way out to seaward; she was mortally damaged, but her end did not come until noon.

A torpedo found the *WALKE* too. "It blew us clear in two," said Chief Spearman. He was down in the director and didn't see what had happened, but "one of the observers that was on the outside said that Gun No. 2 went about a hundred feet up in the air."

Only two life rafts were in condition to be launched when Commander Thomas E. Fraser gave the order to abandon ship. The after part of the ship sank first at 12:42.

"The crew," says the *WALKE*'s Action Report, "was organized in the water, the most seriously injured being placed on the rafts. At approximately 0200 an enemy submarine surfaced close aboard the rafts and illuminated all survivors for several minutes, but proceeded without incident. An enemy destroyer later illuminated survivors on the detached bow. There was much shouting from this vessel, but she also proceeded without taking action. USS *MEADE* commenced picking up survivors with the aid of boats and cruiser aircraft at 1400 [2 o'clock, Sunday afternoon]. One hundred and fifty-one were landed at Tulagi, where six died of wounds received in action."

Our battleships had been busy, too. Shells were flying at the *WASHINGTON* from Savo Island, which made the flagship's officers believe that shore batteries were taking a hand. So the big guns hammered the "shore batteries" into silence. Only later was it learned that her targets had been a group of ships rimming the southern shore of the island.

The *SOUTH DAKOTA*, after firing at ships in the vicinity of the wreckage of the two heavy ships that had been hammered earlier in the action, switched to the *KUMA* cruiser that had been battering our destroyers.

A short lull followed. Our two battleships were now without destroyer screen, and the ensuing battle was to be a slugfest between mammoths. For around the end of Savo Island steamed a new column of Japanese ships, led by the battleship *KIRISHIMA*.

At one o'clock the enemy's searchlight's flared and pinned the *SOUTH DAKOTA* in the beams. Immediately gunfire crashed as both forces opened up simultaneously. The *WASHINGTON* concentrated on the *KIRISHIMA*, while the *SOUTH DAKOTA* extinguished the searchlights on the cruiser next in line. The *SOUTH DAKOTA* was under three or four streams of fire, and absorbing hits.

Three times salvos from the WASHINGTON bit into the KIRISHIMA. Great clouds of black smoke and steam billowed from the stricken battleship, lighted by towering flames. Aboard the flagship the KONGO-class ship was believed finished and firing was ceased. But the Japanese still fought back. Again and again the WASHINGTON poured tons of metal into the KIRISHIMA until with only one gun working, the Japanese tried to run.

But the SOUTH DAKOTA also was hurt. Hit many times by battleship and cruiser shells, her foremast structure had been badly damaged, putting her radar, fire directors and radio out of commission. Deaf, mute and blind, the big ship was badly cut up topside, although her armor had withstood two 14-inch hits. Repair parties were fighting fires and gaping leaks. Both batteries had lost all targets and had ceased firing. Knowing that his ship was more of a liability to Admiral Lee than an asset, Captain Gatch decided to retire. Without radio, he was unable to communicate this decision to the task force commander because the WASHINGTON could not be seen and even blinker signals were impossible.

The WASHINGTON had shifted her main battery from the KIRISHIMA to shell a group of enemy destroyers that were steaming away at high speed. The leader of the destroyers started laying a smoke screen, and so Admiral Lee reversed course to avoid a possible torpedo trap, and slowed to 20 knots; where the SOUTH DAKOTA and his destroyers were he did not know but he felt sure that the enemy transports had been delayed sufficiently by the battle to prevent them from unloading before daylight, when they would be prime targets for aircraft.

So the WASHINGTON retired from the area too. She steamed well to the west of the estimated track of our damaged ships, so as not to lead the enemy destroyers to them, and ran into trouble.

At about a quarter to two on this morning of November 15, the cry of "Torpedo attack!" passed through the ship. For more than half an hour the flagship was harried by seventeen separate torpedo attacks from starboard and port. Four or five came, shaved the battleship by inches, but those that providentially did not miss were successfully evaded.

Midway during that excitement the SOUTH DAKOTA radiomen had effected repairs so that communication was restored with the flagship. All fires were extinguished, Captain Gatch reported to Admiral Lee, but the ship was hurt. He was ordered to retire at best speed.

A few minutes before seven, the WASHINGTON's weary crew heard

the welcome order: "Secure from general quarters." Dispatches were received from Admiral Halsey, to head for Espiritu Santo and rendezvous with fully fueled destroyers. Admiral Lee was then directed to operate so as to reach the Savo Island area by ten o'clock that night, to meet any further attack. However, the determined retreat of the Japanese naval units from the southeastern Solomons during the day later caused this order to be countermanded. There was no doubt of it, no chance of a deceptive maneuver. The Japs were moving out.

At 9:51 the SOUTH DAKOTA was sighted at the rendezvous set for ten. Across the water came the flicker of a message by light to the flagship: "We are not effective. Turret Three out. Fire control badly damaged. Only one radar operative. Fuel tank holed."

The two ships joined and proceeded eastward, and that night the destroyers DALE, LARDNER and STACK met them and escorted them to Noumea, which they reached two days later.

Then the SOUTH DAKOTA pointed her bow toward the United States.

7

The Battleship Night Action of November 14-15 wrote finis to the naval contest for the eastern Solomons. By the same stroke it wrote the opening chapter of the second phase of the Pacific war. The retreat of the Japanese fleet was not to stop until the desperate last stand. On the morning of November 15 only nine ships were sighted in the Shortland Islands harbors as against the forty-four that were there on the 12th. About noon, seventeen ships entered, including two cruisers and four destroyers. They paused as for breath, and moved north. Other damaged vessels were traced to Truk and Rabaul.

In a few days another effect was noticed. The Japanese had withdrawn their submarines from usual advanced positions south of Guadalcanal, to protect Buka and Rabaul, at the northern tip of the archipelago.

November 15 was clean-up day, devoted to the final destruction of the surviving Japanese transports by Marine and ENTERPRISE planes based at Henderson Field. The Japanese aerial opposition was negligible. Their best pilots had been killed at Santa Cruz.

For all practical effect, the Battle of Guadalcanal was now ended. Never again in the three months before their final evacuation of the island did the Japanese attempt to launch such an impressive threat to

our vital positions in the eastern Solomons. Much hard fighting, on sea but particularly on land, remained to be done before Guadalcanal was wholly ours, but the decisive action had been fought—and won.

During the five days' battle the Japanese lost two battleships, a heavy cruiser, four destroyers, and twelve transports and cargo vessels. Twelve other ships were damaged—two battleships, two heavy cruisers, four light cruisers and four destroyers. United States losses were two anti-aircraft light cruisers, seven destroyers, with damage to one battleship, two heavy cruisers, one light cruiser, four destroyers and one cargo ship.

That the Japanese realized the value of possessing Guadalcanal is shown by a statement in a Japanese combat report written at the time :

“It must be said that success or failure in recapturing Guadalcanal, and the results of the final naval battle related to it, is the fork in the road which leads to victory for them or us.”

We had reached the fork in the road, and we were headed toward victory. But there were numerous ruts in that road. November was to see one more fierce action between strong forces—at Tassafaronga, or Lunga Point.

CHAPTER TEN

Tassafaronga

IN THE mid-November Battle of Guadalcanal, the Japanese failed in their greatest effort to recapture the southern Solomons. Ashore, however, their troops fought tenaciously. Their planes frequently attacked Henderson Field and daily, General Vandegrift's Marines dislodged small units threatening that airfield. Off the coast of Guadalcanal, light surface craft and submarines attempted to supply their beleaguered troops. But gradually increasing American land forces began to push the Japanese back, far back. The Marines crossed the Matanikau River that was the scene of so much bloody fighting the third week in October, and as December approached they drove relentlessly westward under cover of naval bombardments until they passed well beyond Point Cruz.

A smashing offensive to eliminate all the Japanese on the island was planned, but it was postponed until the Army could relieve the 1st Marine Division. During the change-over, which continued through December and most of January, active shore operations on Guadalcanal were confined to patrol probings of enemy lines.

For some time after the Battle of Guadalcanal, the Japanese appeared to have abandoned their troops to slow but inevitable extinction. The unfailing barometer of their intentions—the amount of shipping in the Buin-Faisi area—fell rapidly after the middle of November, and remained low for a week or ten days.

Then the shipping concentrations began to grow again. On November 27, the number of vessels in Buin and Shortland harbors grew from a mere dozen the week before to about thirty. The Jap was at it again.

Again we would have to stop him.

Victory so far had been bought for the price of eighteen ships either sunk or so badly damaged that extensive repairs were required. With the

exception of destroyers, our only available surface units were the lone carrier ENTERPRISE, the battleship WASHINGTON, the light cruiser SAN DIEGO at Noumea, and the heavy cruisers NORTHAMPTON and PENSACOLA at Espiritu Santo. But reinforcements were on the way, and by that same November 27 the Navy had in the vicinity a force adequate to counter the expected offensive.

At Nandi in the Fijis lay the carrier SARATOGA, the battleships NORTH CAROLINA, COLORADO and MARYLAND, and the light cruiser SAN JUAN. At Espiritu Santo, to join the NORTHAMPTON and PENSACOLA, came the heavy cruisers NEW ORLEANS and MINNEAPOLIS, and the light cruiser HONOLULU, and the destroyers DRAYTON, FLETCHER, MAURY and PERKINS.

The five cruisers and four destroyers at Espiritu were organized as a task force under command of Rear Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid. Theirs was to be the job of preventing any new attempt of the Japanese to get supplies through to Guadalcanal. Admiral Kinkaid drew up a detailed plan for his task force, but before he could go over it with his captains, orders were received detaching him for duty in the North Pacific, and Rear Admiral Carleton H. Wright took over.

On November 29 Task Force WILLIAM was organized and on twelve hours' notice. In the afternoon, Admiral Wright had held a conference to go over the operations plan. Present were Captain Charles K. Rosendahl of the MINNEAPOLIS, Captain Clifford H. Roper of the NEW ORLEANS, Captain Willard A. Kitts, III, of the NORTHAMPTON, Captain Frank L. Lowe of the PENSACOLA, Captain Robert W. Hayler of the HONOLULU, Commander William M. Cole of the FLETCHER, Lieutenant Commander James E. Cooper of the DRAYTON, Lieutenant Commander Gelzer L. Sims of the MAURY, and Lieutenant Commander Walter C. Ford of the PERKINS. Rear Admiral Mahlon S. Tisdale, whose flag the HONOLULU flew, also was present.

A few hours later the news they had been waiting for arrived. A very meager report had come in: an enemy force of six Japanese destroyers escorting six transports had been sighted. They were expected to arrive off Guadalcanal the next night. The meagerness of the report was amplified later, but the amplification was confusing. Admiral Wright could not be sure what the enemy force consisted of, for now they were reported as destroyers and larger combatant vessels instead of transports.

But they were Japanese, and that was what Task Force WILLIAM was after.

Admiral Wright lost no time in putting to sea. Before midnight his ships had passed through the heavily mined and unlighted harbor of Espiritu Santo and were heading northward. By the next evening they had averaged nearly 30 knots and were passing through Lengo Channel. Here they were met by two more destroyers, LAMSON (Lieutenant Commander Philip H. Fitzgerald) and LARDNER (Lieutenant Commander William M. Sweetser) under the command of Commander Laurence A. Abercrombie. Ordering them to take position astern of the cruisers, our formation now was: FLETCHER, PERKINS, MAURY, DRAYTON, MINNEAPOLIS, NEW ORLEANS, PENSACOLA, HONOLULU, NORTHAMPTON, LAMSON and LARDNER.

It was a very dark night; surface visibility was not over two miles, but what the eye couldn't pierce the microwaves of radar could.

At twenty-three minutes past ten o'clock the force was off Koli Point, and Admiral Wright signaled a course change to 320° true. Now the cruisers were in column, with the destroyers on parallel courses. Fifteen minutes later, another course change was ordered, and the ships turned left to 280° true, on line of bearing of 140° .

This put the MINNEAPOLIS a little ahead on the right, and it was her radar that first picked up the enemy.

At six minutes past eleven "a small wart on Cape Esperance" became visible on the screen. It grew larger until it finally detached itself from the outline of the land mass, thirteen miles away. Gradually the number of pips increased until, by a quarter past, seven ships were clearly perceptible.

Two minutes after the first radar report, the cruisers turned north-westward into column again, and the turrets of the ships swung toward the approaching enemy.

Three minutes ticked by and the radar's invisible yardstick placed the enemy 7,300 yards away. The FLETCHER fired ten torpedoes. Simultaneously, the PERKINS launched eight of the lethal "fish." The DRAYTON followed suit.

Barely a minute after the torpedoes were fired, Admiral Wright ordered all ships to open fire. Assisted by star shells from the 5-inch battery, the MINNEAPOLIS fired four salvos at what was identified as a transport. After the fourth salvo, the transport was reported to have

"violently disintegrated." It may have been the destroyer TAKA-NAMI.

One minute after the MINNEAPOLIS opened up, the NEW ORLEANS fired her main battery at a destroyer. The PENSACOLA had difficulty in locating a target without radar, but by star-shell illumination, she found a target in what appeared to be a light cruiser steaming at 17 knots off her port bow at a distance of five miles. The HONOLULU also had difficulty in getting a range to open up with her guns, but star shells from our heavy cruisers lit up a Japanese destroyer and the cruiser started firing at her. Half a minute of rapid fire, and the rangekeeper reported that the enemy ship was slowing up. Three minutes, and it was reported to have stopped; one more minute of concentrated fire, and the target was adjudged to have sunk.

The NORTHAMPTON engaged a destroyer nearly six miles away but had radically to change course to avoid running into the cruisers ahead before achieving any results.

The fight was entirely one-sided. Up to this point the enemy's return was weak and not a single Japanese shell had struck any of our ships. In fact, the enemy ships had turned around and were heading away.

At twenty-seven minutes past eleven victory seemed undoubtedly ours. We had surprised the enemy—a prime advantage in any night action—and had seemingly disrupted his ability to fight.

One minute later the picture was vastly different.

The sea boiled with the wakes of scores of torpedoes loosed by the retreating enemy and almost simultaneously the cruisers MINNEAPOLIS and NEW ORLEANS had their bows blown off.

Then steam and fire enveloped the PENSACOLA as she veered to avoid her stricken sister ship and a torpedo burst into her port fuel bunkers.

The NORTHAMPTON was next hit, and began slowly to roll over on her side.

In bewilderingly few minutes the fortunes of war had changed disastrously!

Two torpedoes struck the MINNEAPOLIS so close together that only one explosion was heard. The first one, striking forward of the No. 1 turret exploded next to the aviation gasoline compartment. The second hit the No. 2 fireroom. Long tongues of flames rose from the forecastle, but the sheet of water that arose from the explosion fell back on the flames, putting most of them out, and flooding the navigating bridge.

Clouds of smoke and acrid fumes billowed over the bridge; fumes and flames from burning gasoline and oil swept aft over the fantail. As the flagship shuddered and reeled drunkenly from side to side, the entire bow section just ahead of her forward turret tore loose and folded downward, dangling from the rest of the hull. The sea poured into Firerooms 1, 2 and 3, drowning all hands stationed there.

Men less courageous than the crew of the MINNEAPOLIS would have considered their part in the battle over, but the turrets quickly resumed fire on their third target. But the machinery of the MINNEAPOLIS did not equal the courage of her crew. After the eleventh salvo, power failed in all turrets and firing stopped. The ship slowed and momentarily lost steering way. Faced with the helplessness of his flagship and her inability to remain in action, Admiral Wright now ordered Admiral Tisdale in the HONOLULU to assume command of the task force.

When the MINNEAPOLIS was torpedoed, the NEW ORLEANS had to come hard right to avoid running into her and it was then she received her blow. The gasoline stowage and the forward magazines exploded, and the entire bow as far aft as the second turret was blown away. All the gunners in the two forward turrets lost their lives. Aghast, the men on deck saw the bow of their own ship float by along the port side, tearing great holes in the skin of the cruiser as it passed. With the rifles of Turret No. 1 pointing skyward, it soon sank off the port quarter.

Steering and engine control from the NEW ORLEANS' pilothouse failed forthwith, as did communications. The ship swung right and steadied on an easterly course. Thus critically damaged, the cruiser limped toward Tulagi at 5 knots. Captain Roper was afraid that her forward bulkhead would collapse from the pressure of the sea, so he tried to reverse her and back her to the harbor. But the ship was unmanageable going astern. Nevertheless, she reached Tulagi without mishap.

The PENSACOLA sheered out of line to pass the two crippled cruisers and continued on toward Savo, firing rapidly at the enemy. Just about two miles south of the island a torpedo hit her on the port side aft, right on a fuel tank. The fire that resulted was so fierce, that the damage-control party was helpless. Hoses laid out on deck themselves caught fire.

But the cruiser men fought her damage with as much spirit as they fought the Japanese. The explosion caused a 13-degree list, which was corrected by pumping out the opposite fuel tanks and lightening ship by

throwing over the side everything that the crew could pry loose. The steering mechanism was put out of commission, but the executive officer, Commander Harry Keeler, Jr., managed to con the ship by telephone to the emergency steering control aft. And the ship, her crew still fighting the flames, made for Tulagi, which she reached before dawn, the fires still so intense that it was four hours before they were finally brought under control and put out.

About the time the *PENSACOLA* was torpedoed, the *NORTHAMPTON* was on a westerly course, searching for a target. Suddenly, two torpedoes were seen coming in fast from the port bow. Captain Kitts barely had time to order hard left rudder to try to avoid them when they struck, hitting amidships. The ship listed 10 degrees to port, steadied, and then continued to roll. When she had reached 23 degrees despite all the efforts of the crew, Captain Kitts ordered all hands on deck. At 1:30 A.M. everybody except a salvage crew was ordered over the side, where the destroyers *FLETCHER* and *DRAYTON* stood by to rescue them.

Despite an hour's toil by the salvage crew, the fires continued to gain and the list continued to increase, so Captain Kitts and the salvage crew abandoned ship. On the morning of December 1, just after three o'clock the *NORTHAMPTON* turned on her beam ends, rolled over and sank stern first.

For three and a half hours the *FLETCHER* and the *DRAYTON* worked at rescuing the cruiser's survivors. A motor whaleboat manned by L. C. Jenkins, Seaman 2/c; J. F. Gephardt, Machinist's Mate 1/c; and J. W. Jarrell, Seaman 2/c, towed rafts and boats to the side of the *FLETCHER*, from which hung nets for the men to climb up. Others of the *FLETCHER*'s crew went over the side to rescue men so weak that they could not reach the nets. J. E. Howell, Fireman 1/c, swam out several times over a hundred yards to carry lines to struggling survivors. All told, the *FLETCHER* picked up 42 officers and over 600 men.

Cool courage also marked the efforts of the *DRAYTON*'s company, who took aboard 15 officers and 113 men, including four stretcher cases, without the aid of a motorboat. Time after time, Ensign J. F. Ryan swam back and forth aiding exhausted men into the ship's boat. Aboard the destroyer, Lieutenant William M. Pope, the medical officer, worked over thirty hours without rest, to treat the many cases of bruises, burns and shock.

The remaining units of the enemy had rounded Savo Island and were

retiring as fast as their screws could churn the water. The Battle of Tassafaronga was over. And its survivors wondered if it should ever have begun.

Count it as a victory, in that the Japanese were prevented from accomplishing their desperate last large effort to reinforce the forces on Guadalcanal. By losing one heavy cruiser, 19 officers and 398 men, and suffering serious damage to three other cruisers, there is no doubt the enemy evacuation of the island was hastened, and hundreds of Marines and Army troops survived who might have fallen to the fresh Japanese soldiery aboard the eight transporting destroyers.

From now on, for the next two months, the Japanese relied on the Tokyo Express to dash in, unload, and dash out again without regard for the heavy losses that PTs and planes would inflict on it. But the Express could not carry the necessary heavy material and large-scale reinforcements. They had tried it before, and it hadn't been adequate, which was why they launched the attempt that ended with the Battle of Guadalcanal. Our air superiority grew greater daily, and by the end of January the plight of the Japanese on Guadalcanal was becoming desperate.

Our naval strength grew proportionately also. Keeping a watch on the barometer of Japanese designs—the harbors of Buin and Rabaul—Admiral Halsey had a force to contest any further moves of the enemy, larger and stronger than we had had in the area up to that time. He had three new battleships—WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA and INDIANA; four old battleships—NEW MEXICO, COLORADO, MARYLAND and MISSISSIPPI; two carriers—ENTERPRISE and SARATOGA; three auxiliary carriers—CHENANGO, SUWANEE and SANGAMON; three heavy cruisers—WICHITA, CHICAGO and LOUISVILLE; seven light cruisers—MONTPELIER, CLEVELAND, COLUMBIA, NASHVILLE, HELENA, HONOLULU and ST. LOUIS; two antiaircraft light cruisers—SAN JUAN and SAN DIEGO; and about thirty destroyers.

In December, General Vandegrift and his Marines were relieved by Army units under the command of Major General A. M. Patch, who were steadily reinforced by convoys. In the protection of one of the convoys on January 29, the CHICAGO and the destroyer LAVALLETTE, which were in a covering force, were torpedoed by land-based enemy planes, and three days later, while escorting three unloaded LCTs from Guadalcanal to Tulagi, the NICHOLAS and DE HAVEN were attacked by dive

bombers, and the latter was lost with 10 officers and 157 men, including the commanding officer.

As January waned into February, our planes of the South Pacific Force bombed the Japanese bases of New Georgia and Bougainville daily. Southwest Pacific aircraft, although largely occupied in the New Guinea area and with Japanese convoys there, attacked airfields and shipping in the Bismarcks and Solomons. The Americans were inching their way in.

The Tokyo Express was on its last few runs. In February the third large "train" ran the gantlet. But it was not supplying troops; instead, it was desperately trying to rescue them. On the night of February 7-8, 1943, exactly six months after our landing in the Solomons, the enemy completed his withdrawal.

On February 8, American advance units on Guadalcanal encountered no resistance except from a few marooned groups, and large quantities of supplies were captured.

The next day the campaign in the southern Solomons ended with the meeting near Cape Esperance of our main body of troops with the enveloping detachment from Verahue. There was still mopping-up to be done, but the southern Solomons were ours.

We had taken one long stride up "the fork of the road" in the South Pacific.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Russell Islands

I

ON THE 10th of August, 1942, the Navy Commander in Chief, Admiral Ernest J. King (who had conceived the Solomons campaign and literally argued it into execution), described our initial landings in the Guadalcanal area as "significant in that it marks our first assumption of the initiative and of the offensive. All of the previous operations in the Pacific, however successful, have been essentially defensive in character."

Six months later that "assumption of the initiative" had driven the Japanese from the southeastern Solomons, and our forces there were increasing in strength. Plans were being drawn with minute care for the next hop up the ladder, for the Japanese gave no indication that they were willing to write off the campaign as a total loss. On the contrary, it was evident that they were girding up their spanked loins anew. Japan was a long way away. If the Americans chose to treat the South Pacific as the lower rungs of a ladder leading to the home islands, there were still a lot of steps that had to be made—and plenty of Japs to guard every rung.

New Georgia, for instance: this group of islands, lying 200 miles northwest of Guadalcanal, contained a number of staging points from which supplies and troops could be ferried to battle areas. After November, when they lost control of the air over Guadalcanal, the Japanese started building an airfield on bulbous Munda Point, at the northwest corner of the main island of New Georgia.

It was a good place for an airfield, as the map will show. And a glance at a chart will also show that the approaches from the sea were protected by shoals. In fact, only ships drawing less than 15 feet could pass through Diamond Narrows, and only 12 feet of water lay above

Munda Bar. To make sure that his small boat would then get in safely—discounting the strong tides—a helmsman would line up the two tall, needlelike summits of Mount Vina Roni (“The Monkey’s Seat”) with Munda Point, and then hope that the scraping of sharp coral on the boat’s bottom wouldn’t tell him he’d missed.

Munda Point was well protected against bombardment from the sea, the Japanese were confident, and Yankee planes would have to cross a lot of Jap-held territory before they reached this airfield. Nevertheless, the Jap began construction of his airfield on Munda Point with infinite cunning. Rumors kept trickling in of the work, and our photo reconnaissance planes flew over the suspected area, but their pictures showed nothing but coconut groves. Still the rumors persisted. More photographic missions. No proof. Still only dense coconut palms where the airfield was reputedly being built.

Then at last, visible only to the trained eye, a line was discerned on one of the prints. It had not been there on the scores of other photographs. Something *was* being done on Munda! More film was exposed over that cape in a week than is used up on Niagara Falls in years, photographs which showed more oddities, until—still only to the trained eye—there was definitely an airfield *under* the forest.

It had been a neat job of camouflage. The Japanese had spun a web of wire cables between the tops of the palm trees. The trunks were then cut out from under the branches which remained suspended exactly in place, held by the cables. Off buzzed our bombers to destroy the pretty picture, but three weeks after our photo-interpretation experts had found the evidence, the field was completed. Like a vaudeville magician revealing a rabbit, the Japanese whisked off the camouflage. And the labor battalions moved to Vila-Stanmore, on the southern tip of Kalombangara Island, to start work on another airfield.

Planes from Guadalcanal began a series of attacks on Munda that was to last three months and total more than eighty raids. Some of them were spectacular, causing large fires and leaving great cavities in the runways, but the day after each raid Japanese planes were buzzing off as usual.

It looked as though a taste of the same medicine the Japs had tried to make our Marines swallow at Henderson Field was in order. So the first series of bombardments by surface vessels was inaugurated when Rear Admiral Walden L. Ainsworth took the NASHVILLE, ST. LOUIS,

HELENA and the destroyers FLETCHER and O'BANNON around the north of Rendova Island where the submarine GRAYBACK (Lieutenant Commander Edward S. Stephen) was waiting to act in the unaccustomed role of a seabuoy in those treacherous waters that black night of January 4-5. She was having a busy and diversified trip on this her fifth war patrol. Three weeks before, Pharmacist's Mate 1/c Harry B. Robey had performed a successful appendectomy on W. R. Jones, Torpedoman's Mate 1/c, and Christmas Day had been celebrated by sinking four Jap landing barges within sight of the southern tip of New Georgia. And as soon as the Munda bombardment would begin, the GRAYBACK was to sail to Rendova to rescue the six-man crew of a B-26 that had crashed on that island.

The Marines were being relieved by the Army on Guadalcanal, and the bombardment was, as Admiral Nimitz said, primarily "a diversion . . . a deterrent against air attack on Guadalcanal during troop replacement . . ." Of course, Ainsworth wanted to put the field permanently out of commission too, if possible.

Photographs taken of Munda the morning of January 5 showed that the area had indeed been "thoroughly worked over." It had been the most destructive and efficient bombardment that had been thrown at any Japanese installation up to that time. The runways were a mess, a succession of overlapping shellholes from one end to the other.

A lot of stores and lives were lost by the enemy, but as far as putting the field out of operation our attack had been unsuccessful. Within eighteen hours, Zeros were taking off from Munda and looking for Admiral Ainsworth's ships.

A similar and daring attack was made on the field at Vila-Stanmore, on Kolombangara Island, on the night of January 23. Admiral Ainsworth took the cruisers NASHVILLE and HELENA, with the destroyers NICHOLAS (Lieutenant Commander William D. Brown), DE HAVEN (Commander Charles E. Tolman), RADFORD (Lieutenant Commander William K. Romoser) and O'BANNON (Lieutenant Commander Donald J. MacDonald) to cause greater damage to the Japanese than they suffered at Munda—but did not knock out the field either. Out scurried the labor battalions with their shovels and wicker baskets, the miniature steam rollers and imitated road scrapers. Like bees on a honeycomb they looked from the air. And overnight the pitted field was whole again.

As Admiral Ainsworth said in his report: "The fact is inescapable

that the Japs have gone right ahead and built two air fields in spite of constant bombing by aircraft and two bombardments by surface vessels. We may destroy large quantities of gasoline and stores, and we may render these fields unusable at critical times, but the only real answer is to take the fields away from them."

That was just what Admiral Halsey proposed to do.

2

The first step up the Solomons ladder was not a long one. It reached just 30 miles northwest to the Russell Islands. Admiral Halsey wanted them, for with their good harbors and excellent terrain for airstrips, they would make a good staging point for our advance into New Georgia.

Lever's Pacific Plantations, Ltd., had in the peaceful years thickly planted the islands with coconuts, and, with the help of the missionaries of the Plymouth Brethren Society, taught the natives very good English. The Solomon Islanders in general were very friendly to the British, Australians and Americans. Their work throughout the war in rescuing Allied survivors of downed aircraft and sinking ships will never be fully appreciated. The "gooks" on Russell were not only no exception, they were even more intelligent than their bushy-topped cousins on the other islands.

The Russells, too, flanked "the Slot." With a PT base and a radar station as well as facilities for planes established there, Guadalcanal would be better guarded in its role as the base of future operations. So, spear-headed by the Marines of Carlson's Raiders, and protected by Cruiser Division 12 and destroyers, the Russell Islands were briskly invaded at dawn on February 21, in the midst of a tropical rainstorm.

The invaders found the "Welcome" mat out for them.

When the Japs left Guadalcanal, they had left the Russells too. There was none to oppose our force.

A steady stream of men and supplies came in nightly; a week after the landing, by the end of February, we had more than 9,000 men in those islands, made up principally of units of the 43rd Division, the 3rd Marine Raider Battalion, the 10th Marine Defense Battalion, the 35th Construction Battalion, and other naval base personnel operating under Rear Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner, Commander Amphibious Forces South Pacific.

Throughout all the eastern Solomons, preparations were being pushed for the next step. Facilities were enlarged on Guadalcanal and in the Tulagi area. By June four airfields had been completed on the former island and two in the Russells, all completely staffed and with maintenance units attached. Bulk gasoline stowage, tank farms, and an underwater fill line that brought aviation gasoline direct from tankers off Koli Point to the tank farm had been constructed. Fueling and ship repair equipment at Tulagi, and Port Purvis just below, had been improved. In the Tulagi area a seaplane base was developed at Halavo, PT boats operated from Sasapi on Tulagi Island, Calverville on Florida, and Makambo Island. Amphibious craft were grouped at Carter City and Turner City on Florida.

At last "things began to shape up." The Japanese airfields at Munda and Vila-Stanmore, that had again on the nights of March 5 and 12 absorbed the fury of cruiser and destroyer bombardment began to suspect the threat of occupation.

On June 3, 1943, Admiral Halsey, in accordance with Joint Chiefs of Staff directives, issued the basic operation plan: on June 30 simultaneous landings would be made at several points on Rendova Island, and on New Georgia at Viru Harbor, Segi Point and Wickham Anchorage.

The main thrust against New Georgia was to come from Rendova; troops from there were to move across Roviana Lagoon to land east of Munda and capture the airfield in a quick stroke. This movement was to be covered by preliminary landings on Sasavele and Baraula islands, which would secure the Onaiavisi entrance to the lagoon. The attack from Rendova was to be accompanied by the seizure of enemy positions in the Bairoko-Enogai area, in order to prevent the Munda garrison from being reinforced from the north.

As soon as Munda and the Bairoko-Enogai area were occupied, preparations were to be made to capture Vila-Stanmore on Kolombangara.

There were to be three¹ major task forces: One under Admiral

¹ (1) TASK FORCE TARE (Attack Force): Rear Admiral Richmond Kelly Turner. *Western Force*: Transdiv 2—Capt. Paul S. Theiss, PRESIDENT JACKSON (F), (Capt. Charles W. Weitzel); PRESIDENT ADAMS (Capt. Frank H. Dean); PRESIDENT HAYES (Capt. Francis W. Benson); ALGORAB (Capt. Joseph R. Lannom); MCCAWLEY (FF) (Comdr. Robert H. Rodgers); LIBRA (Capt. William B. Fletcher, Jr.). Transdiv 12—Comdr. John D. Sweeney, STRINGHAM (F) (Lt. Comdr. Ralph H. Monreau); TALBOT (Lt. Comdr. Charles C. Morgan); WATERS (Lt. Comdr. Charles J. McWhinnie); DENT (Lt. Comdr. Ralph A. Wilhelm); MCKEAN (Lt. Comdr. Ralph L. Ramey). Transdiv 22—Lt. Comdr. Robert H. Wilkinson, KILTY (F) (Lt. Comdr.

Turner subdivided into two parts, the western force to carry out operations in the Rendova-Munda area, the eastern force to land at Viru, Segi, and Wickham. The second task force, directly under Admiral Halsey, was to cover the broad operation and furnish fire support. The third was the South Pacific Air Force of Vice Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch, whose job was to direct air reconnaissance and striking missions, provide air support, and spotting planes. Rear Admiral Marc A. Mitscher, as commander of aircraft in the Solomons, had tactical command of aircraft operating from bases in the Solomons.

3

The best-laid plans are always subject to change, and these were no exception. The Japanese, in trying to guess what our next move would be, were logical enough to consider the New Georgia area might be wanted by the Allies, and so they began to move troops in there. Admiral Halsey wanted an airfield close to the scene of impending seizure as soon as possible, so it was decided to make the landing at Segi Point ahead of schedule.

Accordingly, on June 21 the two attack transports DENT and WATERS crept past the western coast of Vangunu Island in the badly charted waters, and, after scraping bottom on a shoal, debarked two companies of the 4th Marine Raider Battalion.

The Japanese were caught napping, for the landing was completely unopposed. On the following day two companies of the 103rd Infantry of the Army and Seabee surveyors arrived on the SCHLEY and CROSBY and work was started on laying out a fighter strip.

For four days before the main landings, Munda was heavily attacked by Navy bombers and, on the night of June 29, Admiral Merrill's Cruiser Division 12—MONTPELIER, DENVER, COLUMBIA and CLEVELAND with the destroyers PHILIP, RENSHAW, WALLER, PRINGLE and SAUFLEY—

Dominic L. Mattie); SCHLEY (Lt. Comdr. Horace Myers); CROSBY (Lt. Comdr. Alan G. Grant). LST Flotilla 5—Capt. Grayson B. Carter; LST Group 14—Comdr. Paul S. Slawson; LST Division 27—Lt. Boyd E. Blanchard, LST's 342, 395, 396, 397, 398 plus 472; LST Group 15—Capt. John S. Crenshaw; LST Division 29—Lt. Luther E. Reynolds, Jr., LSTs 339, 341, 343, 353, 354, 399. Screening Group—Capt. Thomas J. Ryan, Jr., Division Able 1—Capt. Thomas J. Ryan, Jr., FARENHOLT (F) (Comdr. Eugene T. Seaward); BUCHANAN (Lt. Comdr. Floyd B. T. Myhre); MCGALLA (Lt. Comdr. Halford A. Knoertzer); RALPH TALBOT (Comdr. Joseph W. Callahan). Division Able 2—Comdr. John M. Higgins, GWIN (F) (Lt. Comdr. John B. Fellows, Jr.);

steamed up the Slot with Captain William R. Cooke, Jr.'s minelayers PREBLE, GAMBLE and BREESE to bombard Vila-Stanmore again and the Buin-Shortland area off Bougainville; Captain Cooke's minelayers to sow their deadly cargo off Shortland Harbor.

The job of shelling Vila-Stanmore fell to the RENSHAW and WALLER, which turned off to bombard the Kolombangara plantation at sunset. The rest of the ships continued on, watching the flashes of the destroyers' gunfire until they were 28 miles away.

Although the destroyer bombardment might divert the enemy's attention from the task group as well as from the invasion, the men on the ships, from Admiral Merrill down to the greenest mess boy, felt as con-

WOODWORTH (Comdr. Virgil F. Gordinier); RADFORD (Comdr. William K. Romoser); JENKINS (Comdr. Harry F. Miller). Service Unit—Lt. Charles H. Stedman, VIREO (F) (Lt. Charles H. Stedman); RAIL (Lt. (jg) Leslie C. Oaks); PAB4; PAB6. *Eastern Force*: Rear Admiral George H. Fort. Minesweeper Group (DMSs)—Comdr. Stanley Leith, HOPKINS (F) (Lt. Comdr. Francis M. Peters, Jr.); TREVER (Lt. Comdr. William H. Shea, Jr.); ZANE (Lt. Comdr. Peyton L. Wirtz). LCT Flotilla 5—Lt. Comdr. Paul A. Wells; LCT Group 13—Lt. Ashton L. Jones; LCT Division 25—Lt. Ashton L. Jones, LCTs 58, 60, 156, 158, 159, 180; LCT Division 26—Lt. Ameel Z. Kouri, LCTs 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67; LCT Group 15—Lt. Frank M. Wiseman; LCT Division 29—Lt. Frank M. Wiseman, LCTs 181, 182, 326, 327, 330, 351, 352, 367, 369, 370, 375, 377; LCT Division 30—Lt. (jg) Pickett Lumpkin, LCTs 322, 323, 324, 481, 482; LCT Flotilla 6—Lt. Wilfred C. Margetts; LCT Group 16—Lt. Wilfred C. Margetts; LCT Division 31—Lt. (jg) Robert A. Torkildson, LCTs 126, 127, 128, 129, 132, 133; LCT Division 32—LCTs 134, 139, 141, 144, 145, 146. APc Flotilla 5—Lt. Dennis Mann; APc Group 13—Lt. Dennis Mann; APc Division 25—Lt. Dennis Mann, APc's 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29; APc Division 26—Lt. Arthur W. Bergstrom, APc's 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39. LCI Flotilla 5—Comdr. Chester L. Walton; LCI Group 13—Lt. Comdr. Marion M. Byrd; LCI Division 25—Lt. Comdr. Marion M. Byrd, LCIs 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66; LCI Division 26—Lt. Clifford D. Older, LCIs 21, 22, 67, 68, 69, 70; LCI Group 14—Lt. Comdr. A. Vernon Janotta; LCI Division 27—Lt. Comdr. A. Vernon Janotta, LCIs 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332; LCI Division 28—Lt. (jg) John R. Powers, LCIs 23, 24, 333, 334, 335, 336; LCI Group 15—Comdr. J. McDonald Smith, LCIs 222, 223. Russell's MTB Squadron (12 MTB).

(2) TASK FORCE FOX (Air Support): Vice Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch. All South Pacific aircraft, land-based and tender-based, and initially aircraft of Carrier Division 22. The combat planes assigned to our force for the aerial offensive included 258 fighters, 193 light bombers and 82 heavy bombers, including PB4Ys whose primary mission was search. Of these, 213 fighters, 170 light bombers, and 72 heavy bombers—including PB4Ys—were ready to fly the morning of June 30.

(3) TASK FORCE HOW (Covering Force): Admiral William F. Halsey. Task Group Able—Rear Admiral Walden L. Ainsworth. Cruisers: Crudiv 9—Rear Admiral Ainsworth, HONOLULU (F) (Capt. Robert W. Hayler); HELENA (Capt. Charles P. Cecil); ST. LOUIS (Capt. Colin Campbell). Destroyers: Desron 21—Capt. Francis X. McInerney, NICHOLAS (F) (Lt. Comdr. Andrew J. Hill); STRONG (Comdr. Joseph H. Wellings); O'BANNON (Lt. Comdr. Donald J. MacDonald); CHEVALIER (Comdr. Ephraim R. McLean, Jr.); TAYLOR (Lt. Comdr. Benjamin Katz). Task Group BAKER—Rear Admiral Aaron S. Merrill. Cruisers: Crudiv 12—Rear Admiral Merrill,

spicuous, according to the Admiral himself, as a bunch of bananas in a monkey cage, steaming as they were through Japanese-held waters guarded by enemy planes, coastwatchers and submarines. It was therefore a great deal less than cheering to learn that the aircraft of General MacArthur's command, scheduled to neutralize enemy air bases during the task force's retirement, had canceled their raids because of bad weather.

But the weather that kept General MacArthur's planes down kept the Jap planes down too; and the rain squalls that periodically reduced visibility to zero provided a protective curtain that may have worried the officers of the deck but made them bless the inventors of radar.

MONTPELIER (F) (Capt. Robert G. Tobin); COLUMBIA (Capt. Frank E. Beatty); CLEVELAND (Capt. Andrew G. Shepard); DENVER (Capt. Robert B. Carney). Minelayers: Lt. Comdr. Frederic S. Steinke, PREBLE (F) (Lt. Comdr. Frederic S. Steinke); GAMBLE (Lt. Comdr. Warren W. Armstrong); BREESE (Lt. Comdr. Alexander B. Cox, Jr.). Destroyers: Desron 22—Capt. William R. Cooke, Jr., WALLER (F) (Comdr. Lawrence H. Frost); SAUFLEY (Comdr. Bert F. Brown); PHILIP (Comdr. Thomas C. Ragan); RENSHAW (Comdr. Charles F. Chillingworth, Jr.); PRINGLE (Comdr. Harold O. Larson). Task Group CHARLIE—Rear Admiral DeWitt C. Ramsey; Task Unit VICTOR—Rear Admiral Ramsey, Carriers: SARATOGA (F) (Capt. Henry M. Mullinix); HMS VICTORIOUS (Capt. L. D. MacIntosh, RN). Cruisers: Crudiv 11, SAN DIEGO (Capt. Lester J. Hudson); SAN JUAN (Capt. Guy W. Clark). Destroyers: Desron 6—Comdr. Wilfrid Nyquist; Desdiv 11—Comdr. Nyquist, MAURY (F) (Comdr. Gelzer L. Sims); GRIDLEY (Lt. Comdr. Jesse H. Motes, Jr.); MCCALL (Lt. Comdr. Edward L. Foster); CRAVEN (Lt. Comdr. Francis T. Williamson); Desdiv 12—Comdr. Frederick Moosbrugger, FANNING (F) (Lt. Comdr. Randal M. MacKinnon); DUNEAP (Lt. Comdr. Clifton Iverson); CUMMINGS (Lt. Comdr. Paul D. Williams); CASE (Comdr. Daniel T. Birtwell, Jr.). Task Unit WILLIAM—Rear Admiral Glenn B. Davis. Battleships: Batdiv 8—Rear Admiral Davis, MASSACHUSETTS (F) (Capt. Robert O. Glover); INDIANA (Capt. Thomas G. Peyton); NORTH CAROLINA (Capt. Frank P. Thomas). Destroyers: Comdesron—Capt. Frank R. Walker, SELFLEDGE (F) (Comdr. Carroll D. Reynolds); STANLY (Comdr. Robert W. Cavenagh); CLAXTON (Comdr. Herald F. Stout); DYSON (Comdr. Roy A. Gano); CONVERSE (Comdr. DeWitt C. E. Hamberger). Task Unit YOKE—Capt. Russell M. Ihrig, CIMARRON (F) (Capt. R. M. Ihrig); GRIDLEY (Lt. Comdr. Jesse H. Motes, Jr.). Task Unit ZEBRA—Capt. Frank P. Thomas, NORTH CAROLINA (F) (Capt. F. P. Thomas); CLAXTON (Comdr. Herald F. Stout); STANLY (Comdr. Robert W. Cavenagh); DYSON (Comdr. Roy A. Gano). Task Group DOG—Rear Admiral Harry W. Hill. Battleships: Batdiv 4—Rear Admiral Hill, MARYLAND (F) (Capt. Carl H. Jones); COLORADO (Capt. Elmer L. Woodside). Task Group EASY—Rear Admiral Andrew C. McFall. Carriers: Cardiv 22—Rear Admiral McFall, SANGAMON (F) (Capt. Edward P. Moore); SUWANEE (Capt. Frederick W. McMahon); CHENANGO (Capt. Ben H. Wyatt). Destroyers: Desdiv 44—Comdr. Arleigh A. Burke, CONWAY (F) (Comdr. Nathaniel S. Prime); EATON (Comdr. Edward L. Beck); Desdiv 15—Comdr. Rodger W. Simpson, LANG (F) (Comdr. John L. Wilfong); STACK (Lt. Comdr. Roy A. Newton); STERETT (Lt. Comdr. Frank G. Gould); WILSON (Lt. Comdr. Walter H. Price).

(4) Task Group FOX (Ground Force Reserve): Major General Robert S. Bightler. 37th Division United States Army, less two combat teams.

June 30 was less than two hours old when the bombardment started. Half an hour previously the minelayers had started their silent work and when the first shells left our cruisers and destroyers they had corked the strait between the islands of Alu and Munia with 336 mines.

For fifteen minutes the ships fired away, but what the results were no eye could see. Blending with the crash and flash of the guns was nature's own artillery of thunder and lightning. The rain was so heavy that even the tracers became invisible just beyond the gun muzzles. But radar told the ships that they were on the target, and subsequent aerial reconnaissance confirmed the accuracy of the American shooting.

Then "Tip" Merrill turned his ships away and started the retirement to base.

All along the west coasts of Vella Lavella, Ganongga and New Georgia heavy black rain clouds hung almost to the mastheads. Admiral Merrill had planned his course back south of the Solomons so that any snooping enemy scout would think the force was headed down the usual highway, the Slot.

Dawn broke with a clear sky to the south and west, but by cruising close to land where the clouds still hung grimly, the task force slipped by undetected. With daylight, seven P-38s, made available by the cancellation of the air strikes, appeared and buzzed protectively over the force as they made their way without incident back past Tulagi to their fueling rendezvous south of San Cristobal.

In the meantime, on this morning of June 30, 1943, the landings were being accomplished "according to plan." At Rendova Harbor on the northern tip of the island the troop transports picked their way through the reefs shortly after dawn and began to disembark men and materials. As the men approached the beach they met machine-gun fire, and then, shortly after seven o'clock, the batteries on Munda Point across the channel opened up.

The first salvo hit the GWIN, the only destroyer that had survived the Battleship Night Action of November 14-15. A near hit was also scored on the BUCHANAN. Other batteries on Baanga Island and at Lokuloku joined in.

The BUCHANAN and FARENHOLT, veterans of the Battle of Cape Esperance, undertook the silencing of the enemy guns, and with their second salvo hits were made on Munda. In all, seven batteries were put out of action by the accurate fire from these two destroyers, who them-

selves maneuvered so skillfully that the Japanese "fire control problem was rendered practically insoluble."

By nine o'clock Munda had more troubles, for we had opened fire on it with shore batteries established on Kokurana, the small island just north of the harbor.

Unloading was accomplished with great efficiency. By 7:30 all troops except ship working parties had been landed. And by three in the afternoon all cargo was ashore. As an example of the speed and excellence with which the transports did their job, Rear Admiral Turner's flagship MC CAWLEY unloaded its cargo at the rate of 157 tons per hour while putting 1,100 troops on the beach!

Overhead, a combat air patrol of thirty-two fighters from Admiral Mitscher's Guadalcanal and Russell bases circled, twice in the morning beating back enemy aircraft.

In the afternoon, when the unloading was finished, the order went to every ship to gather in cruising formation and start back to Guadalcanal through Blanche Channel.

The ships were under way when the warning "Air raid," flashed through the fleet. Coming in from the northwest over New Georgia Island near Munda were specks that grew into two dozen Mitsubishi torpedo bombers escorted by Zeros. In tight formation, they flew at right angles five miles astern of our ships, streaking across Roviana Island, and then turned sharply above the middle of the lagoon for the attack on our port beam.

At nearly three hundred miles an hour they dipped down to skim the surface of the water, aiming for the destroyers and the MC CAWLEY, which was the nearest leading transport.

A minute before the planes reached the dropping point, the entire flotilla wheeled sharply to the right, to throw the planes off their aim, and each ship opened fire. Hits were immediately scored, but the surviving planes held firmly to their course, boring in to drop their torpedoes until within 500 yards.

Three planes in succession dropped their fish at the FARENHOLT. Two missed, but the third hit the destroyer with a thud that could be felt all over the ship. The seconds ticked by, and there was no explosion. A dud!

Each ship under attack darted and swerved to avoid the streaking torpedoes. The MC CALLA, by quick use of rudder and engines, avoided three torpedoes literally by inches.

The MC CAWLEY was not so lucky. The 8,000-ton flagship, which in better times had been known to thousands of tourists as the SANTA BARBARA, had just completed her emergency right turn when a torpedo was seen speeding toward her. Her rudder was put over hard right and the starboard engine backed full, in the hope that the great bulk could be thrown parallel to the torpedo's course. But there wasn't time. With a tremendous explosion the transport was hit amidships near the engine room. The MC CAWLEY lurched to port, righted herself and then continued to swing to starboard, her rudder jammed and all engines stopped.

The attack lasted only eight minutes. Not one of the attackers survived the fury of the antiaircraft fire and our protecting planes.

The MC CAWLEY was in a bad way, but there was a possibility of saving her. Admiral Turner and his staff transferred to the FARENHOLT, and Admiral Theodore S. Wilkinson remained aboard in charge of the salvage crew. In spite of their efforts the ship continued to settle aft.

About an hour later, at six o'clock, a dozen Aichi dive bombers broke through the overcast. The ship was dead in the water, but the salvage crew manned the guns so effectively that the enemy planes were driven off.

By now, however, it was seen that the MC CAWLEY could not much longer stay afloat, so the MC CALLA came alongside and evacuated the crew. But the old BARBARA was a lady, she wouldn't be rushed. Darkness had come, and still only slowly the stern settled in the water. The MC CALLA readied her torpedoes to help her along.

Then there were three brilliant flashes and the same number of explosions. "Submarines!" the destroyer men thought.

Hit by three torpedoes, the MC CAWLEY was gone in thirty seconds.

Beyond the swirl of water that for a short time marked where the ex-luxury liner had sunk, through the blackness at full throttle, roared a PT. At her helm, sharing the short-lived elation of his crew, was one of the veterans of the Philippines' squadron. He thought he had sunk a Jap. Instead he had only saved the MC CALLA some work.

The other landings were accomplished with varying smoothness but without serious opposition. At Onaiavisi on June 30, the destroyer TALBOT and the minesweeper ZANE debarked units of the 169th Infantry, 43rd Division, on Sasavele and Baraulu Islands. While unloading, the ZANE ran aground, but with the help of the tug RAIL was extricated shortly after noon, and escorted back to Tulagi for repairs by a PC and two SCs.

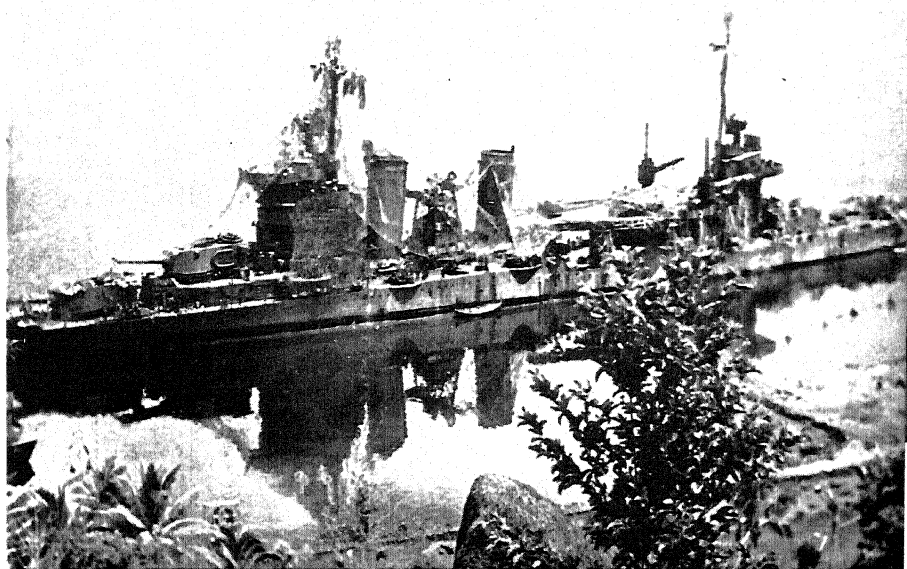
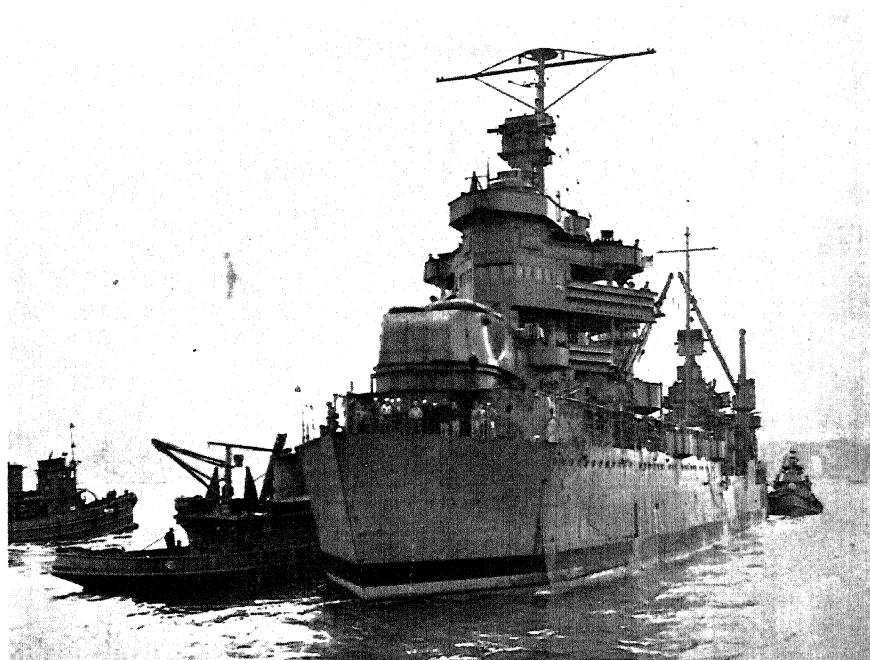


PLATE XLIX—In the Battle of Tassafaronga, November 30, 1942, we lost one cruiser and suffered serious damage to three others. (*above*) The USS MINNEAPOLIS, draped in web camouflage, at Tulagi. Her bow was shored up with coconut logs and she sailed under her own power to better repair facilities behind the front. (*below*) Pushing a snubby temporary bow, the USS NEW ORLEANS arrives at Puget Sound Navy Yard. After a record-breaking repair job, she was soon back in action.





Munda became one of the most famous "milk runs" for our bombers, and, while it was made almost untenable in three months, it did not fall until August 5, 1943.

(below) The Japs also used photography to probe our fleet and shore based secrets. This flimsy Japanese photo laboratory was captured intact on Guadalcanal, and was used by Marine photographers. (U. S. Marine Corps Photo.)

PLATE I—Photo reconnaissance played an extremely important part in winning the Pacific war, particularly in remote areas that had scarcely been explored, let alone mapped.

(left) How rapidly the Japs carved airfields out of the brush, jungle and coconut plantations, shows in this and the photograph (center), taken a little over a month apart at Munda Point, central Solomons. By suspending the tops of palm trees on cables, and clearing away the trunks and underbrush, the Japs were able to conceal progress on their runways for some time.

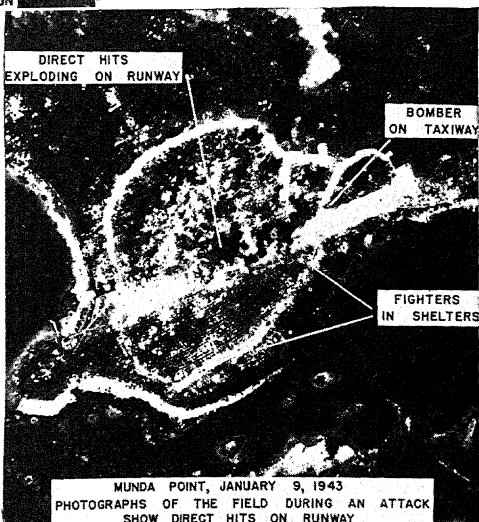
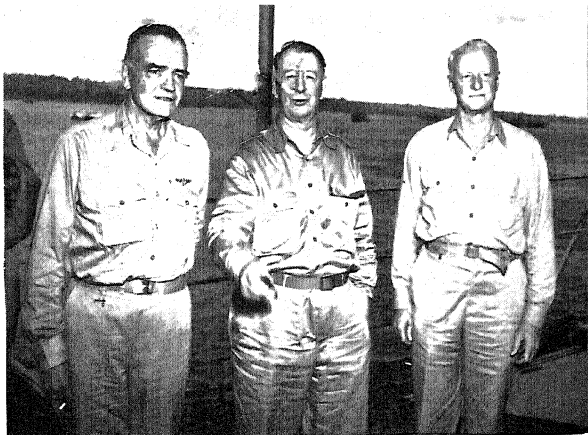
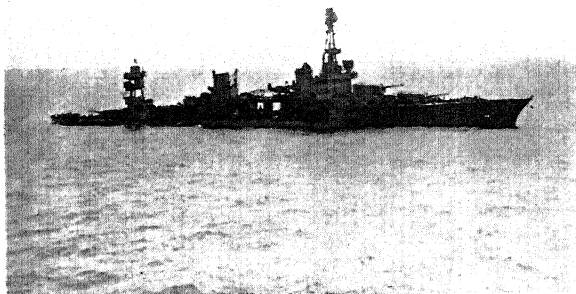


PLATE LI—(right) “Halsey, Nimitz—and Knox!” The words of the popular war song by Captain W. G. Beecher might thus be amended for this informal photograph of the Secretary of the Navy during a South Pacific strategy meeting, in January, 1943. Once beyond Hawaii, neckties were worn by no one.



(left) Bow anchor down, and lying low in the water, the USS CHICAGO is shown here a few hours before she sank off Rennell Island, the Solomons, January 30, 1943. The big cruiser was heavily damaged the preceding night, during an aerial attack while escorting a convoy.



(right) Jap Zero blanked out! All through the Solomons' chain could be found wrecks of enemy planes damaged in raids against Guadalcanal. These remains were discovered in a copra plantation, Russell Islands, by Marine landing forces. The Russell Islands, just north of Guadalcanal, were taken without opposition.





PLATE LII—The struggle for control of the middle Solomons was marked by a series of sanguinary naval and air engagements, mostly night actions, between June and October, 1943. Again and again the "Tokyo Express" tried to flank our ends in desperate attempts to reinforce Japanese garrisons, and, while Allied losses in ships and men were considerable, the Japs lost more. In the end, they had to abandon hard-won outposts to their fate.

(upper left) Inferno-like glare of rapid-firing 5-inch guns, aboard the USS STERETT, illuminates the night during the action of Vella Gulf, August 7-8, 1943. Although damaged, the destroyer successfully fought off a determined Jap bomber attack.

(center) Oil-smeared survivors of the sinking of the USS HELENA check in aboard a sister ship, following the First Battle of Kula Gulf, July 5-6, 1943.



(lower) End of a gallant fighting ship. The USS HELENA, veteran of the attack on Pearl Harbor and much Pacific action, met her fate when hit by three Jap torpedoes in Kula Gulf, off Kolombangara. (Painting by Mr. Percy Leason, based on official reports.)

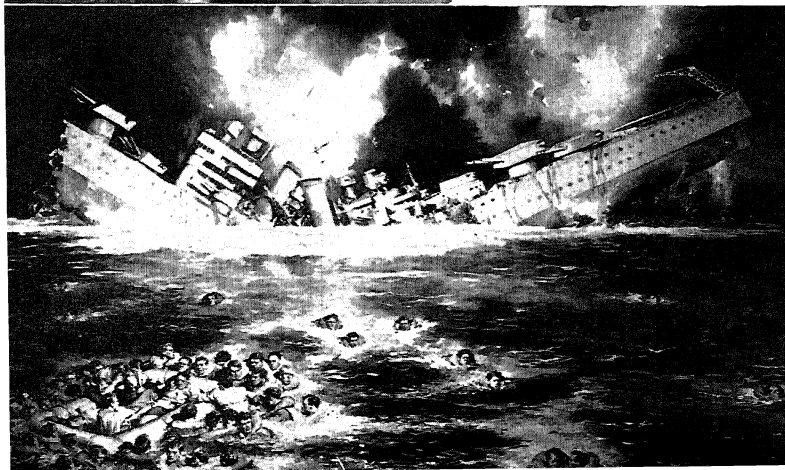
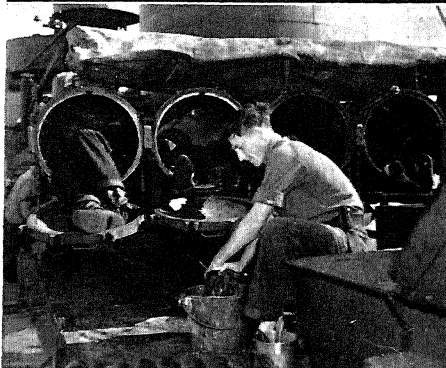
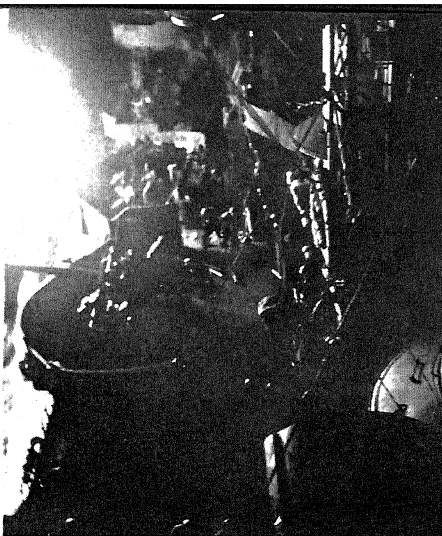


PLATE LIII—Kula Gulf, between the islands of Kolombangara and New Georgia, saw two terrific night actions as the "Tokyo Express" collided head-on with Crudiv Nine (Cruiser Division Nine) on July 5-6, and again on July 12-13, 1943.

(upper right) All through the night, the big guns and antiaircraft rifles of a U. S. cruiser poured out their volleys of fire and steel, battering the Japs in Kula Gulf into submission.

(center) Wiping the grime of battle from tubes of death. These sailors are not "in the sack" (catching up on sleep). They are cleaning out torpedo tubes that accounted for one of the six Jap ship casualties in the Battle of Kula Gulf.

(lower) Wounded from the USS NICHOLAS, destroyer, are transferred to the USS HONOLULU, cruiser (right) following the First Battle of Kula Gulf. The NICHOLAS, with the RADFORD, played an important part in the rescue of the HELENA survivors, at the same time sending salvo after salvo of torpedoes into the attacking Japs.



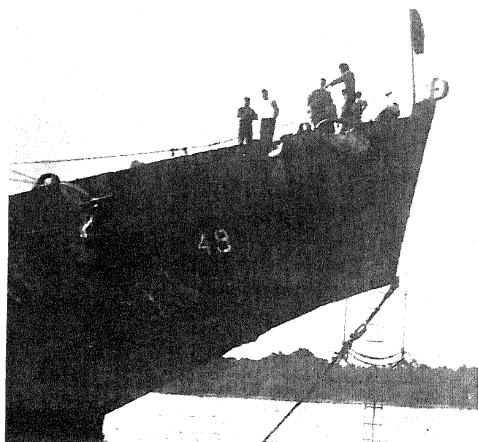
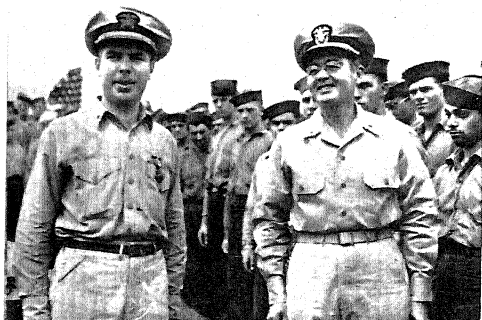


PLATE LIV—(upper left) Clipper bow, Jap torpedo style. The USS ST. LOUIS had its design altered in this fashion by an enemy torpedo during the Second Battle of Kula Gulf, sometimes referred to as the Night Action of Kolombangara, July 12-13, 1943. The ST. LOUIS was damaged three times during the Pacific war, but came back to set a new naval gunfire record.

(center) Navy Cross for O'BANNION's skipper. Commander Donald John MacDonald, USN, (left) proudly wears the award given him by Captain Thomas J. Ryan, Jr., USN, for meritorious services performed by his ship in the First Battle of Kula Gulf, July 5-6, 1943.



(lower) All hands stand at attention on the bow of the USS CHEVALIER as Captain Thomas J. Ryan, Jr., commands the officers and crew for heroic work in rescuing survivors of the USS STRONG, during the Battle of Kula Gulf, July 5-6, 1943. When the CHEVALIER itself was sunk during the Battle of Vella Lavella (October 6), her men were picked up by the USS O'BANNION and USS SELFREDGE.

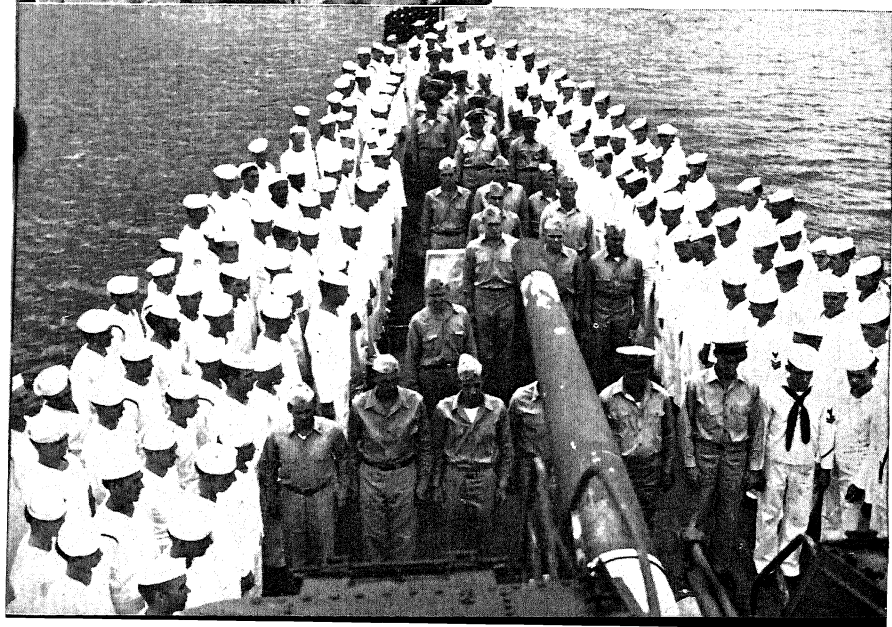
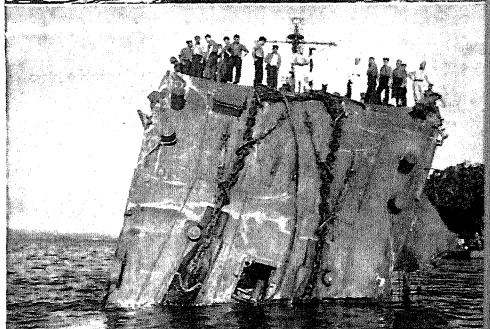
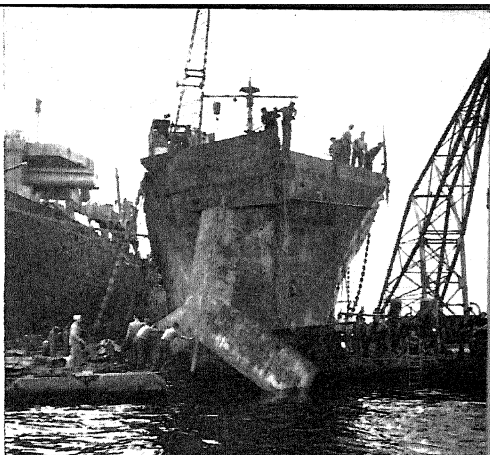


PLATE LV—Another cruiser takes it on the chin, but comes back for more—a remarkable example of the incredible, and largely unsung, work done by Navy repair crews to keep 'em fighting.

(upper right) Despite shortages of almost everything, U. S. Navy repairmen fabricate a temporary bow for the USS HONOLULU at Espiritu Santo. Tulagi and Espiritu for months served as first-aid stations for ships damaged in the slam-bang Solomons campaign.

(center) You are looking at the deck of the USS HONOLULU! This bow on, bow down, view of the cruiser shows how the foredeck collapsed over the gaping hole torn by a Jap torpedo during the Second Battle of Kula Gulf, July 12-13, 1943.

(lower) Vila Airfield, Kolombangara Islands, one of the "rungs" in the Jap airbase ladder, extending the length of the Solomons chain. These fields were to be used eventually by long-range Jap bombers that hoped to sever our life line with Australia.



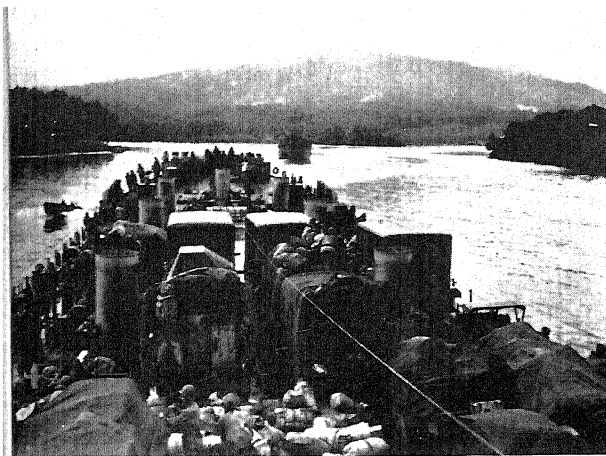
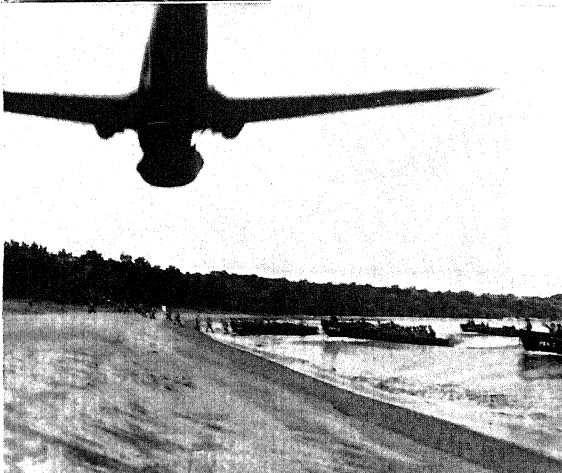


PLATE LVI—(left) Silent "Green Dragons" slip into Rendova. Packed solidly with supplies, within and without, two LSTs approach a new Allied base set up in the central Solomons in July, 1943, near the Jap stronghold of Munda. Marines nicknamed LSTs (Landing Ships, Tank) "Green Dragons" because of their fantastic jungle camouflage.

(right) "Buzzing" the beach, a low-flying Army P-40 covers the landing of amphibious troops at Rendova, June 30, 1943. The air umbrella not only fought off enemy planes but strafed Jap pill boxes, machine-gun nests and other strong points, allowing the landing to proceed as planned.



(left) "Todd City" may have had damp streets, but it was a welcome haven for PT (motor torpedo) boats operating against Jap landing craft in hidden coves and bays throughout the central Solomons. Named for one of the first PT men killed in the area (Leon E. Todd, Jr.), it served as repair and supply base, and a chance for cramped PT-ers to stand up and stretch!

PLATE LVII—The story of the “Black Cats” (Catalina PBVs, painted soot-black for night operations) is one of the most exciting of the war. Prowling the night skies on search and bombing missions, deep in enemy territory, the “Cats” performed incredible feats, often with improvised weapons, as well as robbing Japs ashore and afloat of much-needed sleep. (right) A “Black Cat” buzzes the strip at Munda in a dawn return from a successful night operation.



(left) Bombs away—by hand! Far below in the darkness a Jap convoy has been sighted by this “Black Cat.” Lacking proper bomb racks, a crewman prepares to heave a fragmentation bomb out the port. By flying low, a large percentage of hits was scored.

(right) Vice Admiral Thomas C. Kincaid, USN (right), commander, Seventh Fleet, awards the Presidential Unit Citation to “Black Cat” Squadron 34, led by Lt. Comdr. V. V. Utgoff, USN (left), for rescuing 281 Allied military personnel and sinking 98,000 tons of Jap shipping.





PLATE LVIII—The quick seizure of Mono Island, in the Treasury group and a Jap outpost guarding Bougainville, indicated how far amphibious operations methods had advanced since the first landings on Guadalcanal, over a year before. (left) New Zealanders, forming the second wave, leap ashore as fog and mist begin to envelop the coast of Mono. LCP's rammed their bows far up on the rocky beach to hasten the unloading of supplies. Within fourteen hours, October 26-27, 1943, Allied forces had wiped out the Jap garrison.

(right) Coast Guard artist Hunter Wood here depicts a dramatic incident of the Mono invasion. When a palm-log pillbox impeded our advance, Fireman 1/c Aurelio Tassone, a Seabee, approached it from the rear in a giant bulldozer. Using the blade as a shield he roared in at full speed, simply burying the twelve Jap occupants of the nest and their guns.



(left) Photographic proof of the prowess of a plow-share that beat a sword! This jumble of logs and debris is all that is left of the Jap pillbox, after the Seabee and his bulldozer attacked it, as shown above.

PLATE LIX—In the process of folding up the Jap "ladder" in the Solomons many Allied forces were brought to bear—U. S. and New Zealand ships and troops; Navy, Army, and Marine Corps planes; and Coast Guard-manned transports and landing craft. (right) U. S. Army "Flying Forts" wheel over Jap installations on Gizo Island. This raid was part of a triple-pronged aerial thrust against the enemy during the fight for Guadalcanal. Most of the "Forts" came from Espiritu Santo.



(left) Like delicate lace-work the coral strip and revetments of the Jap air base on Ballale stand out sharply against the green jungle and blue sea. Ballale guarded the upper reaches of "The Slot," south of Bougainville, along the line of the "Tokyo Express" (Jap high-speed attack and reinforcement task force).

(right) Swooping like birds of prey, U. S. Navy Grumman Avengers bomb and strafe Jap strong points on Shortland Island, another aerial sentry post near Bougainville. This photograph gives an excellent impression of the heavily-indented coastline, typical of the Solomons, affording many good hiding places for landing craft used to reinforce outlying Jap bases.

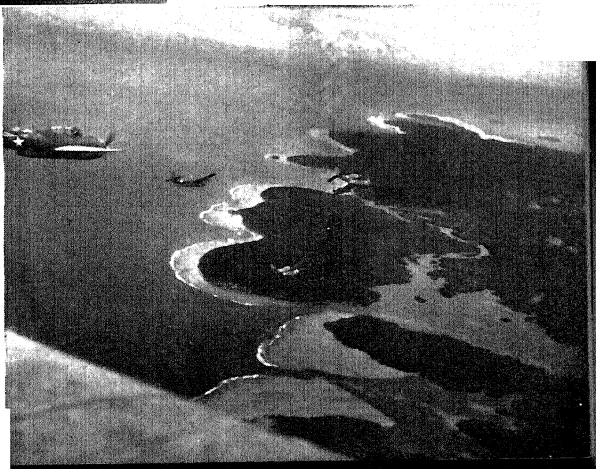
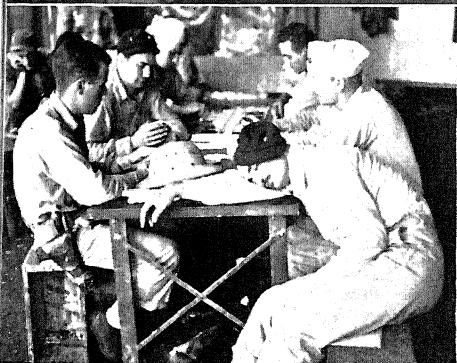




PLATE LX—On these two pages each photograph represents a little-publicized, but extremely important, activity connected with the winning of the bitter and costly Solomon campaign, August 1942 to December 1943. (upper left) SCATS in flight. En route to Munda to make cargo drops on Allied troops bogged down at the edge of the airstrip, four SCAT (South Pacific Combat Air Transport) planes begin another hazardous mission. Unarmed SCATS ventured far into enemy territory to carry food, supplies, munitions and spare parts to our forces, and to evacuate wounded and prisoners of war.



(center) There were no "off duty" hours for weary, overworked Marine fighter pilots during those hectic touch-and-go stages of the early Guadalcanal campaign. Here one flyer catches forty winks, while other airmen read or play cards while awaiting the next air raid alarm. (*U. S. Marine Corps Photo.*)

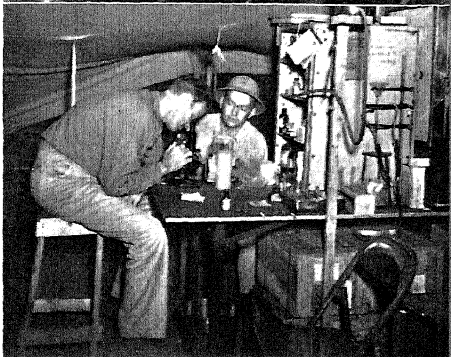
(lower) Sleep was when and where you found it—even on an ammunition dump. On Rendova Island an exhausted artilleryman doesn't seem to find 155-mm shells too uncomfortable. But one Jap bomb hit and he will wake up in another world!



PLATE LXI—(right) A fair and warmer day at the Navy's al fresco weather bureau on Guadalcanal. An aerologist, dressed in one of the favorite costumes of the tropics, prepares to send aloft a balloon to obtain valuable information about weather conditions for Allied aircraft and ships. A U. S. Marine sergeant turns on the "juice" from a gas cylinder.



(center) Navy medical officers combat malaria in a tent laboratory, set up in the Guadalcanal jungle. Lt. Ray Tharp studies a blood specimen while Lt. James F. Maser, assistant medical officer, looks on. Not even the battle against the Jap enemy was prosecuted with more vigor or tenacity than the conflict with disease.



(lower) Except in some sections of Bougainville, most of the natives of the Solomons proved intensely loyal to the Allies, and did valiant work as coast watchers, jungle scouts and message runners, as well as fighters. These native policemen aided their leader, Captain Martin Clemens (center), of the Solomons Islands Defense forces, an Australian, in constantly harassing the Japs on Guadalcanal, both before and after the arrival of our invasion forces. (U. S. Marine Corps Photo.)



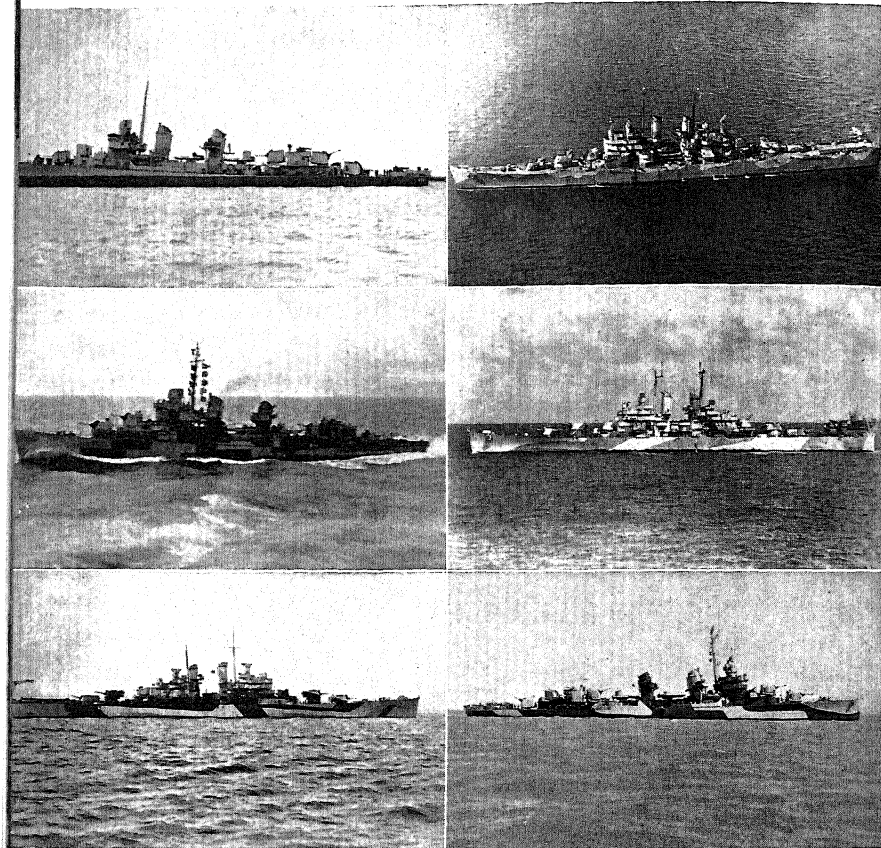
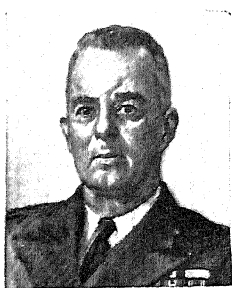


PLATE LXII—Typical of the hard-hitting, fast-operating Navy squadrons that helped to roll up the last rungs of the Solomons "ladder" was Task Force 39, commanded by Rear Admiral A. S. Merrill, USN (*upper left*). Captain Arleigh A. Burke, USN (*upper right*), better known as "31-knot Burke," was an outstanding destroyer division skipper.

Some of the ships comprising Task Force 39. *Left row, top to bottom*: USS DYSON and USS THATCHER, destroyers; and USS DENVER, cruiser. *Right row, top to bottom*: USS MONTPELIER and USS COLUMBIA, cruisers; and USS CHARLES AUSBURNE, destroyer. (*Portrait of Rear Admiral Merrill by Lt. William F. Draper, USNR, and of Captain Burke by Commander Albert K. Murray, USNR, both Official Navy combat artists.*)

PLATE LXIII—(right)
 "U. S. Navy Flyer Forced
 Down on South Sea Isle."
 This mural, the best of
 many similar themes
 painted during the war,
 once hung in the Comair-
 sopac Officers' Mess,
 Guadalcanal. Now in the
 Officers' Mess, U. S.
 Naval Academy, Annapo-
 lis, it is the work of Car-
 penter's Mate 3/c John-
 son, of the 28th Seabees
 Battalion.



(left) Little railroad with
 big ambition. Although
 never listed on the New
 York Stock Exchange, the
 G. B. & T. railroad played
 relatively just as impor-
 tant a role as did its big-
 ger Stateside brother and
 sister lines. Its crack (and
 only) train was called the
 "Guadalcanal, Bougain-
 ville and Tokyo Express,"
 and its powerful (and
 only) engine, "The Ad-
 miral." A narrow-gauge
 line, it hauled supplies
 from the waterfront to a
 supply depot on Guadal-
 canal.

(right) As our ships and
 planes advanced through
 the Solomons, the big Jap
 base at Rabaul came more
 and more under devastat-
 ing Allied attack. Here
 U. S. Navy dive bombers
 score direct hits on a
 Japanese heavy cruiser
 caught in the harbor.

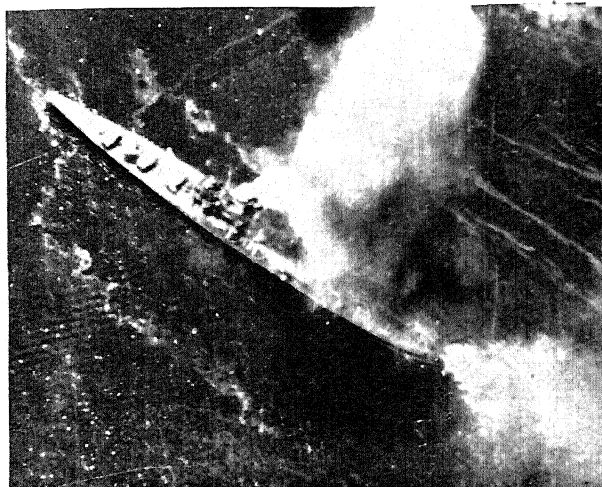
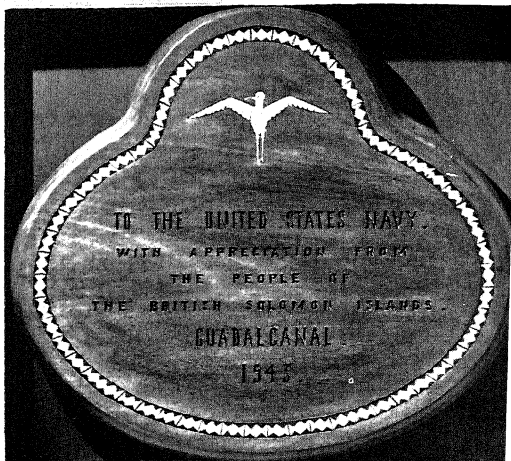




PLATE LXIV—(left) Grateful Solomon Islanders offer a token of their esteem. Headed by British Resident Administrator Colonel Owen C. Noel, a delegation of natives present to the Navy for the escort carrier, USS GUADALCANAL, a plaque of sandalwood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, as an expression of their gratitude for the part played by the Navy in the expulsion of the Japs from their island homeland. Vice Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch, USN, accepted the plaque from Sergeant Major Vouza.

(right) Close-up of the plaque, which bears the following inscription: "To the United States Navy with Appreciation from the People of the British Solomon Islands, Guadalcanal, 1943." The USS GUADALCANAL played an active part in the Battle of the Atlantic.



(left) Vice Admiral Aubrey W. Fitch, USN (center, first row), Commander Aircraft, South Pacific, and his staff before his headquarters on Guadalcanal, December 1943. As Comairsopac, Admiral Fitch was charged with the operation of all shore-based aircraft in the Solomon Islands campaign under Admiral Halsey.

The first landings in the Wickham Anchorage area on Vangunu Island below the main island of New Georgia were made at Oloana Bay at 6:30 A.M. on June 30. Shortly after midnight, as the force of seven LCIs and two APDs, SCHLEY and MC KEAN, were heading toward their objective, radar picked out two Japanese destroyers on a converging course. Immediately the small invasion force's course was changed, and the two Japs passed by about a mile away, unseeing.

At half after three the task unit hove to off the west side of Oloana Bay. It was too dark to see the beach and the sea was heavy. A high wind made disembarkation even more difficult. Then, to add to the grief, it was discovered that the unloading was being made on the wrong side of the bay. Moving about a half mile to the east, the debarkation was continued, but woe dogged them still.

The first wave of boats was thrown into confusion when LCIs carrying Army personnel broke into their formation. In the darkness, boats became separated from their leaders, and coxswains had to grope their way to the beach individually. Not knowing the course, many missed the designated beach by as much as seven miles to the west, where the heavy surf capsized six boats.

It might have been worse. But fortunately there was no opposition and by ten o'clock all landing operations were completed, and the task unit was ready to return to Purvis Bay.

Vura Village, several miles inland, had been designated as the objective in the original operations order, but after landing it was found that the enemy was at Kaeruka. In the fighting that followed, a force of three hundred Japanese was wiped out, and by July 3 all our objectives in the area had been realized.

The landing at Viru was delayed for a day beyond the time originally planned, for it had been timed to coincide with the arrival of Marine Raiders fighting overland from Segi. The Raiders, however, had been pardonably delayed at the Choi River near Nono, New Georgia, by enemy resistance on June 28. The unit commander, not knowing where the Raiders were, suggested to Admiral Turner by dispatch that his unit be disembarked at Nono, and proceed overland to Viru, because a frontal attack without land support in the face of the heavy shore batteries would have been futile. Admiral Turner gave assent, and the troops were landed at Nono, capturing Viru by the evening of the next day, July 1. Then additional troops were able to be landed from seaward.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Kula Gulf

I

IN THE Rubiana language of the Solomon Islanders, Kolombangara is "King of the Waters." An extinct volcano, it raises its fresh-water filled cone a mile into the sky from its circular shore line and looks across the Kula Gulf to the fetus-shaped island of New Georgia. There were plenty of Japs to look, too.

Across the water due east of the tattered but adamant airfield at the Vila-Stanmore plantation, at the mouth of the Wharton River in New Georgia, is Rice Anchorage. Lying across the isthmus from the American beachheads above Munda that were now, in the first few days of July, firmly established, it was plain to the high command that this area had to be controlled to prevent Munda from getting reinforcements from Kolombangara; for Munda was coming under siege from our troops.

D-day was July 5. To soften up any opposition on the beach, Rear Admiral Ainsworth with HONOLULU, HELENA, ST. LOUIS and their escorts, NICHOLAS, O'BANNON, STRONG and CHEVALIER, again cut through the waters of the Kula Gulf for an Independence night celebration.

The original plan called for a concentration of fire on Enogai Inlet below Rice, as well as a work-over on enemy positions and shore batteries at Vila-Stanmore and Bairoko. But the Enogai region was spared a heavy bombardment because the photo-reconnaissance experts could find no evidence of shore batteries there.

The Japs fooled us again! The Nip who had thought up the scheme for hiding the airfield at Munda had used his wits in concealing four 4.9-inch guns just where we didn't expect them—at Enogai. And as a result, in contrast to previous bombardments of the area, we now had real opposition.

The bombardment plan called for a sweep heading almost due south,

the ships firing to starboard for fourteen minutes at the now familiar target of Vila-Stanmore. Then a turn to the left to fire for half that time at suspected positions at Bairoko. Bombardment commenced at twenty-six minutes past midnight on July 5.

As the HONOLULU, Admiral Ainsworth's flagship, turned north after finishing her run on Bairoko, her radar screen showed only one destroyer ahead. Almost immediately the missing destroyer was identified as STRONG, lying dead in the water to starboard of HONOLULU, torpedoed at a quarter before one.

The destroyers CHEVALIER and O'BANNON were detailed to rescue the sinking ship's crew. It was a desperate race for life against the Japanese shore batteries. Illuminated by star shells, and bombed by Japanese planes overhead, 7 officers and 232 men, roughly 75 per cent of the crew, managed to cross from their fast-settling ship to the deck of the CHEVALIER, in the space of nine minutes.

Even while the STRONG was sinking, she was hit twice by the shore batteries. She disappeared at about twenty minutes past one. Seconds later a tremendous explosion, caused by some faulty depth charges on the sunken ship's deck, lifted the bow of the CHEVALIER out of the water. For a minute all hands thought a torpedo had struck, but the worst that happened was a severe shaking up for everybody.

Less fortunate were the survivors left swimming. The concussion killed some and injured many.

Hours later the survivors were picked up by the GWIN, screening the transport group. On one raft, suffering from concussion caused by the depth charges, was Commander Joseph H. Wellings, the STRONG's skipper. His companions also were shell-shocked, and blinded by fuel oil.

As the bombardment group retired, the destroyers GWIN and RADFORD of the screening group tried to triangulate the positions of the shore batteries with some spotting assistance from the RALPH TALBOT in the transport area. But the Jap was too wily, and too adroitly concealed.

In spite of the many shells that fell in the transport area, there were no casualties among the troops. The WATERS had her main truck shot away, and several of the other transports were hit by shrapnel, without more than superficial damage.

As soon as the bombardment ended, at ten after one, the landing started. The transports were unloaded into Higgins boats, each of which towed a ten-man rubber boat. The APDs were unloaded first, followed

by the DDs and DMs. As the APDs were unloaded they stood off to the northward to form a screen.

The darkness caused some confusion, especially in the Wharton River where the beach was so small that only four boats could unload at once. But in the main the darkness was a help. Not until daylight did the Japanese realize that a landing operation had been going on. And then the transports cleared the area.

We had lost the *STRONG*, but "the operation had been carried out according to plan."

2

Cruiser Division 9 could now go home—at least to Espiritu—where its magazine, depleted by the bombardment, could be filled with the preferred smokeless powder and shell.

It was the afternoon of July 5. The ships had passed Guadalcanal, and San Cristobal Island was off the beam, when the communications officer on the flagship handed a dispatch to Admiral Ainsworth.

The Tokyo Express was running from Bougainville. The cruiser division was to reverse course and, despite scarcity of fuel and ammunition, it was to intercept the Express off Kula. To take the place of the *STRONG* and *CHEVALIER*, the *RADFORD* and *JENKINS* would meet them on the way back.

There was no time to be lost and, as high speed eats more fuel than slow, Admiral Ainsworth had a problem, considering the cruising range left to his ships. But one thing was certain: Crudiv 9 had to intercept the Jap.

At top speed, then, the cruisers and destroyers headed up the Slot via Indispensable Strait, and an hour after midnight they were rounding Visuvisu Point on New Georgia. Now they were in Kula Gulf and to conserve fuel the force "slowed" to 25 knots and formed in cruising disposition.

It was very dark. The lookouts, peering through the blackness, could see nothing beyond two miles, but the revolving radar antennas kept a farther watch.

It was a little after half past one when the *HONOLULU*'s antennas stopped, backed in response to the fingers of a watchful radarman, and the directional microwaves focused on something on the port beam.

Because of the shortage of fuel in the task force, Admiral Ainsworth's instructions were to search for the enemy only until two o'clock, then to return to base. With twenty-four minutes to spare, the report came: "Target bearing 220°, range 22,000 yards!"

Rapidly plotting the bearings and distances, the enemy group was seen on course 315° off the northeast coast of Kolombangara. Admiral Ainsworth ordered the task group into single column battle formation and course was changed to close the Japanese.

Led by NICHOLAS and O'BANNON, with the cruisers HONOLULU, HELENA and ST. LOUIS in the middle and the JENKINS and RADFORD in the rear, the task force turned simultaneously 60° to the left. At ten minutes before two another simultaneous turn to the right brought the ships in column again and on a firing course of 292°. The Japs were now five miles away.

The enemy was in two groups of apparently five and four destroyers, respectively, separated by three and a half miles. As the interval between them was too great for simultaneous attack, Admiral Ainsworth decided "to blast the leading group first, reach ahead, make a simultaneous turn and get the others on the reverse course."

Three minutes before two the order to open fire was given. The two leading destroyers and the cruisers poured fire into the foremost group of enemy ships. That they had been caught by surprise was only too apparent to the radiomen listening to the Japanese frequency.

"When the opening salvos were fired," said Admiral Ainsworth, "and Japanese ships burst into flame, the air was full of cries of anguish, amazement and sheer terror in the Japanese language. These cries came in over the medium frequency warning net located in CIC-Flag Plot and were the occasion of no little satisfaction to us. These Jap transmissions decreased as their ships were sunk or damaged and finally ceased entirely."

For five minutes the Americans poured 6-inch and 5-inch shells into the Nips. Most of them were using salvos, but the HELENA was employing continuous fire. Having to use ordinary smokeless powder because the flashless kind had been used up during the previous night's action, the cruiser was continuously illuminated by the flare of her own guns, thus unavoidably making her an excellent target.

And the Japs made use of it.

Admiral Ainsworth had just ordered the ships to make the turn to engage the second Japanese squadron when three torpedoes struck the

HELENA. One tore the bow off that veteran of twelve engagements, and the others broke her back.

Undeterred, the other ships steamed in reversed formation, firing at targets as they showed themselves. It was a battle of American gunfire versus Japanese torpedoes. With a thud that could be felt throughout the ship, the ST. LOUIS was hit by a dud torpedo on the starboard side.

The second group of enemy ships was coming up fast, and the task force opened fire on them at seventeen minutes past two. The leading target, which looked like a 3- or 4-stack cruiser, was hit by the first salvo and disappeared from the radar screen. Five minutes later the O'BANNON, which was now in the rear formation, fired five torpedoes at a retiring target in the second group at a range of five miles. All the enemy ships of this second group appear to have been engaged by more than one ship.

The Japanese turned to escape, but Admiral Ainsworth interpreted the maneuver and kept them within range.

By 2:50 the main engagement was over. No enemy ships were in sight on the radar screens except one that had apparently run aground near Waugh Rock. Our vessels were now north of Kolombangara, and approaching the entrance to Vella Gulf. The NICHOLAS was sent ahead to make a sweep into the mouth of Vella Gulf and the RADFORD sent back to do the same for Kula. No enemy ships were found. The task force commander ordered a reversal of course, and the formation steamed back to the scene of its latest victory, to rescue the HELENA's survivors and head for home. As they passed the bow of the HELENA, still afloat, the NICHOLAS and RADFORD were detached for rescue work.

The crew of the HELENA was scattered over an area a mile square, and to Captain McInerney and his two destroyers slowly making their way through the oil-covered water, they proved that even in adversity the cruiser had been and still was a "happy ship." In life rafts, swimming separately, hanging onto debris and in life jackets, the HELENA's men were still in high spirits. They whistled and sang, shouted ribaldry to their rescuers. The dark sea sparkled like a meadow of fireflies as pinpricks of light from pocket torches helped guide the destroyers' boats to groups of survivors.

The lights were a source of danger, too. At 4:30 A.M. radar gave an alarm. A large enemy ship was fast coming up from the west. Quickly the two destroyers had to prepare to engage the enemy. The small boats were ordered to shove off. The men clinging to the ships' sides were

hauled aboard. Those still in the water had to stay there. The destroyers pointed their thin snouts toward the enemy, and steamed to meet him.

But the Jap didn't want to fight. He came in to 13,000 yards, and then, spotting the size of the opposition, he reversed course. The two destroyers returned to continue rescue operations.

Before the HELENA's grave was reached there was another alarm. The RADFORD discovered two large ships standing out of Kula Gulf, plainly marked on her radar screen. The NICHOLAS steamed off to investigate, while the RADFORD continued to pick up the HELENA's men. But these Japs, too, had left in a hurry, and the destroyer returned to her mission of mercy. Then, at a quarter past five in the morning, still another alarm came. Again the sides had to be cleared, and the destroyers prepare to repel the enemy. This time they had action. In seven minutes the NICHOLAS located a target and fired a spread of five torpedoes, the RADFORD following suit with four torpedoes. None hit.

Now the enemy decided to try the same tactic, and both ships had to maneuver to avoid the Japanese fish streaking toward them. The destroyers held brief consultation and decided to use shell.

The RADFORD opened fire with starshells. Two Japanese warships stood illuminated, the larger apparently a 4-stack cruiser of the ZINTU class. At once RADFORD and NICHOLAS sent salvo after salvo against the pair.

The boat crews from the destroyers and the survivors they were hauling from the sea had an excellent view of the fight. According to them, the larger ship disappeared in a large cloud of smoke—certainly debris was found later where that ship had been. Officially, the Japanese broke off the engagement and escaped.

The two destroyers went back again to picking up men from the oil-covered water when the fourth alarm came at five minutes past six. Once more survivors had to be cleared from the sides, and the ships readied for action. This time, as before, the Japanese withdrew smoking after firing a few salvos.

When daybreak came the two destroyers had picked up 52 officers and 687 enlisted men from an original complement of 77 officers and 1,100 men. Topside and below survivors crowded the decks shoulder to shoulder. Unable to accommodate more, the destroyers left their whaleboats to the still unrescued and the two ships made their way back to Tulagi, which they reached by early afternoon.

There were still many survivors in the water. These were in two general groups, out of sight of each other. One, of 85 men which included Captain Cecil, skipper of the *HELENA*, climbed into the three motor whaleboats left by the destroyers and set course for New Georgia Island, rounding the northern entrance to Kula Gulf and keeping out of sight of Visuvisu Point. One of the boats ran out of fuel and had to be towed, but by five o'clock in the evening the flotilla made a landing inshore from Menakasapa Island and pitched camp for an overnight stop. The next morning, July 7, they were picked up by the destroyers *GWIN* and *WOODWORTH* and taken to Guadalcanal.

The other group of survivors was scattered over a wide area, with only life jackets as support. During the morning of Monday, July 6, an Army B-24 dropped three rubber boats, one of which did not open and sank. The wounded were placed in the others, and men were gradually collected until about 25 surrounded each boat.

All day Tuesday the oil-covered men clung to the sides of the rafts, seeing only friendly and enemy planes but unseen themselves. Zeros passed close overhead, but no attempt was made to strafe the men from the *HELENA*.

They tried to land on the north shore of Kolombangara that night, but the westward current was too strong. On Wednesday, July 8, they realized that wind and tide were setting them toward Vella Lavella. Their best chance of survival lay in helping the elements get them there, regardless of the reception they might get. But the cheering word was passed that one of the officers had read somewhere that the natives on Vella were friendly.

Tropic sun and foul oil tortured the swimmers and the wounded. Hunger was forgotten, but thirst was maddening. During the day one of the wounded died; a few others, crazed, swam away and were not seen again. A case of potatoes was found floating by. They were doled out and helped immeasurably in relieving thirst, but during Wednesday night more men strayed from the boats, not to be seen again. The two boats separated in the darkness. But the island was close at hand, and both boats drifted ashore at different points, where fearsome-looking savages pranced on the beach.

But the "word" had been right! The natives were more than friendly. Moreover, there was a coastwatcher, a young Australian stationed there with a portable radio, whose job it was to watch for enemy movements.

His radio was now used to announce the presence of the HELENA's men. A Chinese trader's family turned their home into a hospital for the wounded.

The radio got through to Admiral Turner. Knowing the first rule of the Navy, the castaways knew that help would arrive as quickly as possible. But the present concern was to make sure that they wouldn't first be discovered by roving Japanese patrols. The natives proved that their friendliness exceeded the gifts of food they gathered for the survivors. A party of four Japanese approached the hideaway too closely . . . *their bodies were hidden very cleverly a few minutes later.*

In all, 175 Americans awaited rescue from an island surrounded and infested by the enemy. Two APDs, the DENT and the WATERS, under Commander J. D. Sweeney, were escorted by Captain Thomas J. Ryan's destroyers TAYLOR, MAURY, GRIDLEY and ELLET to the hazardous scene of rescue. Captain Francis X. McInerney in the NICHOLAS, with the RADFORD, JENKINS and O'BANNON, covered the operation. To effect the rescue, the little fleet had to pass through Gizo Strait, with every possibility of meeting Japanese.

The rescue fleet sailed from Guadalcanal at noon of July 15. Captain McInerney's destroyers of the covering force were trailed up the Slot by Jap snooping planes, and on two occasions bombs were dropped near one of our ships, but the mission was to rescue survivors, not to risk battle. So our ships sailed on, disdaining even to fire on the snoopers that buzzed questioningly above.

By 1:30 in the morning of July 16 the APDs were off Paraso Bay, embarking the first group of survivors. Then they moved down eight miles to Lambu Lambu Cove, where the others were. Before dawn, all were aboard and the ships standing out for Tulagi.

In all, 160 enlisted men, 14 naval officers, 1 Army officer, the 16 Chinese inhabitants of the island, and, by way of souvenir, one Japanese prisoner, were evacuated.

The Battle of the Kula Gulf, as was mentioned earlier, was a duel between American guns and Japanese torpedoes. Our destroyers fired in all twenty-four torpedoes, but they were independent firings and not co-ordinated with each other. Not a single American ship, with the possible exception of the HELENA, was hit by gunfire, and she was sunk by torpedoes.

To the men who fought in the battle it appeared as though at least

six enemy ships had been sunk and one beached. Even allowing for duplication of eyewitnesses' reports caused by various ships firing at the same target, the Japanese did suffer severe losses. But in the summer of 1943, as it was before and since, the policy was to underestimate enemy damage; then we never would be in the embarrassing position—as the Japanese so often were—of tackling vessels that had been listed in communiques as being long since at the bottom of the sea.

Therefore, the official estimate of Japanese losses after the Battle of Kula Gulf was: two destroyers sunk,¹ one possibly sunk, and at least five damaged.

3

When "Pug" Ainsworth's task group returned to Espiritu Santo after the battle they were extremely low on both fuel and ammunition. Despite that, when Captain McInerney radioed the retiring cruisers that his destroyers had made radar contact with a large enemy ship at three minutes past four in the morning, Admiral Ainsworth promptly reversed course to come to their aid. It is said that the gunnery officer of the HONOLULU clasped his hands and prayed that the prospective action would take only ten minutes.

For ten minutes of firepower was all the cruiser had left for her main battery.

On New Georgia our troops had consolidated their positions at Rendova, Rice Anchorage, Viru, and were beginning to close in on Munda. It was hard going, through the difficult terrain and because the Japanese strategy was to fight a delaying action, relying on snipers and maintaining sharp, quick thrusts by small raiding parties along our flanks. The 43rd Infantry Division, three days after the Battle of Kula Gulf, started a main offensive from their position along the Barike River to the east of Munda, and on the first day managed to reach the main enemy defense lines a mile and a quarter away. From then on their advance was slowed to a few yards an hour.

On July 11 the 172nd Infantry moving south was separated by infiltrating Japanese from the 169th Infantry in their attempt to establish another beachhead at Laiana.

¹ The estimate was accurate. The destroyers sunk were NAGATSUKI and NIIZUKI.

To help in these offensives, the Navy was requested to assist by again bombarding Munda, so on the night of July 8-9, the FARENHOLT, BUCHANAN, MC CALLA and RALPH TALBOT, under the command of Captain Thomas J. Ryan, Jr., came up through Blanche Channel and blasted at Munda. And on the night of July 11-12, Admiral "Tip" Merrill brought the cruisers MONTPELIER, DENVER, COLUMBIA, CLEVELAND, and ten destroyers—FARENHOLT, BUCHANAN, GWIN, MAURY, RALPH TALBOT, WALLER, SAUFLEY, PRINGLE, PHILIP and RENSHAW—on a similar mission.

The strain of practically continuous operations was beginning to show not only in the ships, but in their crews; especially on the "cans," whose loading crews found that lack of sleep slowed rapid fire. Every man knew, however, that the war was at a critical stage. To keep pushing at the Jap, dosing him with the medicine he had given us for over a year, must be the preliminary to eventually building up a full-scale Pacific offensive. So there was no grumbling from the men, as the officers racked their brains for methods to give their crews more time for sleep on softer beds than the hot steel decks around the gun stations, without impairing the state of instant readiness for attack and defense. For the Slot was still a Japanese sea—submarines in it, cruisers and destroyers on it, bombers and fighters above it.

The Japanese High Command had no palate for the dose being forced between its buck teeth down there in the Solomons.

The Japs pinned their hopes on the Tokyo Express. On the night of July 12, the Express ran again. And exactly one week after he had derailed a similar train, Admiral Ainsworth was on hand again.

The night before, while Admiral Merrill was bombarding Munda, Admiral Ainsworth's ships were covering a group of APDs unloading munitions and supplies at Rice Anchorage on western New Georgia. This operation was accomplished without untoward incident, and they returned to the Tulagi-Guadalcanal area only to find orders to make a quick return up the Slot, to the now familiar waters of Kolombangara and Kula Gulf, to try another spot of Express interception.

A new member had joined the cruiser division to take the place of the lost HELENA: the British cruiser LEANDER, on loan to New Zealand and under the command of Captain C. A. L. Mansergh, RN. And as Admiral Turner, upon instructions from the Commander Third Fleet had put all available destroyers at Admiral Ainsworth's disposal, a stronger

force than usual made its way up the Slot that night, three cruisers and ten destroyers.¹

On the trip up the Slot our ships hugged the Santa Isabel coast, for there was brilliant moon that was not due to set until 2:15. Keeping close in, this way, there was less possibility of the ships' outlines showing up in the moonlight.

The ships were in cruising formation, with the destroyers grouped in an antisubmarine screen around the larger ships; the can's sound gear piercing the waters with supersonic beams, listening . . .

Admiral Ainsworth's instructions were to sweep the Slot between New Georgia and Kolombangara from 1:00 until 2:30, and if no contact had been made by then to return.

The Admiral knew that his force had been spotted; as early as nine o'clock snooping enemy planes had been seen. Having sized up the task force the enemy would—or ought—do one of two things: stay home or send a stronger fleet to meet it. Admiral Ainsworth had search planes out too, and if the enemy was making a run, then soon he would have word.

It was just after midnight when a Black Cat search plane sent in a message saying that the enemy was indeed running that night. Thirty-six miles away, coming head on at 30 knots, was a Japanese force of one light cruiser and six destroyers.

From the flagship to all the ships went the message to form night battle disposition, and the destroyers in the van and rear began to form into column on the cruisers. Captain McInerney in the NICHOLAS led, followed by O'BANNON, TAYLOR, JENKINS, RADFORD; then came the cruisers, HONOLULU, LEANDER and ST. LOUIS, with the RALPH TALBOT, BUCHANAN, MAURY, WOODWORTH and GWIN in the rear.

With the enemy rapidly closing, the van destroyers were told to speed up and make contact. It was a minute before one o'clock when the enemy shapes began to appear on the radar screens. At three minutes past

¹ Cruisers: Crudiv 9—Rear Admiral Ainsworth, HONOLULU (F) (Capt. Robert W. Hayler); LEANDER (Capt. C. A. L. Mansergh, RN); ST. LOUIS (Capt. Colin Campbell). Destroyers: Desron 21, Desdiv 41—Capt. McInerney, NICHOLAS (F) (Lt. Comdr. Andrew J. Hill); O'BANNON (Lt. Comdr. Donald J. MacDonald); TAYLOR (Lt. Comdr. Benjamin Katz); RADFORD (Comdr. William K. Romoser); JENKINS (Lt. Comdr. Madison Hall, Jr.); Desron 12—Capt. Ryan, Desdiv 23—Comdr. John M. Higgins, GWIN (F) (Lt. John B. Fellows, Jr.); BUCHANAN (Lt. Comdr. Floyd B. T. Myhre); RALPH TALBOT (F, Comdesron 12) (Comdr. Joseph W. Callahan); MAURY (Comdr. Gelzer L. Sims); WOODWORTH (Comdr. Virgil F. Gordinier).

the hour, Captain McInerney reported to the Admiral that he was crossing the Japanese bow in plain view eight miles away. At once the task group turned 30° to the right to close the enemy and get within effective gun range. Three minutes later the destroyers had orders to fire torpedoes at their discretion. For five or six minutes the ships maneuvered for position and then the second enemy ship flicked a searchlight on our van destroyers. It was most obliging. Immediately our cruisers, 10,225 yards away, poured salvos into the source of the illumination.

The Second Battle of Kula Gulf, or the Night Battle of Kolombangara, had started.

The maneuvers during the first phase of the battle were almost identical with those of the first battle in Kula Gulf. Our ships and those of the enemy were on nearly opposite courses and passing each other at a combined speed of 50 knots.

The O'BANNON actually started the battle, for as the cruisers opened fire, five torpedoes from this destroyer were speeding toward the rapidly passing Japanese. Hers was followed by fish launched from the rest of the van destroyers, and the LEANDER.

At the end of five minutes, the three leading enemy ships, a destroyer, a light cruiser and another destroyer, were apparently burning and practically dead in the water. The gunfire had been concentrated on the cruiser, transferring to other targets when the JINTSU was seen to be well hit. Now Admiral Ainsworth ordered the task force to reverse course, to paste them again.

Then we ran into trouble.

TBS—the Talk Between Ships, a low-powered short-range voice radio, has a habit of breaking down when it is most needed, sailors will swear. It certainly did so now. All the ships got the message that a turn would be ordered, but when the order "Execute one eight turn!" (180° to the left) was given, the LEANDER and all the rear destroyers except the RALPH TALBOT did not hear it. To make matters worse, the smoke from the flashless powder used in firing was so dense that visibility was cut down for the officers of the deck of the unhearing ships, who, expecting the order, would have seen other ships turn and have "executed" as planned.

The RALPH TALBOT turned when she heard the signal to do so, but immediately had to back her engines full speed, maneuver radically and blow her whistle to signal to the destroyers astern. They, not knowing it

was time to turn, were plunging headlong into her at 30 knots. They barely scraped by.

The LEANDER came around very promptly when Captain Mansergh realized he had missed the signal, but her lateness forced the HONOLULU to turn wide. Then came a major blow.

Just as the LEANDER completed her turn a torpedo crashed into her. The New Zealander was out of the battle. Leaving the veteran RADFORD to stand by the crippled cruiser, the task force set out after the Japs and resumed fire.

Our circling Black Cat now saw four of the enemy destroyers break off to the left and head north at high speed. Were they retiring? At once the van destroyers were ordered to pursue them.

At a little past 1:30, Admiral Ainsworth, having ordered the cruisers to cease firing, decided to keep on his present course of 065° until clear of enemy torpedo range, then work his way northward and up the Slot in pursuit of any Japanese cripples. This put the cruisers on a line of bearing of 300°.

While heading northwestward, the HONOLULU's radar found a group of ships that clarified into four vessels, at about 10 miles just off her port bow. Who were they? Were they enemy or our van destroyers in pursuit of the ships that had broken off from the enemy force forty minutes earlier? Admiral Ainsworth couldn't be sure, so he decided to illuminate with star shell and ask our van destroyers by TBS if it was they that were being lit up.

Then, of course, the TBS cantankerously broke down again.

At five minutes past two the HONOLULU fired star shells, lighting up four very Japanese destroyers. Admiral Ainsworth ordered a simultaneous turn of 60° to the left and for all ships to open fire.

Before either of the cruisers could fire, torpedo wakes were seen heading for them.

Three torpedoes passed ahead of the HONOLULU; another went *under* the bow, and two more cleared the stern by about 100 yards, but the ST. LOUIS was hit by a torpedo on the port bow and was forced to slow down. Two minutes later torpedo streaks were seen heading for the flagship. One struck her on the starboard bow, raising the HONOLULU "out of the water about a foot," and throwing the bow up "about four feet in the air."

Next the GWIN was hit. She had been in a hard left turn, and the

explosion jammed her rudder in that position. The flaming destroyer came bearing down on the injured HONOLULU, and only the promptest of hard right turns averted collision. Then the HONOLULU was hit again in the middle of her stern just a foot above the waterline; but this torpedo was a dud!

Only the RALPH TALBOT was able to retaliate, but the enemy was retreating at top speed, so the torpedoes that our destroyer sent after them failed to hit.

That was the last of the battle. Although badly damaged, the cruisers were able to proceed under their own power, and course was set for the return to Tulagi. The Tokyo Express had been derailed again, but there was still damage in store for the American ships. Maybe the Japanese moon-god took a hand.

The GWIN was in a bad way. The surviving members of her crew managed to bring the fires under control. She still had power although her rudder was still jammed and her fantail under water. Calmly and orderly, preparations were made for the GWIN to be taken in tow by the RALPH TALBOT, while the WOODWORTH circled on guard.

Suddenly all was confusion. A ship came charging out of the darkness as if to ram the WOODWORTH. The rudder was put over hard left. Flank speed rung up on the telegraph. A minute later the BUCHANAN sideswiped the WOODWORTH's port side, damaging a propeller, slowing the engines and flooding three compartments aft. All the WOODWORTH's port depth charges were knocked into the water, and although they had been set on "safe," one exploded under the BUCHANAN's bow. Her damage was minor, nevertheless, and she was able to continue, but a freak accident had caused hurt to two more of our small fighting force.

Twice the task of towing the crippled destroyer had to be dropped to fight off air attacks. At nine in the morning the GWIN reported that she was settling and taking a list. Fifteen minutes later, the MAURY went alongside the stricken ship, and took aboard her survivors, the division commander, Commander Higgins; the captain, Lieutenant Commander Fellows; eight other officers and forty-four men.

At 9:30, with the survivors aboard the MAURY, the RALPH TALBOT stood off and fired four torpedoes into the GWIN.

The BENSON-class destroyer, whose number "433" had been first painted on her bow three years before in Boston, sank in Lat. 07° 41' S., Long. 157° 27' E. Someone on the TALBOT recited the service for burial

at sea, for, fittingly, the destroyer carried to her grave 128 of her officers and crew who had died in battle.

The two night actions of July 5-6 and 12-13 had been costly to us. We had lost the HELENA in the first, and the GWIN in the second, with serious damage to HONOLULU, ST. LOUIS and LEANDER. But off Kolombangara we had sunk the JINTSU and damaged four destroyers, to add to the total Admiral Ainsworth's division had got in Kula Gulf.

More important than that, the Japanese threat to our landings on the north coast of New Georgia had been erased. No more did the enemy dare to try and reinforce his troops at Vila and Munda through the Kula Gulf. For the rest of the campaign he had to use barges, single ships and submarines creeping closely at night to the coast around Vella Lavella and the west of Kolombangara, to slip dribblets of men and supplies ashore on the south of "The King of the Waters." But that king, although on a tottering throne, still dominated the area, and to depose him was a worrisome task to contemplate.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Vella Lavella

I

TWO days after the Second Battle of Kula Gulf, Rear Admiral Theodore S. Wilkinson relieved Rear Admiral Turner as commander of Amphibious Forces South Pacific, and on the same day, July 15, Major General Oscar W. Griswold took command of the New Georgia Occupation Force.

Slowly, General Griswold's forces moved toward Munda. The rainy season had started and the difficulties of terrain and of just plain keeping alive were added to by mud. The Navy supported the advance by bombardments of Bairoko below Rice Anchorage, and Lambeti Plantation just east of Munda, but in the main naval operations were confined to PT boats that harried the motor barges attempting to reinforce the hard-pressed Japs.

By August 5, the New Georgia Island operation was over. Munda was ours. On August 2 the left flank of the 43rd Division finally pushed across the Lambeti Plantation and reached the east end of the airfield. Two days later the northern flank of the 37th Division, spearheaded by elements of the 148th and 161st Infantry, broke through to the western shore 600 yards north of the airfield, completely cutting enemy communications with Bairoko. By three o'clock the next afternoon, all major resistance at Munda was ended, two days less than a year after the first landing of the Marines at Guadalcanal, and six weeks after the invasion of New Georgia.

Close on the heels of the victorious troops came the Seabees and Army engineers to begin reconstruction of the airfield.

The work that the Navy Construction Battalions did during the war will never adequately be told. Captain Robert P. Briscoe, who, at the time of the fall of Munda, had just assumed command of the cruiser *Denver*, had this to say:

"The Seabees have done one of the grandest jobs in this area that I've ever seen. For instance, when we landed at Rendova, we took Segi Point on the main island of New Georgia and in five days' time we were flying fighter cover out of Point Segi to cover landings. . . . These fighter strips are almost a necessity in order to keep the beachheads secure and to cover the landing of LSTs and the secondary echelons of supply, men and equipment.

"The aviators are doing a grand job operating out of these fields and the Seabees that remain in there kept the fields in operative condition under almost incessant air attack during the early stages. The equipment which is of the most importance to the Seabees in this construction is the large 20-ton bulldozer. They actually take about a three-foot cut of topsoil right down to the coral and push it along and out of the way and make revetments out of it. An airfield with coral base is almost ready for occupancy by the time they get the topsoil stripped away.

"These Seabees have pulled two or three rather unique stunts, one of which was in the early days of Guadalcanal. The advancing forces found that the engineers could not cut jeep trails, with the equipment they had, along the shores and through the hills which would permit them to bring in food and supplies to the advancing forces. They borrowed two bulldozers from the Seabees working on Koli Point airfield. After about three weeks their return was requested. The location of these bulldozers could not immediately be ascertained and it was assumed that they had broken down and probably bogged down in some of the swamps. They did find one of them out of commission pretty well up toward Esperance but it was all right after they got another bulldozer to pull it out.

"The other one was finally located thirty yards *in advance of the Army*, still going ahead, cutting a trail for the soldiers to follow towards Cape Esperance. The kid driving had not been told to return, so he assumed that he was to stay with the troops until he had finished. When the machine-gun fire got too heavy, he merely dropped his blade and got down behind it until the firing stopped, and then proceeded to go and push over the machine-gun nest and clear the way for the advancing army.

"At another landing, the bombardment had failed to knock out a Japanese strong point [Mono Island in the Treasury Group] at which an LST was supposed to come in and land. This strong point opened up

as the LST beached and was rattling machine-gun bullets down the centerline of the ship, preventing the unloading of the ship. They pulled up the ramp, leaving a 20-ton bulldozer, the first piece of equipment out, on the beach. The driver manned his bulldozer, lifted his blade up to give him protection in his cab and trundled forth. He dropped his blade in front of the strong point, and in about ten minutes he had covered the whole place over to a depth of about six feet and then, not being satisfied, he rode back and forth over it and trampled it down well, and covered up the entire strong point; from that time on there was no further opposition to that particular landing.

"They are an ingenious people . . ."

The Marines have a saying about them, for a Seabee's age may be anywhere between eighteen and sixty: "Never hit a Seabee . . . he may be your grandfather."

At Munda, the Seabees did their customary excellent work. The field was needed to neutralize the Japanese field across Kula Gulf at Vila Stanmore, and to bring our fighters and bombers within much closer range of the enemy's last three remaining air bases in the Solomons—Kahili, Ballale and Buka; all off the island of Bougainville. The enemy field was neutralized, and swiftly.

2

The Japanese held serious counsel. Since the Coral Sea they had been pushed around by the Allied forces, instead of the vice versa that had been their pleasant habit.

They knew (as we well did) that the Allies, though "offensively minded," were still in no position to drive through their perimeter of conquest. The main effort of the United Nations was being directed against Germany and Italy, and although the results there were good, what with the British and Americans in Sicily, Mussolini in exile, the Russians driving through Orel and Belgorod, and German cities feeling the weight of Allied bombs, there was still a long way to go to victory.

And there was still a long way to go just to reach Japan. The Americans had inched ahead, but the cost in supporting ships had been heavy. The Japs decided that their best strategy lay in reinforcing the garrisons that lay ahead of the Americans. If it was to be a war of attrition,

the American Navy could not keep up spending ships as it had just to dent the Solomons.

The work of preventing these reinforcements getting through fell to our destroyers and PT boats. On August 4, the day before Munda fell, Rear Admiral Wilkinson called Commander Frederick Moosbrugger, commander of Destroyer Division 12, into his headquarters on Guadalcanal and told him that he wanted a sweep instituted by destroyers and PTs off Vella Gulf to intercept and disrupt barge traffic carrying Japanese supplies and men.

Allied strategy was taking an important departure from that followed up to now. With the capture of Munda and the consolidation of New Georgia, the next island ahead was Kolombangara. This island was most formidably defended with a garrison of more than 5,000 troops, strong fortifications and an airfield. Beyond it lay Vella Lavella with perhaps only 250 Japs working at barge supply points. Would it not be easier to capture Vella? With an airstrip there our control of the Slot would be assured and Kolombangara would wither like a girdled tree. Bougainville, largest and westernmost of the Solomons, would be brought into more effective range from Vella Lavella too.

So the strategy of by-passing was instituted in the South Pacific. It wasn't a new strategy; in the Aleutians it had been tried successfully when we by-passed Kiska and landed on Attu on May 11. (But back home the armchair strategists were saying bitter things about "Island Hopping" and prophesying a hundred-year war at current rate of progress.)

Vella Lavella was the important island now. As the plans for occupation were being worked out, it was important that the barge traffic of which Vella was an important station be thoroughly disrupted. If the barges could travel Vella Gulf with impunity taking supplies *to* Kolombangara, there was no reason why they couldn't later take supplies *from* Kolombangara as well as rescue the marooned forces.

So Admiral Wilkinson talked with Commander Moosbrugger of his plan. And that afternoon, in the wardroom of the DUNLAP, to smash the barge traffic, plans were worked out with the commander of Destroyer Division 15, Commander Rodger W. Simpson; Commander R. W. Calvert of Motor Torpedo Boat Flotilla 1, Lieutenant Commander Henry Farrow and other PT officers.

Then, the following afternoon, the plans had to be postponed. Bigger

opposition was in prospect. Information had come in that the Japanese were moving south with destroyers and possibly a cruiser. To stop them, Commander Moosbrugger was to take Desdiv 12 and Desdiv 15 to Vella Gulf, by way of Gizo Strait, to reach there by 10:00 P.M. of August 6.

The destroyers were after big game, and as the element of surprise is a weighty ally in a night action, instructions were implicit against engaging barges unless our Black Cat search planes advised there were no larger vessels in the offing. It would be like the Japs to bait a trap with their own flesh.

It was chow time at Purvis Bay, 11:30, when Commander Moosbrugger's six destroyers stood out and headed west on a course that would bring them south of the Russell Islands. Of his own Desdiv 12 there were his flagship DUNLAP (Lieutenant Commander Clifton Iverson), CRAVEN (Lieutenant Commander Francis T. Williamson), MAURY (Commander Gelzer L. Sims); and Commander Simpson's LANG (Commander John L. Wilfong), STERETT (Lieutenant Commander Frank G. Gould) and STACK (Lieutenant Commander Roy A. Newton).

By 5:30 the news came in that Admiral Wilkinson's information had been good. A search plane had sighted a Japanese task force heading toward Vella; if it maintained its present speed of 21 knots it would be in the gulf by midnight.

Two hours before midnight our ships were passing through Gizo Strait. There was good possibility that submarines and planes would be snooping around, so Commander Moosbrugger ordered a reduction in speed to 15 knots. At this speed the destroyers' sound gear operated at top efficiency—the noise of the water rushing by did not cloak unnatural sounds—nor were telltale wakes thrown out for watchful airmen to spot.

Before moonset, at half past ten, made the night extremely dark, our ships were in a line of division columns at intervals of 500 yards. They made a precautionary sweep of the waters between Gizo Island and Kolombangara Island and headed north up Vella Gulf. At half past eleven speed was increased to 25 knots to scout the northwest coast of Kolombangara.

The TBS crackled with word from the DUNLAP that she had spotted something on her radar bearing almost due north, 12 miles away. Did anyone else see it?

"I have three targets," answered CRAVEN a minute later. "Looks mighty nice to me."

"We have four," said DUNLAP.

The two forces were steaming toward each other at a combined speed of 50 knots. At twenty minutes before midnight Commander Moosbrugger ordered Desdiv 12 to stand by to fire torpedoes. The two divisions were maneuvered so that Desdiv 12 would sweep the port flank of the enemy column and Desdiv 15 would cross the bow of the enemy in prime position to open gunfire.

In the space of one minute, between 11:42 and 11:43, Desdiv 12 fired twenty-four torpedoes, radar furnishing all the target. To the men at the tubes and on deck, the tin fish were tossed into darkness. The chief torpedoman's mate aboard the flagship DUNLAP reported to the bridge that all torpedoes were running "hot, straight and true." Then Division 12 made a simultaneous turn to the right to maneuver clear of possible enemy torpedoes and to take station for further action, leaving Division 15 to engage the enemy with gunfire.

"Both divisions were at approximately 4,000 yards range when torpedoes were fired," said Lieutenant Edward H. Winslow, a gunnery officer aboard Division 15's LANG. "It seemed forever before they hit. As soon as we saw the torpedoes hitting, all ships opened up with 5-inch 38's. One large ship was hit badly and began to burn considerably. A destroyer was hit and blew up immediately; we evidently hit her magazine. She went off the radar screen instantaneously. Another destroyer went alongside the cruiser, evidently attempting to take people off, and she then backed away and went dead in the water before going ahead again. This moment some four or five of our ships let her have everything. The Jap destroyer was seen to roll over, her keel up.

"The cruiser by this time was dead in the water, still burning, and we put two more torpedoes into her; one magazine blew up. She finally went down after some forty-five or fifty minutes."

The Japanese were thrown into confusion from the very beginning of the attack. The torpedoes had definitely run "hot, straight and true," for two ships were rocked by continuous explosions, and a third was covered with a mass of flames. Though many, with Lieutenant Winslow, thought the latter was a cruiser,¹ she was actually a large destroyer.

Destroyer Division 15's gunfire had added successfully to the holo-

¹ Probably the HAGIKAZE, a 2,100-ton, 366-foot destroyer, while the others sunk in the action were the smaller 1,300-ton ARASHI and KAWAKAZE.

caust, and by midnight the Imperial Japanese Navy had lost three more ships.

The battle was over. To the commanding officer of the *LANG* the sea appeared "literally covered with Japs." As Division 12 steamed back down the Slot, the other division attempted to pick up enemy survivors. Although from all sides came cries for help in Japanese, when our ships slowed down and tried to pick them up, somewhere in the darkness a warning whistle would shrill. Immediately there was silence, and Japanese that were alongside our ships turned and swam away.

The Battle of Vella Gulf had been a resounding victory for us. Three enemy destroyers had been sunk with enormous loss of life. Not one of our ships had sustained any damage whatsoever to men or materiel.

3

The way was now open for the landing on Vella Lavella, and on August 15, a week after the Battle of Vella Gulf, three transport groups landed 4,600 troops at Barakoma, on the southeastern tip of the island. Since the landing was carried out only 90 miles from Kahili, the largest Japanese air base in the Solomons, no one was surprised when the enemy retaliated at once with air attacks.

Four times were our landing ships and escorts attacked during the day, but every time the enemy aircraft were driven off by the protecting curtain of fighters from the lately won airfield of Munda. That night, as the undamaged transport groups were returning to Guadalcanal, the Japs in revengeful desperation attacked them. They made a series of excellently contrived attacks on the slow, awkward landing ships. That our ships survived with only minor damage and insignificant casualties was due, in the words of one of the officers, to "a perfectly phenomenal supply of good luck."

It was then that the LST was dubbed "Large Slow Target."

Ashore the 4th Defense Battalion of the Fleet Marine Force immediately upon landing had set up antiaircraft guns, and troops of the 35th Regimental Combat Team had landed without opposition and proceeded with the task of establishing a temporary defense perimeter while naval base units, including the 58th Construction Battalion, started work on docks, ramps, roads, airstrips and dispersal areas.

Another beachhead had been secured.

Our landing had been unopposed, but it didn't mean that the enemy was resigned to letting us have the island by default. A little late, perhaps, he loaded a number of tug-towed and motor barges with troops and, escorted by four destroyers, sent them down from Bougainville. Early in the afternoon of August 17 they were sighted by one of our roving search planes, and Admiral Wilkinson sent Captain Thomas J. Ryan, Jr., commander of Destroyer Squadron 21, with the NICHOLAS, O'BANNON, TAYLOR, and CHEVALIER of Destroyer Division 41, to meet them.

The four destroyers steamed through a beautifully calm sea. An almost full moon brightened the night; visibility was more than eleven miles. At half past midnight the serenity was shattered as O'BANNON and CHEVALIER simultaneously spotted ominous shapes on their radars. "Target bearing 313° true, range 23,000 yards!"

Almost immediately afterward the lookouts themselves saw the enemy. In the brightness of the night, clearly visible on the horizon, appeared a train of barges, beyond which lay destroyers.

There was to be no element of surprise working either for us or against us this night; the moon took care of that.

Captain Ryan promptly ordered a change of course in order to close the enemy destroyers first. Tactically the enemy had the advantage, for not only were our ships approaching him from "up moon" and so clearly silhouetted, but Japanese spotting planes promptly dropped flares that further illuminated the four destroyers. A stick of bombs missed the NICHOLAS, at the head of the column, by a mere 100 yards.

The American formation swept past the barges without molesting them; they could see the crowded troops staring at their contemptuous enemy. Then, when the range was 14,000 yards, the destroyer battle was on.

The Japs opened up just before our ships, and their initial salvos were too good for comfort; the CHEVALIER's bridge being drenched with the splash of a near miss 50 feet off to starboard. But if the first shots were good, the succeeding ones grew progressively worse, which was not typical of Japanese gunnery.

Soon after our ships opened fire, the Japanese destroyers turned to the northwest at high speed. Our gunnery had been the better; hits had been counted on all four of the enemy. Whether they were trying to escape or to draw the American ships away from the barges was all one to Captain Ryan. He would attend to the barges later.

Japanese torpedoes, well fired at extreme range but not well enough for the Nips' purpose, grazed the CHEVALIER and the TAYLOR. But they were misses, and even a Jap knows what a miss is as good as. If he didn't, he was to learn as the American destroyers caught up.

Our destroyers had been ordered to fire torpedoes when they thought the range was suitable, but only the CHEVALIER sent a spread after the retreating enemy. There was a heavy explosion on the bow of the rear Japanese destroyer and a distinct underwater blast was heard; the enemy ship broke from the line, decreased speed and began to smoke heavily.

Slowly our force crept up on the Japs. They were eight miles away when again shells were sent after them. The TAYLOR and O'BANNON concentrated their gunfire on the third destroyer in the enemy line and were rewarded with smoke and explosions breaking out on her.

Behind the battle the enemy barges were scuttling for safety. Captain Ryan decided that he couldn't leave them unmolested any longer. The destroyers were now certainly in full retreat, with at least heavy damage to two of them. All our ships were without a scratch.

A half-hour search located the barges; some were under tow by tugs, four or five were self-propelled. Twenty minutes of firing disposed of the lot, machine guns being found to be as effective as 5-inch and of course much more economical for the job.

At three in the morning a belated and wholly fruitless aerial bombing attack was made on our ships. A final sweep was made close in to the island, and then of the gulf, for any survivors of the barge action.

Finding none, the force returned to Tulagi without incident.

4

For twenty days the amphibious phase of the Vella Lavella campaign continued with the landing of supplies, equipment and men on the coral beaches of Barakoma, without opposition from ground troops or surface vessels. Japanese aircraft bore the weight of attempting a defense against the increasing American strength. At midnight on September 3, 1943, the amphibious phase was considered completed and the island passed to the command of General McClure, USA, of the New Georgia Occupation Force.

New Georgia on the 25th had become completely Allied territory with the capture of Bairoko Harbor, a stronghold that had held out

tenaciously from the beginning of the campaign eight weeks before. Two days later our forces crossed the narrow waters of Hathorn Sound and landed on Arundel Island. Although the landing was unopposed, resistance soon developed in the northern part of the island. At about the same time mopping-up operations were completed on Baanga Island, southeast of Arundel, and the small islands between Baanga and Arundel were occupied almost without opposition.

The last week of August and the entire month of September were spent in consolidating and developing our earlier-won positions and exploiting the strategic advantages gained from by-passing the enemy positions south and east of Vella Lavella. The fact that these positions were by-passed and flanked did not mean that they could be written out of the campaign. While our object was to bomb and starve out the Japanese from these places without costing us men in a direct assault, they relied on their barge traffic to keep them supplied.

For the Tokyo Express could never again be relied on to deliver the goods. Barges were better, for they could hug the reefs and coasts by night and fade into the overhanging jungle by day. And when barges proved inadequate, the Jap used submarines and planes.

Motor torpedo boats were found to be well adapted to blockading the Japanese barge lines in the Solomons, surrounded as they are with comparatively smooth water and possessing many coves where temporary operating bases could be established close to the enemy. Lever Harbor and Rendova Harbor were their main bases.

Except when they were kept in harbor because of destroyer operations up the Slot, the PTs were on patrol every night. Their primary task was the interception of enemy barges supplying the Japanese in the Kolombangara-Vella Lavella area, but they got other jobs too: transporting personnel between bases, rescuing crews of downed planes, carrying wounded on the first leg of their trip to base hospital, and patrolling the coasts on reconnaissance.

As they operated mainly at night, these "mosquito" craft had more than the usual hazards of navigation, for the waters around Kolombangara and Vella Lavella, studded with coral reefs and heads, were frequently charted incorrectly, if at all. Moving at high speed in strafing runs against barges, many were lost by running aground. Frequently they were under fire from shore batteries, but their natural enemy was the float plane.

Although action occurred chiefly at night, the PTs had their share of fighting by day. As an example, there was the patrol mission assigned five boats from Rendova on September 14. Three boats searched the coves from Dovel Cove to Takisukuru on the northern and western coast of Vella Lavella, while two boats covered the northeastern coast of the island from Marisi Bay to Lambu Lambu. Their mission was to find barges and to create as much incidental damage as possible. Proceeding inside uncharted reefs, and rounding one palm-fringed point after another to push into bays occupied by enemy forces, the PTs shot up houses, wharves, and observation stations and fired camouflaged barges and cargoes. Five unmanned barges and three loaded ones were destroyed on that patrol—an example of the day-to-day chores of the PTs.

Aircraft, however, took a heavier toll of barges than did the PTs during September. Their natural antagonist, the Japanese air force, showed an increasing unwillingness to risk daylight attacks on our positions. During the preceding three months 781 Japanese planes had been shot down, seriously reducing the enemy's force of experienced pilots. They rarely provided aerial protection for their barges.

Our planes gave their bases little rest. The Army, Navy and Marine air forces turned their attention mainly on the Japanese airfields at Kahili and Ballale in the Bougainville area; from September 14 to 30, fifteen air attacks were made on these two bases alone. Much of the bombing was done by heavy Army Liberators. Between 75 and 100 enemy planes and much materiel were destroyed in these raids.

This policy of strangulation and blockade showed its merit as one enemy position after another was abandoned or mopped up. By September 21, organized enemy resistance ended on Arundel Island. For three weeks enemy forces, reinforced from Vila across Blackett Strait, had put up bitter opposition. Our forces now controlled the south side of the strait and another route for supplying Vila on the south of Kolombangara was closed.

On September 27 the airfield at Barakoma on Vella Lavella was in operation. Caught between the jaws of the Allied vise—Munda on the southeast and Barakoma on the northwest—and receiving no strong air or surface support, the 5,000 or more Japanese on Kolombangara were in definite difficulty. There was one course left to the Japanese High Command, if it was not willing to write these men off as another sacrifice to the Emperor. That was to evacuate them.

So, anticipating such an attempt, our destroyers made nightly sweeps of the area. Japanese float planes, however, kept the Tokyo Express thoroughly informed of the strength and position of our forces, and as the Express was under orders to give direct support to the evacuation only when it could be done without serious opposition, our destroyer commanders were presented with a cleverly calculated dilemma.

The Japanese destroyers would approach cautiously, then retire at high speed to the Shortlands to decoy our forces away from the barges. Every night our destroyers had to choose between attempting to surprise the Express at the cost of letting the barges escape or opening fire on the barges at the expense of warning the Express.

As the nights of October 1 and 2 were moonless, it was thought that the Japanese would attempt complete evacuation those nights. Accordingly a striking force of destroyers, Captain Cooke's Desron 22—WALLER (Lieutenant Commander William T. Dutton), RENSHAW (Lieutenant Commander Jacob A. Lark), CONY (Commander Harry D. Johnston), EATON (Commander Edward L. Beck)—and Commander Alvin D. Chandler's Desdiv 42—SAUFLEY (Commander Bert F. Brown), RADFORD (Commander William K. Romoser), GRAYSON (Lieutenant Commander Henry O. Hansen), and LAVALLETTE (Lieutenant Commander Robert L. Taylor)—were ordered to prevent the expected evacuation.

As a support and covering force were Admiral Merrill's ships: MONTPELIER (Captain Robert G. Tobin), DENVER (Captain Robert P. Briscoe), and the four destroyers AUSBURNE (Commander Luther E. Reynolds), CLAXTON (Commander Harold F. Stout), DYSON (Commander Roy A. Gano) and SPENCE (Commander Henry J. Armstrong).

There was no lack of targets the night of October 1. The two destroyer groups made contact with enemy barges, encountering five groups of about thirty-five craft, ranging in size from 75 to 200 feet in length. With several ships operating together it was impossible to evaluate the results of the gunfire accurately, but a conservative estimate gave twenty barges sunk and an unknown number damaged. The water was thick with Japanese bodies, and Commander Chandler was convinced that his group alone had killed almost a thousand Japanese.

Shortly before midnight a roving Black Cat reported three enemy destroyers off the northwest coast of Vella Lavella, so our destroyers broke off attacking the barges and headed for the larger game. But the

enemy showed no inclination to fight. The decoy was successful, and as a result some of the barges were able to escape.

The following night, Desron 22 less RENSRAW and Commander Harold O. Larson's Desdiv 8—RALPH TALBOT (Commander Richard D. Shepard), TAYLOR (Commander Benjamin Katz) and TERRY (Commander George R. Phelan)—had the same problem of whether to pursue enemy combat units or fight barges. After a skirmish with destroyers that apparently were attempting to lure our ships from the barges, our destroyers sank at least twenty of the troop carriers. Few escaped.

During the next two nights more barges were sunk, but by October 4 it was apparent that the enemy was no longer on Kolombangara. Officer patrols, put ashore to reconnoiter, found a great deal of abandoned equipment.

But how many of the originally estimated 10,000 Japanese that had been on the island lived to fight again will never be known. The Japanese themselves had neither records nor estimates, at the end of the war. Our forces had sunk at least sixty barges. How many of the damaged ones brought their passengers and cargo to safety is similarly unknown.

And the occupation of Vella Lavella was fast approaching a climax.

On September 18 the 3rd New Zealand Division under Major General H. E. Barrowclough relieved the 35th Regimental Combat Team, and Brigadier L. S. Potter, commanding the 14th New Zealand Brigade Group, was put in charge of securing the island. To the sound of gunfire from the sea to the north, the New Zealanders closed in on the remnants of the Japanese at dawn of October 7.

The Newzies moving forward for the mop-up heard the reverberations from seaward. They had heard that noise before. "Sea battle," one of them said.

Sea battle it was; in history it would be known as the Battle of Vella Lavella.

5

The Japanese soldier throughout the war fancied himself as a diarist. Nearly every one carried a small book in which he wrote in varying degrees of intelligibility his thoughts and impressions; obscenities were interspersed with ruminations on the fragility of the local flora. And

always there was evidence of self-pity. The troops on Vella Lavella were no exception. Hope of evacuation was their last remaining hope.

To blast this hope, Captain Frank R. Walker, with SELFRIDGE, CHEVALIER and O'BANNON, combed the waters to the north. It had been fairly quiet, with no major contacts on the night of October 5, but on the evening of the 6th a dispatch from Admiral Wilkinson said that there was a good possibility of enemy destroyers being in the vicinity that night. The possibility was so good that the Admiral added that he was sending Commander Larson with RALPH TALBOT, TAYLOR and LAVALLETTE up from a convoy south of New Georgia to add to the Captain's forces.

But there was a chance that these destroyers would not arrive in time. If they didn't, well, Captain Walker knew what to do: his group would intercept the Jap anyway.

The Japs were on their way. It became increasingly clear toward evening with, first, a report from two squadrons of B-25s and sixteen P-38s, which in blasting the enemy airfield at Kahili had seen "four destroyers or light cruisers" heading south, and, second, the interest that one to three Jap planes showed in our force by circling well out of gun range. Despite all efforts of our ships to shake them off, the "bogies" still kept contact. Even when night fell, they dropped float lights to indicate the course of our ships.

Captain Walker dodged his force from one occasional rain squall to another, trying to lose the snoopers, but it was a rarely beautiful night on the whole with a bright half moon giving excellent visibility over the calm, smooth sea.

Rendezvous with Commander Larson's group had been set at eleven and at 10:30 o'clock Captain Walker ordered his ships to head for the point of meeting only seven miles away. The three destroyers headed on the course, their engines turning up 25 knots, when all three simultaneously made radar contact with two groups of ships almost ten miles away, on their starboard bow.

It was apparent that both enemy groups had seen us at the same time, for at once they changed course to maneuver themselves into a more favorable position for battle. These were odds that the Japanese liked, for they outnumbered us three to one. The two groups as they approached could be seen as ten destroyers, three of which, KAZEGUMO, AKIGUMO and YUGUMO, were "special class destroyers," larger and more heavily armed than the usual type. Three others it was later discovered,

FUMITSUKI, MATSUKAZE and YUNAGI, were acting as transports and carried boats for evacuation purposes. They avoided battle, but it looked like odds of 10 to 3 to Captain Walker.

He did not hesitate. As the groups divided, he headed for the larger one, SELFRIDGE leading, followed by CHEVALIER and O'BANNON.

As they steamed toward the enemy, the ever-watchful eye of radar warned that these were not the only Japanese in the vicinity; planes were still around, and also, apparently, motor torpedo boats.

When almost dead ahead of our column and about five miles away, the larger enemy group turned left to sweep down our port flank. Captain Walker was faced with the alternative of turning left sharply to engage on a parallel course, or of turning right to engage on a reverse course. The latter choice would shorten the engagement with the five ships of this group, which was offset by the advantage of letting our ships engage the second group. Also Commander Larson's destroyers, nearly due to arrive, might be in a position to take on the first group when it was left behind.

Three minutes after the Japanese turned, Captain Walker ordered his force to turn right and fire torpedoes, and then to open fire with their guns. Since they were on a course opposite to that of the enemy, the SELFRIDGE opened on the rear enemy ship, the CHEVALIER on the fourth, and the O'BANNON on the third and largest. Hits were immediately scored and the satisfying sound of torpedo explosions also was heard.

The O'BANNON's target, the YUGUMO, burst into flames four minutes after the signal to open fire had been given, and five minutes later she was dead in the water and then blew up with an explosion so violent that the destroyers of Commander Larson's group, steaming quickly toward the scene of action, saw the YUGUMO, though they were still some miles distant.

Only the O'BANNON reported any return gunfire, and though it was ineffective, our ships were not to have everything their own way.

The CHEVALIER was preparing to illuminate the ships of the second enemy group when the skipper, Commander Wilson, was informed that two small craft were coming in at high speed on his starboard beam. He promptly gave orders to swing left, to bring the 1.1 guns to bear on them without taking the main batteries off the Japanese destroyers.

The maneuver was under way when an enemy torpedo put a full stop to it. The explosion set off the No. 2 gun magazine, rendering every-

one on the bridge unconscious. When he staggered to his feet and looked down on deck, Commander Wilson saw only water. The entire bow forward of the bridge had been blown off.

Commander MacDonald's O'BANNON was directly astern of the CHEVALIER, and when the latter exploded he immediately ordered hard right rudder. But the CHEVALIER was out of control and was swinging right, directly on the following ship, whose inertia carried her on, although her rudder was biting deep in the attempt to turn her. Commander MacDonald ordered emergency full speed astern and passed the word to stand by for a collision.

With a crash the O'BANNON rammed the helpless CHEVALIER in the after engine room on the starboard side. Slowed by her backing engines, the O'BANNON did not penetrate far, but the collision flooded the CHEVALIER's after engine room.

While making preparations to abandon ship—for the CHEVALIER was now without power and had an appreciable list to starboard—Commander Wilson took time to order the torpedoes in Tube No. 1 trained on one of the blazing enemy and that a torpedo be fired every thirty seconds at that target as it lay dead in the water.

The force of the collision had turned the bow of the O'BANNON to starboard, but all her equipment operated, and after backing away from the stricken CHEVALIER she went ahead at slow speed to screen the damaged ships.

For by this time the SELFRIDGE too had been torpedoed.

The seven-year-old PORTER-class destroyer, after her two companions had collided, continued on against the enemy, firing as she went. Suddenly two torpedoes were seen heading for her port bow. Commander Peckham ordered full left rudder to present as small a target as possible, but as he did so, came a cry of "Torpedo to starboard!"

Back to right full came the rudder as speed was brought to 25 knots. Through the bridge ports Commander Peckham saw a torpedo wake cross the bow and pass down the side of the ship by 25 yards. As no more torpedoes were seen on the starboard side, the order to come left again was given, and as the destroyer heeled back on course two torpedoes crashed into her from both sides. Her bow was sheared off and everything forward of the bridge was wrecked.

All power was lost temporarily, except—remarkably—her TBS.

This ended the action. Only eleven and a half minutes had elapsed

from the time our group fired torpedoes to the torpedoing of the SELFRIDGE. At the end of the action the CHEVALIER was torpedoed, rammed and sinking; the O'BANNON was limping with a badly damaged bow, and the SELFRIDGE had her bow sheared off.

Yet they had won the battle!

Apparently warned by snoopers of the approach of Commander Larson's force of three destroyers, the Japanese survivors were steaming away at full speed.

While the newcomers' ships searched for enemy barges around Marquana Bay, the O'BANNON's motor whaleboats took survivors off the still-floating CHEVALIER and searched the waters for more. Then she headed alone for Tulagi.

The SELFRIDGE's damage-control party was working hard to save her. And save her they did. Her whole forecastle was lost, but her engines were capable of moving her slowly. After shoring up the forward fire-room bulkhead, it appeared that she would float and make slow speed.

With her guns still manned, the SELFRIDGE slowly headed for Tulagi, screened by the RALPH TALBOT and the TAYLOR, which had returned from an unsuccessful search for barges.

The LAVALLETTE was ordered to stay behind and sink the CHEVALIER's hulk, and after a search to ensure that none was left aboard, she stood off and fired one torpedo. It struck amidships and the FLETCHER-class 2,100-tonner exploded and sank, leaving a cloud of black smoke towering 500 feet into the air.

The action had cost us one destroyer lost and two severely damaged, and over a hundred lives. The Japanese lost the YUGUMO, one of their newest (1942) and largest destroyers, besides serious damage to at least two others. In point of damage, the battle had gone to the outnumbered American destroyers by a small margin, but again the enemy had been frustrated in his attempt to relieve the beleaguered troops on the island.

The campaign for Vella Lavella was ended and with it that of the central Solomons.

Next on the list was Bougainville.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Bougainville--Empress Augusta Bay

I

BOUGAINVILLE ISLAND, the last Japanese stronghold in the Solomons, was invaded by Allied troops early in the morning of November 1. For three months, Admiral Halsey's staff had planned the undertaking under General MacArthur's authority. As surely as we knew we had to capture this largest and most northern island in the Solomons group, so did the enemy know that he had to keep it.

The war in the Pacific was changing in pattern, and it was a picture the Japs didn't like. Less than two years before, they had swept down from their home islands and mandated areas and gathered within their empire millions of square miles of territory that they felt destined to exploit forever as part of the "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere." The Allies had been forced to fight purely defensively. The best they could do in the Philippines, the Netherlands East Indies, Malaya, Sumatra, had been to make the Japanese pay as dearly as possible for every rich acre. And Japan was prepared to pay the cost. She had saved for this day, and in the long run the price would be cheap, with half the world under her thumb.

But the Japanese had been held—held before the last great prize of war, Australia, was reached. Japan was held, stopped, and then forced back. Back from Midway—a tumble, not a step. Back from Tulagi and Guadalcanal; back from New Georgia, from Kolombangara and Vella Lavella. Now it was the Allies who had taken the initiative, were taking the offensive. It wasn't a full-scale offensive; supplies were still too scarce, but they were crowding the Japanese, expending ships and planes with a disconcerting self-confidence.

Ringling the Japanese home islands in eleven separate patrol areas, watching the Chinese coast in five more, American submarines hunted

enemy shipping attempting to cross their blockade. It was nerve-racking work in the Sea of Japan, especially in La Pérouse Strait between Hokkaido and Karafuto where, in August, the *PLUNGER* and *WAHOO* sank shipping less than a mile from shore. "After about twenty-four hours in that sea," a submariner commented, "you get claustrophobia. You want to get out. I used to have dreams almost every night of taking the boat right over the land, rigging wheels on it and going right over Honshu to get out of there. Even yet, once in a while, I still have that dream."

The defensive-offensive phase of the Allied war effort in the Pacific was reaching a climax. Across the Solomon Sea to the westward the indomitable Australians had first stopped the Japanese in their thrust to Port Moresby and then had driven them slowly back over the Kokoda Trail toward Buna as 1942 ended. American troops had helped them that winter to crush permanently the Japanese threat to Port Moresby in the ten weeks of bitter fighting through swamp and jungle that completed the Buna-Sanananda operation on January 23, 1943.

In September, Rear Admiral Daniel E. Barbey's Southwest Pacific Amphibious Force—known since March as Amphibious Force, Seventh Fleet—had captured Salamaua and Lae. And on October 2 they had added Finschafen.

In the meantime, the Central Pacific campaign was under way with the occupation of atolls in the Ellice Islands in August. The same month Marcus Island had been raided by aircraft, and Tarawa—to be the scene of such bitter bloodshed later—felt the weight of Allied bombs on September 18. In October, the Japanese sitting complacently on Wake got their first taste of vengeance from Commander Winfield Scott Cunningham and Major James P. Devereux and their gallant company in the form of an air strike, and bombardment.

And as preparations for the capture of the northernmost island in the Solomons were being made, other forces were being assembled for the landing that would in history mark the opening of the Allied offensive stage: the Gilbert Islands campaign.

2

The landing on Bougainville was made halfway up the west coast of the island at Cape Torokina on Empress Augusta Bay.

It wasn't the best spot for a landing with its low, swampy coast, and it offered no satisfactory anchorage for large vessels. Furthermore, the natives, unlike their brethren in the other Solomons Islands, inexplicably preferred the Japanese to the Allies; at the least they couldn't be trusted as scouts.

But Torokina's defenses were meager, and with it in our hands enemy communications to Rabaul could be effectively controlled. So, Cape Torokina was selected as the beachhead.

Five days before D-day, November 1, Admiral Wilkinson, who was in command of the whole operation, sent Rear Admiral George H. Fort to seize the Treasury Islands (What real estate promoters those old explorers were!) to the south, with a force of seasoned New Zealanders—veterans of North Africa, Crete and Greece. And as a diversion, the 2nd Marine Parachute Battalion landed at the same time on Choiseul.

It was known that Lieutenant General Vandegrift's Marines had as tough an assignment as they had ever drawn in landing at Torokina Point, and all available air and surface support was brought to nullify any possible Japanese attempts to thwart their success. H-hour was 7:15 A.M., about an hour after sunrise, and by that time the two Jap airfields of Buka and Bonis, lying on opposite sides of Buka Passage at the northern tip of Bougainville Island, had felt the blows of a surface bombardment from Admiral Merrill's ships, and an air attack from the planes of Admiral Fred Sherman's carriers SARATOGA and PRINCETON. And Admiral Merrill, after blowing up the airfields, turned and headed south at 30 knots for the Shortland Islands to make the first daylight bombardment of enemy installations in the South Pacific.

As the only cruiser task force in the area, "Tip" Merrill's Task Force 39 worked hard. Following its bombardment of the Shortlands it had orders to patrol north of Vella Lavella, ready to intercept any Japanese naval interruption of the unloading at Torokina, and when that was accomplished, to cover the eventual retirement of the transports.

As they headed away from the Shortlands in column (the destroyers CHARLES AUSBURNE, DYSON, CLAXTON, SPENCE and THATCHER in the van, followed by the cruisers MONTPELIER, CLEVELAND, COLUMBIA, DENVER and in the rear the destroyers CONVERSE, FOOTE and STANLY). Admiral Merrill's ships had been steaming at near maximum speeds for 29 hours and had cruised nearly 800 miles.

As a result the 2,100-ton "cans" were very low on fuel; so low, in

fact, that the Admiral knew his destroyers would not be able to fight anything more than a minor engagement at slow speed. And if there was to be an engagement at all it was certain to be a fight of major proportions—especially as there was word of two heavy Jap cruisers with three light cruisers and ten destroyers off Rabaul.

Admiral Merrill never underestimated the Jap. He calculated that the Japanese had probably weighed the chances of disrupting the landing at Empress Augusta Bay, and found them good; his snoopers had reported only one cruiser task force in the area, and it undoubtedly exhausted from continuous operations, low in fuel, ammunition and rest. There was a good possibility, Admiral Merrill concluded, that the enemy would strike on the night of November 1-2. If he didn't, he was a fool.

So, Tip Merrill concluded he had better get his destroyers fueled.

At Hathorn Sound at the head of Kula Gulf, 108 miles away from the Shortlands, was an oil barge. Admiral Merrill, as soon as the Shortlands were out of sight, ordered Captain Arleigh A. Burke to take his Division 45 to Hathorn, fill up, and return as soon as possible. Division 46 would stay to screen Crudiv 12.

Less than four hours later Burke's ships were fueling. Knowing that they had a long run back to rejoin the task force, and expecting any minute to hear of enemy forces headed for Bougainville, the destroyer skippers were in "a fever of impatience" to complete fueling. "Everybody tried to get more capacity out of the barge fuel pumps than was in them," said Captain Burke. "It was a battle for fuel."

By one o'clock the DYSON and AUSBURNE had been filled and they cleared the barge to allow the STANLY and CLAXTON to come alongside for their turn. Swiftly the fuel lines were run across and the pumping started. Never did the gauges record the gallons so slowly, and, when in the early afternoon the anticipated intelligence report came in of an enemy force near St. George's Channel, the dials that actually were recording a speed record for the barge, seemed to the impatient eyes of destroyers' engineers perceptibly to slow down.

But by 4:30 fueling was complete, and Captain Burke led his ships on their return.

In the meantime, Admiral Merrill had his orders, based on ComSo-Pac's excellent intelligence on the movements of the enemy force. American scout planes ranging out from our Solomons bases kept track of four light cruisers and six destroyers that had been first seen early that morn-

ing. On the basis of their reports the Admiral was able to set his course for interception at a speed that would save precious fuel.

Task Force 39 had a job to do. As covering for the landing, it had to ensure that no Japanese—like the force reported—interfered with the getaway of the transports which had been scheduled for four o'clock, but which (because of Japanese air attacks and beach conditions Admiral Halsey described as "worse than anything ever encountered before in the South Pacific") had delayed departure until six. Merrill's ships had to protect not only these, but the transports that would return to Torokina to unload the following morning. To occupy his spare time he had to cover the minelaying operations of the *BREESE*, *GAMBLE* and *SICARD*, with the *RENSHAW* as screen, that were laying their lethal eggs off Cape Moltke, 15 miles northwest of Torokina.

There was a new moon in the sky, that night of November 1, 1943, but its thin silver gave no light through the holes in the overcast. At intervals the horizon was lighted with flashes of heat lightning.

At 11:30 P.M. a flash of lightning silhouetted the shapes of vessels heading at high speed for the task group, and the splutter of TBS informed the Admiral that Burke's destroyer division was reporting for duty again.

Merrill was glad to see them. There would definitely be action to-night!

The Admiral had a number of problems to solve if he was to fulfill his mission of protecting our landing beaches and vessels of the landing force. To save them from harm was of course the first; to do it, he had a task group which now constituted the Allies' main mobile surface strength in the South Pacific area. The job, therefore, was to turn the enemy away without too greatly jeopardizing that last remaining force; it was more important for the success of future operations to turn the enemy away than it was to annihilate the Japanese fleet at the expense of losing several of our ships.

Merrill realized that his task force had ships that had never operated together before. (He did not know that his opponent, Vice Admiral Omori, had the same troubles.) Destroyer Division 46 was newly formed and had never had the chance even to practice a night torpedo attack as a unit. One of the division's ships, *THATCHER*, had just joined after a period of escorting convoys. And he couldn't forget that physical fatigue and nervous strain were unwanted passengers aboard every ship. Within

the past thirty hours his officers and men had delivered two major shore bombardments, and maneuvered at all times in the expectation that at any moment a major surface action would have to be fought. That expectation was now a certainty.

Admiral Merrill's plan was this: to place his ships in such a position that they would block the entrance to Empress Augusta Bay; when action was joined, to push the enemy gradually to the westward away from the bay; it would enable him to gain sea room for maneuvering, and also allow any of his ships that might be damaged to retire on the disengaged side.

They were at general quarters when, at twenty-two minutes past two in the morning a group of ships was seen on the radar screens. A few minutes later they were identified as the mining detail returning from its operations in the waters off Cape Moltke. "I am bringing my snooper with me," signaled the *RENSHAW*. She kept her enemy snooper with her too, as the force crept by our cruisers and destroyers and made their way into the bay, for the Japanese flier apparently never spotted the larger task force.

The minelayers were none too soon in getting home. Just five minutes later, Task Force 39 made initial radar contact with the Japanese force, coming in from the northwest, 16 miles away.

3

As more and more historical records documenting the war are uncovered by occupying United States Navy forces in Japan, a more and more amazing picture of the Nipponese mind is brought to light. In Tokyo, where the General Staff should have known exactly what was going on in each theater of war, the confusion was the greatest. Apparently the certainty of victory had been so drummed into the military mind that evidences of defeat were not even permitted to be reported. At least, the lower echelons disliked admitting reverses to their superiors, wherefore a completely erroneous appraisal was passed on up through the chain of command, until the very men charged with the over-all strategy had astonishingly bogus information from which to plan future operations.

At this stage of the war the effect of this strange philosophy was not so great an ally to us as it was to be later, when the Japanese top command would call upon fresh forces to halt the mounting offensive and

find that they existed only on paper—there, and on the bottom of the Pacific.

But the admirals in command at Truk and Rabaul, less misinformed than their superiors at home, could not excuse the presence of the Allies creeping up the ladder of the Solomons and New Guinea. The Americans and Anzacs had advertised their occupation of lately Jap-held territory, in no uncertain way. And this toe hold they had made in the most northern island of the Solomons brought them far too close to Rabaul and even Truk for comfort. Something had to be done.

Knowing that the beachhead chosen for the landing on Bougainville would be especially difficult to hold the first few days, the Japanese decided to strike with all available force while their chance of success was greatest.

The ships that MONTPELIER's radar found at 2:27 A.M. on November 2 constituted but one group of the fleet that was Japan's retort to our Bougainville landing.

Sailing down upon Empress Augusta Bay came three groups, of which MONTPELIER's contact was only the northernmost. In a few moments the other two groups were spotted on the flagship's screen. In the center were two heavy cruisers. Flanking them were one light cruiser and three destroyers on each side—in all ten ships.

As soon as contact was made by the destroyers' radar, Captain Burke's leading Division 45 headed for the northern group to attack with torpedoes. Admiral Merrill reversed the course of his cruisers and Desdiv 46 with a simultaneous turn to the right, and headed southward. His strategy was to wait until Burke reported that he had fired his torpedoes, and then to open up with gunfire.

Burke's message came: "My guppies are swimming!" Admiral Merrill knew that he could open fire in six minutes—the length of time it would take the "fish" to reach their targets.

But, three and a half minutes after the guppies had left their tubes, an alert crew in the flagship's Combat Information Center, plotting the enemy's course by radar, saw that the Japanese had changed course and would evade Desdiv 45's torpedoes.

Instead of waiting for the torpedoes to complete their run, Admiral Merrill ordered the cruisers to commence firing. Promptly the Japanese answered. The time was 2:49 A.M.

For the first seventeen minutes of the cruiser's hour-long gunfire action, the Japs of the northern group were the target. For the remainder of the time, the ships of the enemy center and southern groups were engaged.

As the cruisers opened fire, Desdiv 46 was ordered to make a torpedo attack, and Commander Bernard L. ("Count") Austin turned his ships right and headed in.

The Japanese had turned away while Captain Burke's torpedoes were streaking through the water, but two apparently weren't quick enough. Through the roar of the guns, six minutes after Burke's torpedoes had been launched, "three explosions, small but definite," followed by two more were seen among the Japanese ships. The leading Jap destroyer slowed and stopped, and another turned to the northwest and steamed away at high speed. What had happened, it was learned two years later, was that in trying to avoid the attacks, two Japanese destroyers collided and so damaged each other that they had to retire.

The cruiser that the destroyers had been escorting was being hurt badly by MONTPELIER's guns and within nine minutes had come to a stop. After an attempt to get under way again, she suddenly exploded with a tremendous flash.

The Japs weren't taking all this blasting lying down. They were sending out shells with precision, but precision of the wrong sort: their shots landed consistently short and ahead of our ships.

They did bag the FOOTE, though. When Desdiv 46 broke away from the formation to head for the enemy, the FOOTE did not turn promptly enough and as she attempted to rejoin her division a Japanese torpedo crashed into her stern, completely disabling her and preventing her from further action.

Our cruiser force was steaming north now, and with the northern enemy group demoralized had shifted fire to the middle and southern Japanese groups. The distance was increasing between our ships and the enemy's, putting them astern and in a position where they might be able to get past and into the bay, so Admiral Merrill called for another reversal of course.

Our vessels were now headed south again. Scarcely had the turn been completed than the Japanese, the better to see us by, fired a number of bright star shells that lit up the darkness with the brilliance of day. It

was effective, too, for with them came more accurate shooting, and our first cruiser casualty. There would have been more if luck and good seamanship had not been with us; for DENVER, COLUMBIA and CLEVELAND were repeatedly straddled by salvo after salvo.

It was 3:20 A.M. when the DENVER was hit by three 8-inch shells, but not one of them detonated or caused serious damage. She did take on water as a result and had to turn out of the formation for a few minutes. The COLUMBIA took a hit near the bow from the plug of an 8-inch shell which lodged in the sail locker after going through her plating.

The Admiral had ordered the division to make smoke, and chemical and funnel smoke poured from the cruisers and effectively blotted out the light from the enemy star shells, causing the Japs to believe their shells were duds. Behind this screen and despite the continuous roar of our gunfire, the Admiral ordered evasive maneuvers over the voice radio that were followed by the cruisers with dispatch and the precision of a company of infantrymen.

The smoke screen had confused the Japanese, for his gunfire fell off. Ours, radar-controlled and in no way affected by the smoke, continued at a high rate. And in the distance could be heard the gratifying explosions that told of the punishment the enemy was receiving.

The Japanese had had enough, and by 3:40 those ships which were able were heading back to safer waters as fast as their engines could turn their screws. They didn't go in any order and their confusion was heightened by the harrying of Desdiv 45 and Desdiv 46, which were now among them.

Their disorganization helped them a little, for the number of unrecognizable shapes in the darkness made it bewildering for our destroyers to make sure just who was friend and who was foe. As an example, at 4:38 Captain Burke, the destroyer squadron commander, opened up on TBS and said to Admiral Merrill:

"There's a hell of a lot of ships of both nationalities in one little huddle on our port bow. If we can identify one as enemy, we will take care of him!" He then asked the ships of his Desdiv 45 if anyone had any doubt that the ship on his port beam was enemy. No one had any doubts.

"Commence firing on target!" the squadron commander ordered.

The target was straddled five times when the TBS receivers on our ships reverberated with the anguished tones of a well-known voice of the SPENCE, Desdiv 46's flagship:

"Cease firing. Cease firing. God damn it, that's me!"

"Were you hit?" asked Captain Burke.

"Negative," replied the SPENCE, "but they aren't all here yet!"

The SPENCE was lucky, but ten minutes later she was again to think that Fate was singling her out for a macabre joke, when shells from the MONTPELIER, to the south, apparently were aimed at her. They weren't, for by an odd coincidence, as the SPENCE was attempting to join up with Desdiv 45, she passed beyond an enemy ship that was between her and the task force flagship, and shells from the MONTPELIER that had passed her target were landing near the SPENCE.

She was to forget and forgive, though. A few minutes later, at five o'clock, she found a shape looming up in the darkness and cutting over definitely identified it as a FUBUKI-class destroyer.

The SPENCE'S shells soon had the Jap in flames, and three explosions and several flashes had the enemy dead in the water. But she still was fighting and Commander Austin found that he was running short of ammunition, so he put in a call for Desdiv 45 to come and help finish it off.

Captain Burke immediately turned his four destroyers and in a few minutes the Japanese destroyer was slipping stern first under the water.

The battle was over.

It would shortly be dawn, and Admiral Merrill knew that with it there was good possibility of attack.

"The destroyers," Captain Briscoe recalls, "continued to pursue the cripples in the direction of Rabaul, and at one time we only had the one crippled destroyer, the FOOTE, on our screen, with several Japanese cripples lying around in the water. Admiral Merrill finally recalled Burke and his destroyers from their pursuit, the conversation running something like this:

"He said, 'Archie, this is Tip. For Christ's sake come home, we're lonesome!'

"This message had to go out on the long-wave circuit, as Burke was completely out of hearing of TBS.

"He answered up with a cheery 'Aye, aye!' and very shortly reported that he was heading south. It was a most welcome sight to see him come with all seven destroyers."

With the return of the destroyers, Admiral Merrill ordered the retire-

ment, assigning the CLAXTON to take the crippled FOOTE in tow, with AUSBURNE and THATCHER as escorts.

The Battle of Augusta Bay had been a resounding victory for Task Force 39. Physically exhausted after a long period of continuous operations, the men had fought a hard battle that in its complexities was the equal of any naval engagement the United States Navy had ever fought. In pitch darkness, Admiral Merrill had handled his formation of cruisers with extraordinary skill, performing evolutions that had all the snap of a peacetime exercise. And it had paid off. By defeating and turning back Admiral Omori's force he undoubtedly had saved the Bougainville landing force from disaster, all for the cost of one destroyer that would fight again and minor damage to other vessels. The Japs could scratch one light cruiser, SENDAI, one destroyer, HATSUKAZE, send to the repair shop the heavy cruisers HAGURO and MYOKO, the destroyers SHIRATSUYU and SAMIDARE.

But as the task force steamed southeastward, heading for Purvis Bay and overdue rest, the lookouts scanned the skies for the enemy planes that no doubt would come.

And they were right. Conditions were perfect for air operations. The sky was clear, with a few scattered cumulus clouds, and visibility was excellent. The sea was calm, and there were no friendly rain squalls to hide in. Weary gun crews cleared the decks of empty shell casings, and ammunition carriers brought fresh supplies from the dwindling stock to store in the ready boxes.

It was almost eight o'clock in the morning when the first alarm came. A spot on the radar screens grew until it could be identified as a large flock of bogies heading for them from the direction of Rabaul.

Admiral Merrill had requested air coverage from the transports fighter director at Empress Augusta Bay, and just as the enemy planes arrived so too did ours; but they were just four P-38s—"A small number for the work ahead," as Admiral Merrill remarked.

The crippled FOOTE and her escorts were about 10 miles astern of the cruisers and their destroyers when the attack developed, but for some strange reason the Japanese passed up the chance for easy game and came screaming on toward the cruisers, which were promptly starting evasive maneuvers to bring their antiaircraft guns to bear and present as difficult a target as possible.

There were between sixty and seventy Japanese planes, Val dive

bombers and Betty bombers covered by fighters, that came in to the attack. In all, the action lasted only seven minutes, but in the words of the official report, "The scene was one of organized hell, in which it was impossible to speak, hear, or even think. As the ships passed the first 90° of their turn in excellent formation, the air seemed completely filled with bursting shrapnel and, to our great glee, enemy planes in a severe state of disrepair."

How many planes were shot down will probably never be known. The MONTPELIER, which claimed five planes down for sure and two more probables, scored one direct hit with a 6-inch projectile that tore the plane to pieces in mid-air. The CLEVELAND claimed seven, with two pulverized by 5-inch bursts. She saw four Japanese aviators bail out and open parachutes, one of whom drifted down through the 20-mm. fire to a fall within a hundred yards of the cruiser. The COLUMBIA claimed four for sure and three more probables, while the DENVER maintains she got two for sure and one possible. The destroyers did their bit too, but the firing was so general that individual corroboration was virtually impossible.

Anyway, by 8:12, when the scattered remnants of the Japanese were attempting to re-form and retire, the waters around our ships were littered with the remains of at least twenty bombers.

And all that the Japanese had achieved was to demolish the MONTPELIER's starboard aircraft catapult!

Now, at least, thought the men of Task Force 39, we can head for Purvis Bay and get a little . . . just a little . . . shuteye!

No.

They were 30 miles southeast of the Treasury Islands when the dispatch came in. "Return to Empress Augusta Bay and cover the unloading of the transports and their subsequent withdrawal to Guadalcanal."

Wearily the cruisers and the STANLY and DYSON reversed course. The SPENCE and CONVERSE were ordered on for battle repairs at Tulagi.

So low on fuel and ammunition that it could hardly fight another action, everyone was cheered by the news that the transports had left the bay at three that afternoon. There would be that much less time for coverage.

By dark the cruisers had joined up with the transports, and the slow and fortunately uneventful trip back to Purvis was started. Steaming for a night and a day, the gruelling operations were completed in midafternoon of November 3.

4

Let us call on the defeated admiral for an evaluation.

"When considered with the other actions of this campaign it appeared to me to be the climax of your advance up the Solomon Islands," Admiral Omori now testifies. "After the battle you were able to establish bases in Bougainville which permitted you to maintain constant air assault on Rabaul, which prevented us from providing support and air cover to our bases on New Guinea and New Britain."

The campaign for the Solomons was now virtually ended, as the Bougainville operation drove to swift completion. The top of the Solomons ladder had been reached, to employ one Japanese metaphor, and the fork of the road had been followed to its juncture with the main highway to Japan, to recall another of Tokyo's figures of speech.

New Guinea was outflanked. With the spring General MacArthur could begin his leapfrog operations northwestward, which would land him in the Philippines before Tip Merrill could toast his first anniversary of Empress Augusta Bay.

The first phase of the war in the Pacific, the defensive,¹ had ended in the Battle of the Coral Sea, May 7-8, 1942. Now the second phase—the "defensive-offensive," by Fleet Admiral King's definition—was completed, eighteen months later. The third and last phase was about to begin, the campaign for the Gilbert and Marshall islands, which would inaugurate the Big Offensive—a twenty months' job, although none believed it could be accomplished in so short a time. But that is the story for another volume.

While all this bitter fighting had been going on in steaming jungle, on tropic seas and in the humidity-saturated air of the equatorial Pacific, another campaign was being conducted in the chill fogs and snows of the Far North, to drive the Japanese from their solitary conquest east of the International Date Line.

Let us go back a while to June, 1942, when the jubilation over the victory at Midway was but slightly dampened by the news that the Japanese had occupied Alaskan territory—American territory, for all the fact it was closer, by less than half the distance, to Siberia.

¹ See BATTLE REPORT, Vol. I, *Pearl Harbor to the Coral Sea*.

PART THREE

The Aleutians

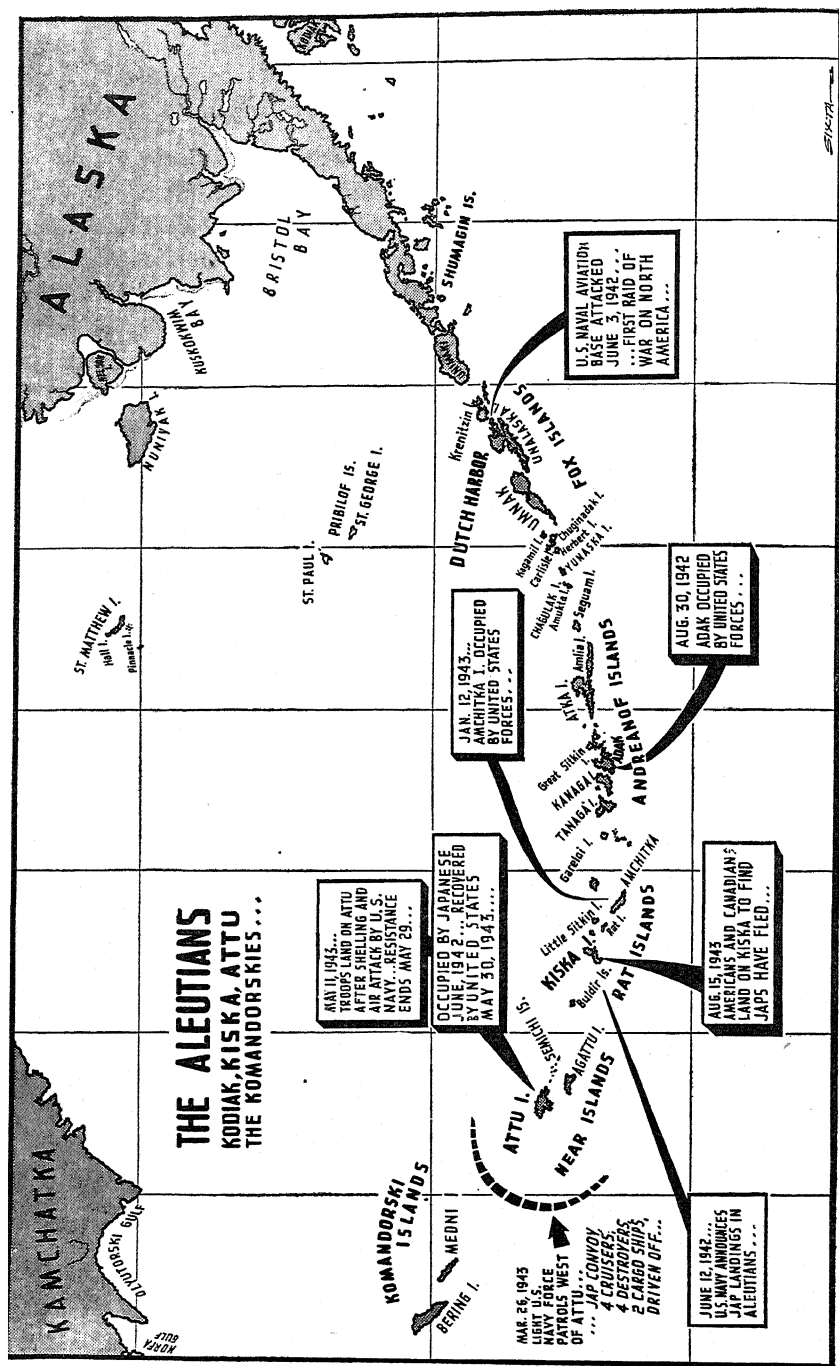


FIGURE 6

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Dutch Harbor

I

ONE place where a straight line is definitely not the shortest mathematical distance between two points is on the familiar flat (Mercator projection) map.

Navigators have long known that, but to most persons—including thousands who entered the Navy from civilian life during the war—the world's geography is still the distorted picture of the atlases, which show Alaska to be half the size of the whole United States, and Greenland larger than South America.

During the war, and since, people learned from newspaper charts and just plain reiteration of the fact, that a bee line between Tokyo and Chicago, say, does not "cross" the Pacific at all. It skirts the northwestern shores of that ocean and crosses the Bering Sea just north of, and generally following the line of, the Aleutian Islands.

The late General "Billy" Mitchell, archevangelist of air power, first popularized the knowledge that Alaska is the gateway between North America and Asia. Tourists and commercial travelers, embarking at Seattle for the Orient, had had practical evidence of that long before the airplane was invented, because (and almost always to their surprise) they found their ship in sight of the Aleutians midway on the voyage. They wondered why the captain had gone out of his way to the "Far North," until the worthy skipper, with the simple instrument of a piece of string and a globe, demonstrated to them that he was taking the shortest route to Yokohama.

Be all that as it may, both sides knew that in a war between Japan and the United States, Alaska and its long parade of Aleutian Islands would be a combat area. Both sides knew they had a common enemy—the weather, the worst weather on earth. Here the warm Japanese Cur-

rent, Oriental counterpart of the Gulf Stream, meets the arctic waters and breeds such storms and fogs as nowhere else afflict man's constant efforts to master the elements. An aviator caught in a fog-clotted "williwaw" knew how it felt to be a fly trapped in a churn.

Weather is still master of the short cut between Orient and Occident. The Aleutian route to Siberia, China, Japan and the Philippines is still no tourists' aerial speedway; it is more a no man's land under constant bombardment by Boreas. But it is a route, by sea or by air, and in a war human beings take chances they normally eschew for sake of comfort, safety and longevity.

Alaska and the Aleutians are American territory, bought from Russia for \$7,200,000 in 1867, and except for those living in or having business with Alaska, most Americans forgot that fact until the Administration tried to transplant impoverished Dust Bowl farmers thither in the mid-1930's. That the same Japanese Current which makes navigation so difficult also provides the mild humidity which produced five-foot stalks of rhubarb and cabbages which make the seed-catalogue artists' efforts look like Brussels sprouts, was learned anew in the political debate over the Matanuska project. There were Japanese farmers in Alaska, and the Japanese fishers and sealers, of course, knew Alaska's waters better than the Sea of Japan.

Anyhow, with the threat of war, it was necessary for the United States to prepare to defend Alaska, because it was inevitable that Japan would attack it. Japan, by every compulsion of offensive or defensive war, had to place herself athwart that short cut, either to prevent the United States from employing it against her or to prepare a springboard for an attack on continental North America.

Japan attacked as soon after Pearl Harbor as the weather made it feasible. And, in so doing, they performed what might ironically be termed two services for the United States: First, the Aleutian occupation put it squarely up to the Joint Chiefs of Staff how the war against Japan was to be fought; all the pieces were now on the chess board. Secondly, on the political level, it confirmed the authority of the Joint Chiefs, when they stood firm against sentiment-inspired public pressure to "drive the invader from American soil."

2

The fog was thick, tangible. It eddied across the flight deck of the *RYUJO* and pearls of it clustered on the visor of the Japanese officer leaning against the windbreak of the admiral's bridge.

Rear Admiral Kakuji Kakuda, commander of the Japanese Second Task Force of the Northeastern Fleet, drew the collar of his coat closer around his neck. The chill dankness had penetrated even to his stomach, but the feeling there was of the fog; of the lack of visibility that to a seaman is worse than physical discomfort. Ahead of him, if all was well, were the three destroyers of his task force: the *OSHIO*, *OBORO* and *AKEBONO*, while following in the wake of his flagship was the other aircraft carrier, *JUNYO*, and astern of her the cruisers *TAKAO*, *MAYA* and the oiler *TEIYO MARU*.

The admiral hated the fog, but he welcomed it too. He hated it for the added responsibility it threw on him and the dissimilarity of this June day of 1942 to that which his family at home must be having. But he welcomed it for the security it gave from prying American eyes. Back in Hokkaido, when the last-minute plans had been formulated, the presence of expected fog was a decided factor. His task force, and the occupying force of the light cruiser *ABUKUMA*, the 21st Destroyer Division, the transport *KINUGASA MARU*, with the seaplane tender *KIMIKAWA* and minelayer *KOGANE MARU*, which headed with him through the north Pacific waters, were protagonists in the most ambitious plan of Japan in the war. A plan which when successful would forge a band of protection that the Americans would never break around the increasing Empire of Japan.

To the south, Admiral Yamamoto's forces were steaming toward the American outpost of Midway. This was to be the main thrust—Admiral Kakuda's task force was a form of feint; though actually it had more significance than a thrust to divert American concentration on the Hawaiian area. His occupation forces, a battalion of Army troops aboard the *KINUGASA MARU*, were scheduled to land on the barren island of Adak, while the air groups would keep the Americans occupied with an air assault on Dutch Harbor.

The admiral ran his hand across the peak of his cap, clearing the droplets. Then he looked at his watch. It was a quarter to nine.

Kakuda would make landfall in the Aleutians. He would make the bombing as planned. But the objective of the troops would not be Adak.

It would be quite a few days before the landing would take place; and then it would be on Attu, 500 miles westward—500 miles nearer Japan.

For when Admiral Yamamoto was to get his long-desired decisive naval engagement with the American fleet, the decision would turn out differently than he hoped.

And frenzied Tokyo, its plans furiously awry, would send contradictory orders: the Aleutian occupation is canceled; return to Japan after rendezvous with the remnants of the Midway force; rendezvous is cancelled, return independently; the Aleutian occupation is to proceed. Change Adak for Attu . . .

That would be later. Today the carriers, cruisers and destroyers, followed by the plodding oiler, steamed slowly through the mists toward Dutch Harbor.

3

As the Japanese sailed through the fog-covered waters of the Northern Pacific, the whole stretch of coast from Nome to Seattle was in a condition of continuous alert. Rear Admiral Robert A. Theobald, commanding all Army, Navy and Canadian forces in the Aleutian-Alaskan theater, with less forces than there had been in the Philippines at the outbreak of war, was baiting a trap that was built of the best material he had. But he had little in numbers with which to defend his wide area, for the available forces in the Pacific were being concentrated to throw back the main Japanese thrust at Midway.

In numbers, the American task force consisted of only 52 ships and 169 planes. Its strength lay in five cruisers—two heavies and three light; the remainder were eleven destroyers, six submarines, two destroyer sea-plane tenders, one gunboat, one minesweeper, two oilers, ten Coast Guard vessels, and fourteen district patrol craft. The planes, mostly Army types, consisted of 94 fighters, 7 four-engined bombers, 42 two-motored bombers, 23 patrol bombers, and 3 scouts.

The 23 patrol bombers were PBYs of Patrol Wing Four.

The long, wearying searches started from Cold Bay and Dutch Harbor, where Captain William N. Updegraff commanded the Naval Air Station. The Catalinas had no rest. Flying through the night, probing the fog with radar, they searched from evening until morning; the planes were immediately reserviced and sent aloft again before their engines

cooled. Relief crews took the planes to remote dispersal points from which the night search would start all over again.

There were not enough spare crews to go around, so it was the usual rather than the unusual for pilots and crews to remain with their planes for two or three days without returning to base except for refueling.

Patwing Four was an experienced outfit. The men who flew the planes on patrol had the worst weather in the world with which to contend. With reason the Indians called the Aleutians the "Birthplace of Bad Weather." The volcanic islands that stretch out from the chin of Alaska like a cartoonist's drawing of Uncle Sam's whiskers make a sievelike barrier between the ice-cold waters of the Bering Sea, drifting southward from the polar icecap and the warm northwestward trending Japanese Current. The result is fog and the famous, or infamous, williwaws. These are fierce local storms, unique to the area, that rise with sudden fury, taxing the anemometers to measure the velocity of the freakish wind.

In other parts of the world winds are phenomena that dispel fog, but in the tumult of a williwaw sailing men have reported a succession of rain, snow, sleet and fog, all driven at speeds of more than a hundred miles an hour. The capricious winds howl in one direction, then promptly reverse and scream back.

As though such winds, fogs and sudden storms were not enough, the Aleutian rocks are filled with magnetic ores that crazily spin the compass needles of ships and planes. And because high- and low-pressure areas follow each other in rapid succession, a plane's altimeter, which registers the plane's height above sea level by barometric pressure, cannot be trusted. At one minute the gauge may say the plane was winging mile-high in the air, the next it may declare the plane to be beneath the waves, where the ancient S-boats were having their own troubles! As Lieutenant Commander Vincent A. Sissler, who left the *SAILFISH* in the Southwest Pacific to take command of the S-28 on one of the later patrols down the Aleutian chain, said:

"Operating up there, as far as I was concerned, was something completely different. Navigation, for one thing, was most unsatisfactory. There were seldom any sights to take—no stars, maybe a sunline once a day—for celestial navigation. Most position keeping was done by taking soundings with a fathometer.

"There was a continual fog, plus mountainous seas and cold weather, which for an S-boat was sometimes almost more than one could tolerate.

There were times when I felt we had all been sissies complaining about conditions down in the Southwest Pacific. Because, up there, a patrol was considered successful, by men and officers, if the boat got out and came back.

"One bad feature about submerged operations in those waters was the vast amount of hull 'sweating' that occurred. The warmth of the submerged boat against the cold sea caused a continual rain or condensation . . . regardless of the precautions taken, mattresses, blankets, sheets, and everything became soggy, wet and damp.

"The habitability of S-boats in northern waters was terrible, and I take off my hat to the men who stood their watches up there. As a rule, it took half an hour for a man to dress before going on the bridge for his watch. This usually consisted of starting from scratch by putting on heavy woolen underwear, followed by a heavy woolen hunting shirt, plus two pairs of woolen submarine trousers, plus three pairs of heavy wool socks, a pair of aviator's fleece-lined boots and large flexible rubber boots over those. Then, on top of all this, he put a sponge-rubber-lined pair of trousers, and, after the trousers were on, more sweaters would go on over the shirt, then to cover all, a sponge-lined parka. By the time this costume was on, plus gloves, and the man was on the bridge, he could hardly move. He then had the question of which was wiser, to spend all the watch period ducking successive waves as they came over and wondering just when you were going to catch one, or get wet right at the beginning and have it over with.

"It was also necessary to lash lookouts, the officer of the deck, and the quartermaster to the bridge to keep them from being bashed around by the waves that rolled over the boat. It's amazing that all hands didn't have severe colds and pneumonia, but health in general was excellent. The big problem turned out to be teeth. They decayed quickly for lack of calcium. Calcium pills soon became standard issue as did sun lamps. Without them, men soon developed a green, washed-out appearance."

It was against such a natural enemy that our planes and ships had to fight in their everyday routine. Maybe it was not so baffling to the Japanese, whose sealing and salmon boats were ever adjuncts to the Imperial Navy.

The day the Japs came winging in over Dutch Harbor was relatively clear. There was murk beyond Priest Rock, but for the Aleutians it was a comparatively fine day. In the harbor were the two old destroyers, KING

(Lieutenant Commander Kenneth M. Gentry) and TALBOT (Lieutenant Commander Edward A. McFall), the destroyer seaplane tender GILLIS (Lieutenant Commander Norman F. Garton), the submarine S-27 (Lieutenant H. L. Jukes), the Coast Guard cutter ONONDAGA (Lieutenant Commander S. P. Mehlman) and the Army transports PRESIDENT FILLMORE and MORLEN.

One hundred and eighty miles away on the morning of June 3 the RYUJO and JUNYO turned into the wind as the leaden-colored sky glimmered with the first light of dawn, and started to launch their planes. There were low clouds and fog where the Japanese were, and the thirty-six bombers escorted by twenty-nine Zeros—one of the latter had crashed at take off—found even worse weather en route to their target.

At quarter before six the first enemy plane was seen by the ground defense forces. The American outpost had been at general quarters, manning battle stations, as was the routine at dawn. The first "meat-ball" was followed by a second and a third, until a whole squadron flew in on a run through the rocky passageway into the harbor.

There was doubt as to the identity of the planes. A few days earlier a flight of Army P-40s en route to their secret airfield on Umnak had winged in over the mountains and buzzed the harbor. The haze had concealed the American insignia, and the heavily manned defenses were about to let go with all they had when somebody saw the blue-rimmed star and shouted the order to withhold fire.

So, today, everyone assumed that the planes were again Army, but a chief petty officer caught a glimpse of a wing insignia as the Zero was entering a strafing attack.

"They're Japs; they're the goddam Japs!" he shouted, his voice ringing through the silently expectant AA stations.

In the harbor, Lieutenant Commander Norman L. Garton, on the bridge of his seaplane tender GILLIS, recognized the visitors for what they were at the same time the chief ashore had. At once the "Commence Firing!" order brought one of the first sounds of a belligerent welcome to the Japs.

Five minutes after the Zeros made their one run across the station and flew off to the northward, a first flight of four bombers came in view from the southwest. Steadying on their run, they dropped sixteen bombs, all but two falling true on their target, the sprawling but congested center of Fort Mears.

The white frame buildings of the barracks area erupted in a cloud of fire and smoke; twenty-five men were instantly killed and the same number injured.

Two more waves of three bombers each ended the first attack on Dutch Harbor. The second overshot Fort Mears and did no damage, but the third, aiming at the wooden oil tanks that had been a landmark of Dutch Harbor for years, missed the tanks but hit a firewatcher's pillbox and an Army truck.

The GILLIS was under way with the other ships as the first Jap bombers dotted the sky. The PRESIDENT FILLMORE had upped her hook, and Lieutenant Commander Garton (from long force of habit as a destroyer man) took the large vessel under his wing and began to run interference through the channel beyond Priest Rock, shooting as he went.

The foresight of the captain of the FILLMORE paid off. His ship carried a full load of ammunition and antiaircraft ordnance. Sometime on his way north he had ordered guns from the cargo set up on deck and ammunition broken out until the vessel looked like an aroused porcupine. These guns, as the commander of the Naval Air Station said in his report, "were served with such rapidity that the FILLMORE appeared to be (and was reported) on fire."

All the planes that attacked Dutch Harbor that morning were from the RYUJO. The JUNYO's planes had had to turn back because of the weather. None of our fighters from Fort Glenn, 65 miles away, was able to intercept, so with the absence of American fighters the Zeros looked for planes on the ground to strafe.

They found a Catalina.

Lieutenant (jg) Jack F. Litsey of Squadron 41 was preparing to take off on the mail run out of Dutch Harbor. He had just eased his PBY down from the apron and started lumberingly on his course for the take-off run when the attack started. The Jap guns chattered and the Catalina began to burn. Litsey turned around and headed back for the ramp on shore.

"The strafing killed two crew members and left two wounded," Ensign Stanley C. Eland, who was aboard the plane, said. "I was one of the men clipped; it was nothing very much." He was hit in the ankle.

"A radioman was shot through the hand. His hand was resting on another man's back, and the bullet passed through his hand and killed the man underneath.

"Another man jumped from the plane to try and swim ashore. He was drowned. The navigator was trying to make an entry in the log, and another bullet from the spray of Jap fire knocked the logbook out of his hands. He was uninjured."

After Litsey had run his ship to the beach, put out the fire and taken care of the dead and wounded, he counted the bullet holes. Thirty-eight perforations in one wing told of the destructive concentration of fire from the Jap guns.

The reactions ashore were for the most part disciplined, Army and Navy alike responding like veterans to their first taste of enemy fire. As the attack commenced, one of the newer VP 41 pilots, Ensign "Tex" Smyer, who had just arrived in Dutch Harbor by ship, was seen racing up the mountain toward an antiaircraft gun emplacement. He was making headway despite the hobble effect of his trousers, which he was trying to pull on over his pajamas. At the same time he crammed the last of his breakfast into his mouth.

The Japanese, by accident or design, all disappeared over the flanking mountain toward Cape Cheerful, to the north. One of the Zeros tried to make an emergency landing on a muskeg flat on the other side of the island, ground-looped and broke the pilot's neck. The plane was relatively undamaged.

If the remainder thought that by heading north they would lead the American searching planes astray over the Bering Sea, they failed, for the carriers and their escorts had been caught in the observer's net of scouting PBYS cast to the southwest by Captain Updegraff.

When the word came that Dutch Harbor was under attack, the PBYS were already searching the sky and sea on assigned sectors. For the first time in their long months in the Aleutians, the pilots knew that they had a definite target: Jap carriers. They began threading through every hole in the sky, spiraling through cloud-bank fissures, reaching into the mist for contact with the enemy. Lieutenant Commander Paul F. Foley, commander of Patrol Squadron 41, had given them new orders just an hour after the Japanese struck: "Carry out your scouting plan to the limits of your fuel."

This message reached Lieutenant Lucius D. Campbell as his PBY lay in a hidden cove along the shore of Umnak Island. The crew had heard the Dutch Harbor radio crackle out: "We are under attack . . ."

Campbell waited for further instructions. His gas tanks held only

800 gallons of gasoline. He had landed to refuel when the order came. It left him no time to take gasoline from the cache on the shore of the cove, no time to pump slowly by hand the 800 additional gallons he needed for full flight time over the sea. Campbell thought a moment and made his decision. The big flying boat moved in increasing speed over the water in its take-off run.

The enemy bombers had been observed winging southward in formation. It was rightly presumed that the *Japan* carrier force was skirting the southern fringe of the chain.

Campbell brought his big plane up slowly and settled on a southerly course. He nervously began to watch the dropping needle on the gas gauge. In a fog-filled void, gasoline might make the difference between life and death, even without assistance from the Japs. It is tricky business trying to land a dead plane. Below him the gray waves rolled regularly; soot-gray clouds swirled just above.

Campbell clung to the cloud cover—a *PBY*'s only protection. He was still on his course south when one of the crew saw one of the *MAYA*'s scout biplanes.

"I thought he probably was scouting for the carrier force," reported Campbell, "so I dipped a little deeper into the clouds, like a little boy pulling the covers over his head, and kept on course."

It was then that Campbell asked for a new check of the gasoline tanks. The spare tanks sucked air. The *Catalina* had just forty gallons and no more.

"I asked the navigator how much farther we could go on forty gallons," he said, "and I received the answer I already knew."

"A hundred miles," replied Ensign George Thelen, the navigator.

"We continued searching back and forth in the fog as the minutes ticked away. I allowed just enough time to burn the forty gallons . . ."

The *PBY* bumbled back and forth, meeting snow squalls and long, rutted stretches of rough air. Finally Campbell turned back and set a kitty-corner course for Umnak. Everybody listened for the engines to gasp for breath on air. Then the *Japs* found them.

"We had been on our homing course only a couple of minutes when two small float-type planes appeared on our starboard quarter. I knew we were very near the *Japs* then, because these were catapult observation planes."

One of the *Japs* swooshed down and threw a long chain of hot lead

across the PBY's bow. The other followed with an equally unsuccessful pass.

Campbell's radio sparkled out the message to Dutch Harbor briefly. Then the pilot was "preoccupied," as he put it later. The enemy swept around and came in from the stern. This time the bullets found the Catalina. Campbell pulled into a cloud bank.

By dead reckoning the navigator estimated that they were still 80 miles from Umnak. When Campbell started back there were only about two minutes of fuel left. Something was going to happen very soon.

The PBY broke into a chimney of clear air and Campbell looked down. He counted two carriers and a circling brood of cruisers and destroyers. Once again the radio began crackling out a message.

His appearance through the clouds brought a flowering burst of anti-aircraft fire.

"I knew I had something," Campbell said. "But I saw a plane and we ducked into the clouds; I waited a minute before I dropped down for a better view of the fleet.

"I was so engrossed in those ships down below I didn't see the Jap Zero. It came from above, and we heard the yammering of its guns before we saw the plane. It lasted only a moment, but he gave us everything he had."

The Jap laced the PBY with a fretwork of holes. The last of the gasoline was dribbling through the sieve of the wing tanks. An aileron fluttered. Bullets clipped the rudder controls, and a lucky cannon shot pulverized the starboard wing strut. One of the machine-gun slugs plowed deep into the leg of E. T. Gillis, a gunner.

"It was a bad moment when I found we had no rudder control," Campbell continued. "Gingerly I began to 'feel' with the aileron. There was still control left. I found that the ship would still turn if I banked and skidded her in the direction we wanted to go."

It was snowing now; visibility was nil. An added danger loomed: the wings began icing. The crew waited for the last splutter of the engines. The radio had been badly damaged; Campbell could no longer talk to Operations at Dutch Harbor.

"All I wanted was a place to sit her down," said Campbell. Then the report came:

"Air through the flow meters," a machinist's mate said dully. No one spoke. Then the gas was gone.

Only the wind whined as Campbell began to push the nose of the plane down to get speed from the gliding PBY. The crew felt the plane lurch and fishtail as the pilot let her down through the snow. Then the waves appeared, rushing up to meet them. Everyone braced for the crash.

"I never made a better landing in my life," modestly concluded Campbell. The PBY settled on the water and squashed in a flurry of white spray. "We skidded all the way down, and the wind righted us just before we hit the water."

The first thing the radioman did was to tinker with his transmitter. He got the set working again for a brief few minutes; enough for an amplifying report on the Jap fleet to get through to Dutch Harbor.

The crew began to cork the bullet holes in the hull, using absorbent cotton supplied for plugging ears during battle, rags, and the stuffing from life jackets. When another cruising PBY appeared over the edge of the sea and failed to spot Campbell's smoke bomb, no one spoke. Then another PBY broke through the overcast and bee-lined for them.

"That fellow gave our position to a Coast Guard patrol vessel. He was afraid to land because he had a full load of gasoline. But he dropped us a message in a paper sack. It hit squarely on top of the fuselage—never even got wet.

"We had been in the water about three hours when the Coast Guard arrived. We tried to tow our plane, but the swells had come up and she yawed on the end of the line. We had to sink her."

Campbell's part in trailing the Jap carrier force was later acknowledged officially when he received the Navy Cross "for extraordinary heroism and meritorious devotion to duty in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service . . ." His two short messages reporting the location and composition of the enemy were the only word of the Japs the defenders had on that first day of the Aleutian attack.

The weather was in conspiracy against the PBYs' search for the Japanese. It thickened up with snow and fog and haze. The entire sector was combed back and forth, but neither visual nor radar contact was made. The Japanese attacked Dutch Harbor a second time before our airmen found the carriers.

Lieutenant Commander Foley described the flying conditions. They were typically Aleutian.

"The planes were landing in heavy fog at Umnak," he said. "One ship, heard overhead, made an approach and slid down through the soup

to the runway. The man observing the landing from the end of the runway couldn't see enough to enable him to tell what kind of a plane had come in. All he saw was a ghostly shadow swishing down in the murk. The pilot, Ensign John F. Herron, brought the plane in safely and coolly walked into the operations hut to ask if he might have a cup of coffee."

The search for the Japanese continued all night. One of the pilots was Lieutenant Marshall C. Freerks. He made the first fully complete official report of the enemy task force, early in the morning of June 4.

Freerks had been groping through the fog all night long, crisscrossing the area south of Umnak in an exhausting, dreary search. It was with some pleasure that the crew looked forward to at least a few hours' sleep. Even on his homeward course, Freerks still ducked into every hole in the sky. When he at last saw the enemy, any doubt as to identity was promptly dissipated by the bright spots of tracer fire arcing up his Catalina.

"I crawled into a cloud and watched," he said. "Made my report, then asked the base for some relief as my gasoline supply was very low."

He correctly identified the enemy, sending all the necessary data—course, speed, weather data and position.

"I kept ducking in and out of the clouds," said Freerks, "expecting every instant that they would club me out of the sky with AA fire. Every time I showed my nose over the edge of a cloud, they pitched everything they had at me. The whole sky was a blossoming flowerbed of ack-ack. We kept expecting that they would send up their fighters, but either they had none aboard or we didn't see them when they came up. . . ."

For twenty minutes Freerks's plane, already aloft for thirteen hours, shadowed the Japanese, and then heeding his gasoline gauge headed for base. Lieutenant Charles E. ("Cy") Perkins's PBY took over the vigil.

Perkins's Catalina had been hand-loaded with an aerial torpedo, jury-rigged beneath the wing. He even overloaded his plane by carrying two extra bombs. His job was to shadow, not to attack, but when—after two hours—word came from Operations that Lieutenant (jg) Gene Stockstill was on his way to relieve in the watching, Perkins decided to unload his explosive cargo.

The lumbering PBY circled and swooped down toward the enemy. Flak began to rock the ship. The sheltering clouds were gone. A Jap shell slipped the gas and oil lines of one engine, and Perkins felt his ship slue in the air away from the carrier. He dropped his torpedo and then concentrated on getting away.

The torpedo did not hit, but it was a good try. Jettisoning the bombs and a good portion of his gasoline to lighten the damaged PBY, he limped back to base on one engine.

Something happened to Stockstill. He reported himself on course toward the last position Perkins gave for the Jap fleet, but was never heard from again. His squadron skipper, Lieutenant Commander Russell, called Stockstill an "unsung hero."

"Apparently he ran into the same situation that Campbell had encountered," Russell said. "He probably ran short of cloud cover and the Zeros raked him down out of the sky. . . ."

The lack of equipment, the overabundance of bad weather, and insufficient base facilities were the main reason for the long delay in getting planes out to attack the Japanese striking force.

"Most of the PBYs were on search when Freerks made the first contact," said Lieutenant Commander Foley. "It took some time to get them back to the base for refueling. We had to change their armament from depth charges to torpedoes. But the field where we had to work was only three weeks old and had no equipment. The wing of a PBY is 12 to 14 feet off the ground. We had to jury-rig every torpedo. It took several hours to arm six or seven Catalinas, and they didn't get off until so late that fog and darkness hindered their attack. That afternoon, with greater wind to launch their planes, the Japs attacked Dutch Harbor a second time."

Commander Masataka Okumiya, who was air officer on the Japanese admiral's staff, remembers the attack.

"It was about 1100, Tokyo time," he says, "when the second attack against Dutch Harbor was launched. Because of the poor weather only our best pilots were ordered away. Two hours before, two torpedo bombers from the *RYUJO* had made a weather reconnaissance of Dutch Harbor, and reported that the weather there was not good but better than the preceding day.

"Only one wave was launched, consisting of fifteen fighters—six from the *RYUJO* and nine from the *JUNYO*—eleven bombers from the *JUNYO* and six of the *RYUJO*'s torpedo planes. All planes reached the target but reported that en route they dodged considerable cloud masses. No American fighters were encountered at the target so our fighters strafed ground targets. The bombers and torpedo planes bombed the aircraft hangar, oil

tanks, one transport alongside a pier, and warehouses. Photographs showed a large fire, believed to be the hangar burning."

Dutch Harbor had early warning of the attack. The Army's observation post at Fisherman's Point saw the Japanese in three flights heading in at ten minutes to six on the evening of June 4. Ten minutes later the Zeros in the van dipped down to low level and strafed the Naval Air Station. Then as suddenly as they had come they were gone.

The Zeros were followed by the JUNYO's eleven bombers. These planes peeled off, staying clear of the heavy antiaircraft fire, and began dive-bombing runs. One of them singled out the wooden oil tanks which had escaped destruction on the first raid. The Japanese pilot angled down in a 40-degree glide and plumped his bomb from an altitude of about 1,500 feet to find his mark. Another chose the brand-new plane hangar and seaplane ramp. Still another headed for what he—and Commander Okumiya—thought was a transport but was, in reality, the old coastwise steamer NORTHWESTERN, which was tied up to the dock as a combination laundry and floating barracks for the civilian workers. The NORTHWESTERN gave an illusion of distress; she smoked violently and sank. But she settled only a few feet to the bottom at her moorings, and presently was doing business as usual from the firmer foundation.

The construction company suffered the loss of its office, equipment and a warehouse. The hanger was demolished by a direct hit.

The RYUJO's torpedo bombers were the last to arrive. Coming in from the northeast, three of their bombs exploded harmlessly in the water of the harbor, while more hit the Alaskan hillside. One struck a 20-mm. gun emplacement, killing the three-man Marine crew and its officer.

Army P-40s from Umnak Island intercepted the homing Japs, giving them a warm and surprising welcome. The attack group from the JUNYO had picked the western end of Unalaska Island as a rallying and rendezvous point before heading back to their carrier. Unalaska being only a few miles from the Army's secretly constructed base on Umnak—about which the Japanese knew nothing—when they arrived at the stipulated point, the presence of about ten American fighters made any rallying out of the question. In the ensuing dogfight two Jap fighters and dive bombers spiraled down in flames.

A plodding PBV, piloted by Lieutenant (jg) Robert C. Kirmse, tired after its long patrol, was flying a familiar path back to base for more fuel.

As he approached Umnak, he suddenly found himself in a kind of no-man's-land piece of sky between one of the P-40s and a Zero. His astonishing vision of converging tracer fire gave him all the urging he needed to find a friendly cloud.

A similar experience befell Ensign William R. Doerr of Squadron 41. When he lined his PBY for the track back to base, south of Umnak, he spotted the silver-gray outlines of a Zero. Quickly Doerr eliminated his big PBY as a target by ducking into a cloud. He continued on course long enough to become curious about what was happening.

Doerr let his Catalina down gently into the open. His curiosity was quickly and surprisingly rewarded.

Flying almost wing to wing with the American patrol ship was the Zero!

Apparently the Jap did not see the PBY, although they were so close that a wrench could have been thrown from one plane to the other. The American gunners sent as many bursts of 50-caliber rattling at the Jap as they could, and the Japanese stalled in the air and fell off, trailing smoke as it headed toward the sea.

Doerr, getting back to course, then ran into a formation of the Japanese bombers. He managed to elude them, but not before a fine line of bullet holes drilled across the hull of the PBY.

A flight of Army B-26 medium bombers had by-passed Umnak en route from Cold Bay. The half dozen planes had become separated during the 180-mile water-level run from Cold Bay. It was not until pilots picked up the shore line of Unalaska that two of them found each other again and continued in formation. They roared west until they reached the tip of Umnak Island, then they turned toward the bearing of the Japanese forced flashed by the PBYs.

In about ten minutes the two Army fliers burst into a bubble of clear weather. Through the scud they saw what they reported as two aircraft carriers, three cruisers and three destroyers. Ack-ack left no doubt that they were enemy.

Captain Wayne Thornborough, pilot of one B-26, circled over the Jap ships, feeling for the best possible approach for a torpedo run. Neither Army pilot had ever fired a torpedo before.

Thornborough came in from the starboard bow of the formation and the Japs executed a "ship's right" movement to present the smallest target area for his torpedo. He wasn't satisfied or quite sure of himself. He

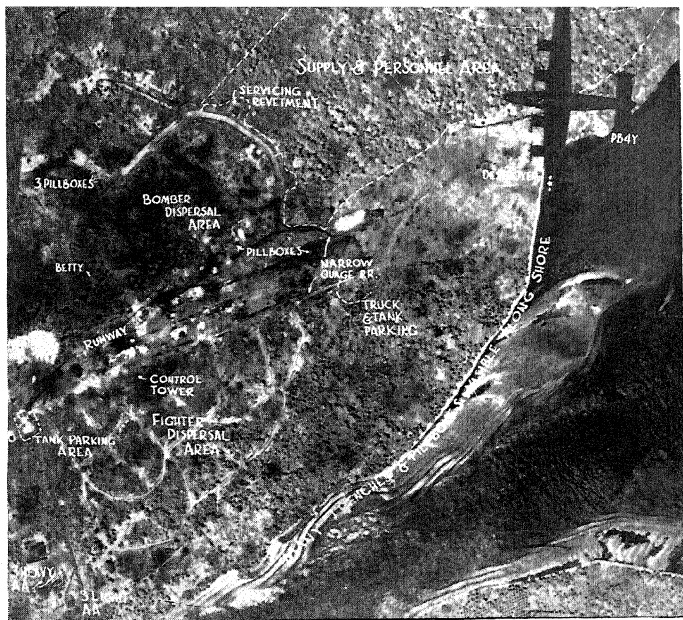
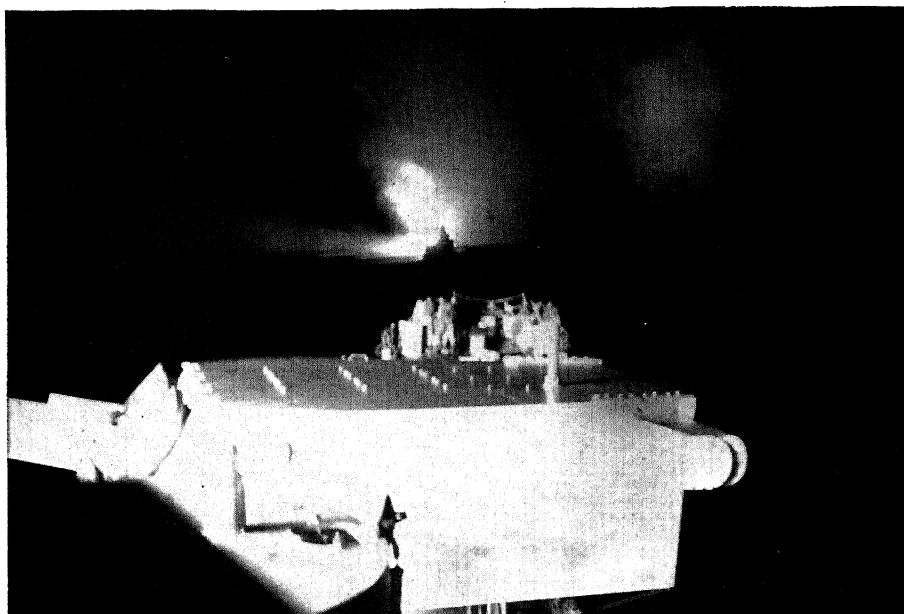


PLATE LXV—Buka, northernmost Jap base in the Solomons, was a tough nut to crack. Allied long-range bombers and surface craft subjected it to terrific bombardments throughout 1943. (above) Navy photo reconnaissance squadrons blueprinted Buka prior to attack. The plane in the upper right corner is a Navy PB4Y (Liberator). Buka passage lies at the lower right. (below) Under the protection of dense tropical night, U. S. Navy warships slip into Buka passage to bombard the strategic air field, shown in the photograph above.



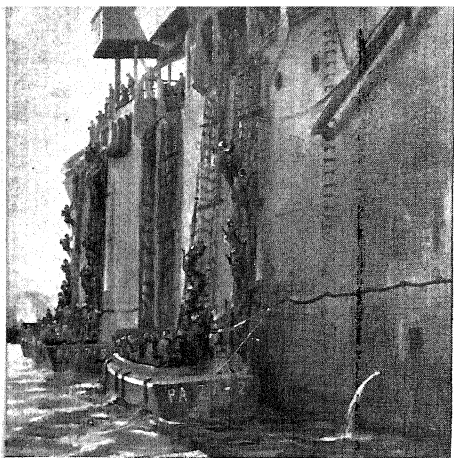
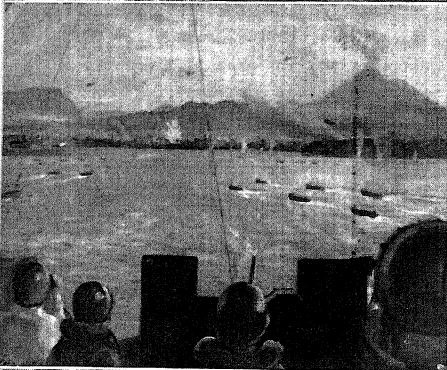


PLATE LXVI—The landing at Cape Torokina, Empress Augusta Bay, marked the beginning of the end of Japanese resistance on Bougainville, largest of the Solomons. These dramatic paintings, showing the Marines moving ashore on the morning of November 1, 1943, were made by Lt. William F. Draper, USNR, official Navy combat artist, who himself took part in the landings.

(upper left) Down the cargo nets into waiting landing boats goes the first wave of Marines in full field equipment. First boats loaded circle astern the mother ship until the others are loaded, then all must await the scheduled moment of invasion.



(center) Boats away, with the ship barrage and Navy bombing planes moving a curtain of death just ahead of them. As the day becomes brighter the full panorama opens out: the Bay with its guardian islands of Torokina and Puruata, the black beach and dense green jungle, and, beyond, the active volcano, Mount Baganam, trailing its smoke plume to the clouds.

(lower) Hitting the beach, Marines rush through a deadly curtain of Jap mortar fire. Unlucky Number 5 boat receives a direct hit, killing many Marines and Navy crewmen. These first waves, despite every protection that could be given them by Allied ships and planes, suffered heavy casualties, but they promptly secured the beachhead, guaranteeing the success of the invasion. On November 8, Army troops reinforced the Marines, and together they took the offensive against Jap troops in the interior.

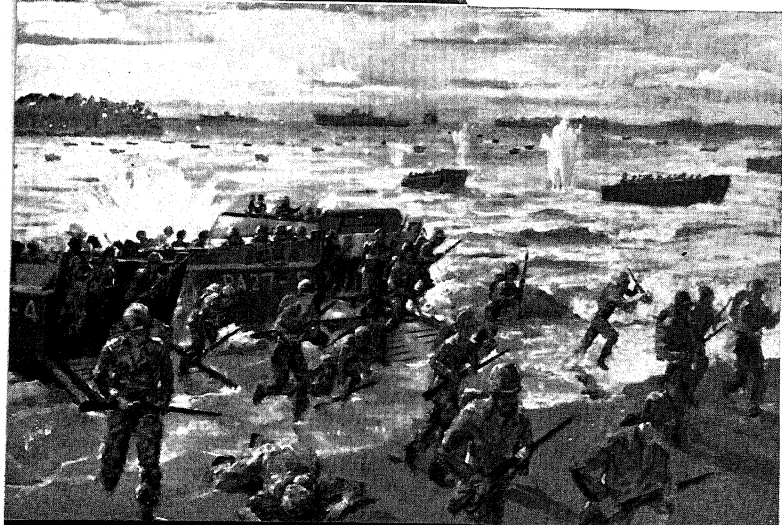
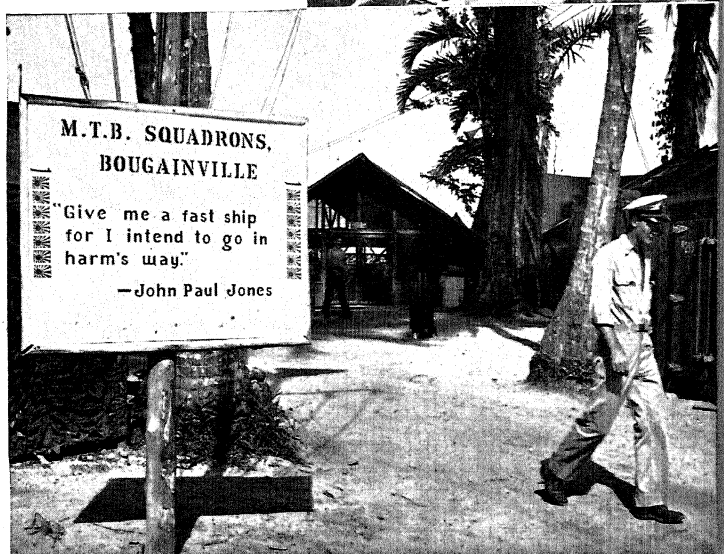


PLATE LXVII—Who held Bougainville had the key to the great Japanese base at Rabaul, on New Britain Island. Rabaul was second only to Truk as an enemy operating center for the entire South Pacific. Cape Torokina, Empress Augusta Bay, was not exactly an ideal landing spot, but its defenses were weak, and it was situated almost halfway up the west coast of the island, permitting simultaneous operations in both directions.

(upper right) Cursing and sweating, Marines unload desperately needed ammunition from an LCV at the beachhead. The low, swampy coast offered no satisfactory close-in anchorage for supply ships, and the natives, unlike most of their Solomons brethren, inexplicably preferred the Japs to the Allies, so they could neither be trusted as scouts nor hired as laborers.

(center) Light moment between battles. Major H. L. Tergerson (left), Marine paratrooper famed for blasting Japs out of Tulagi caverns, shows his Christmas present to Tech. Sgt. Milburn McCarthy, Jr., in the Bougainville jungle. Neckties were never worn there!

(lower) Bougainville's Motor Torpedo Boat Squadron adopts a slogan of the Revolutionary War hero, who gave the U. S. Navy its first traditions of heroism and victory. The fourteen miniature Jap flags indicate that the squadron upheld the quotation in resounding fashion.





tank's crew, but not before its commander, 1st Lt. Leon Stanley has been shot by snipers. His body can be seen beside the tank. The hand of the dead Marine, used as a decoy, can be seen projecting from the underbrush (*lower left*).

(*right*) Marine Raider Robert Lansley advances to draw the fire of Jap snipers, so that his comrades might locate their nests and permit the patrol to go on. Lansley drew fire three times without himself being hit, and the Marines quickly wiped out the Jap defenders and took over their positions.



PLATE LXVIII—For sheer dramatic intensity these are three of the greatest photographs made during World War II. Pfc. Philip Sheer, USMC, took them when an advanced Marine tank patrol was ambushed, in the Bougainville jungle, by Japs using the body of a dead U. S. Marine as a decoy.

(*left*) At the junction of Piva and Numa-Numa Trails the advance tank set off a land mine when it struck a jungle vine stretched across the trail. Marines of the second tank (*right foreground*) cover the retreat of the first

(*left*) A Marine wounded in the skirmish receives first aid from his buddies as Lansley stands guard. A few moments later, while examining captured enemy equipment, a Jap hidden in a dugout threw a hand grenade that wounded Lansley and five of his comrades. Despite his injuries, however, Lansley turned his sub-machine gun on the Jap and killed him. Lansley lost his life in action on Guam, July 21, 1944.

PLATE LXIX—Although beachheads on Bougainville were secured and held according to plan, the conquest of the big island necessitated much advance patrol work and mopping-up operations deep in the tropical jungle. Casualties were heavier than in any operation since Guadalcanal.

(upper right) As Old Glory floats among the palm fronds, members of both the Marine Corps and the U. S. Navy attend memorial services dedicating a new U. S. military cemetery on Bougainville.

(center) Bearded, weary Marines, veterans of the vicious, dramatic Battle of Cibik's Ridge, November 20-24, 1943, re-enact the action with sticks and straws in a jungle bivouac. The Ridge was named for Lt. Steve Cibik, USMC, who led a platoon in the battle.

(lower) Seven stars at lunch! Lt. Gen. Millard F. Harmon, USA, Maj. Gen. Allen Hall Turnage, USMC, and Maj. Gen. Oscar W. Griswold, USA, dine at General Turnage's command post, in the Bougainville jungle. General Turnage is shooing a fly, not hiding from the photographer. (U. S. Marine Corps Photos.)

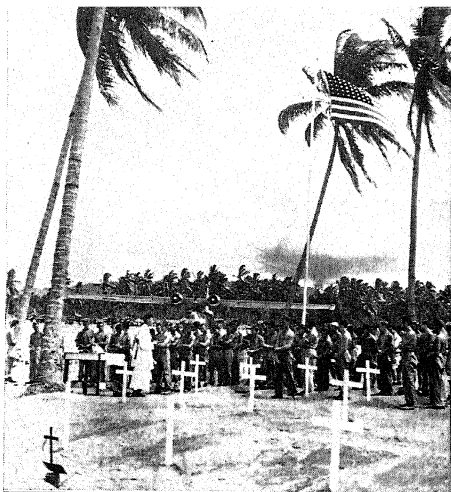




PLATE LXX—The beginning of an annoying but strategic campaign in the northern Pacific area. As a diversion to their main attack in the Battle of Midway, Jap carrier planes struck at Dutch Harbor, the Aleutians, and Jap troops later were landed at Kiska, thus placing the Allies on the defensive in an area where they soon expected to take the offensive.

(left) Enemy aerial bombs fall harmlessly in the water at Dutch Harbor during the first phase of the attack, June 4, 1942.

(right) A Jap bomber scores a direct hit on the old coastwise steamer NORTHWESTERN, then being used as quarters for civilian workmen building the base. Debris can be seen flying through the air, as the Army transport FILLMORE successfully maneuvers in the harbor to avoid enemy strafing and bombs.



(left) Wooden oil tanks, a Dutch Harbor landmark, go up in a terrific pillar of fire and smoke during the second phase of the attack. A Jap Zero plumped its bomb on them from an altitude of 1500 feet. This was the most spectacular damage of the day.

PLATE LXXI—Because bad weather prevented U. S. Army fighters at Fort Glenn, 65 miles away, from taking off, the attacking Jap carrier planes at Dutch Harbor had little to fear but ground defenses. As a result, many of their bombs easily found targets. Barracks at Fort Mears, oil tanks, a hangar, warehouses, a pier, and planes, trucks and other equipment were hit and damaged.

(upper right) U. S. Army truck at Dutch Harbor, showing the effect of shrapnel from Jap aerial machine-gun strafing.

(center) Wreckage of the barracks ship NORTHWESTERN, burning after a direct bomb hit. She settled only a few feet to the bottom at her moorings, however, and presently was doing business as usual.

(lower) First installment revenge for Dutch Harbor came when long-range bombers attacked Jap transports in the harbor of Kiska. Here one burns and sinks. Others were sunk in subsequent Army and Navy aerial raids.

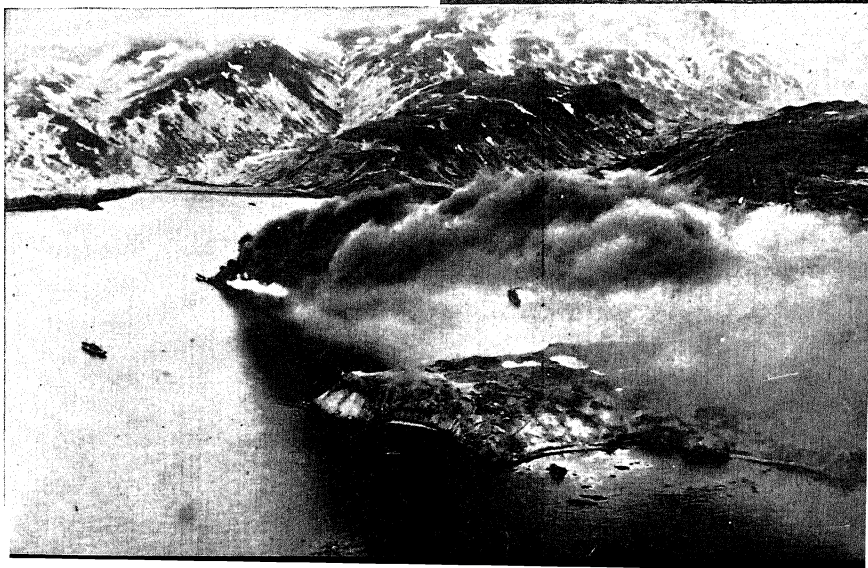




PLATE LXXII—The Aleutian diversionary raid brought one extra dividend for the Allies—a new model of a Jap Zero fighter practically intact. Previous enemy planes recovered had either been so badly water-damaged or smashed that they were of little use to Allied technicians.

(left) When Jap flyers in the first attack on Dutch Harbor disappeared over the flanking mountains toward Cape Cheerful to the north, one of them tried an emergency landing on a muskeg flat, with the result shown.

(right) End of the trail for the Jap pilot of the plane shown above. When the Zero's wheels struck the soft ground, the plane ground-looped, turned over, and broke the pilot's neck. The plane was relatively undamaged.



(left) Prized trophy of the Jap carrier-based attack on the Aleutians was this undamaged motor and propeller of one of the latest and fastest Zeros. With other parts of the plane, they were shipped to the United States, reassembled, and flown, divulging enemy secrets to our experts. Later the plane also helped to raise money in Allied War Bond drive exhibitions.

PLATE LXXIII—(right) "Let It Snow," say the Seabees at Adak, Alaska, as they put into practice their famed war slogan: "The difficult we do at once; the impossible takes a little longer!"

(center) One of the strategic stepping stones in the pathway to Japan through the Aleutians was Adak, whose main landing field at Navytown, is here covered with its characteristic mantle of snow. The planes are mostly PBV-5As (Catalinas).

(lower) If you are annoyed waiting in a warm city cafeteria, just take a look at this chow line at Navytown, Adak, where sub-freezing temperatures made messkits suitable only for ice cream—which they didn't have!

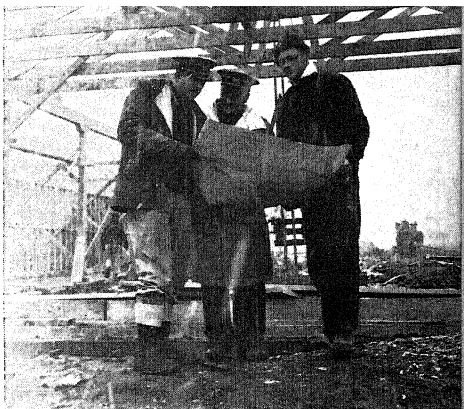




PLATE LXXIV—Why Indians call the Aleutians the "Birth-place of Bad Weather." The volcanic island chain forms a sieve-like barrier between the ice-cold Bering Sea and the warm Japanese current, and the result is almost continuous fog, and fierce local storms called "Williwaws."

(left) Once above the muck, the peaks of volcanoes provide perfect landmarks along the Aleutian chain, but there is always the uneasy thought that it is necessary to penetrate the cloud ceiling—or floor, in this case—for a landing.

(right) "Fly-fly" sweepers, man your brooms! Patrol bombers of the famed and daring Patwing (Patrol Wing) Four usually had to be cleared of a heavy blanket of snow before attempting their long, wearying searches for the enemy. This PBV is being readied for flight at Adak.



(left) Shot up in a tussle with the Japs, this PBV of Squadron VP-61 managed to return to its base at Adak, a miracle of survival considering the rough air conditions of Aleutian flying. These big twin-engine amphibious flying boats did a wonderful job, whether on patrol, on rescue missions, or in slugging it out with Jap planes with their machine guns.



PLATE LXXV—The Japs had looked at Amchitka, but rejected it as an air base site, because they found too many marshy ponds. However, it was only 50 miles from Kiska, and U. S. Army engineers and Seabees had their own formula for making flying fields out of morasses. So we landed, unopposed, January 12, 1943.

(right) The first boatloads of men and supplies go over the side of the Coast Guard Transport ARTHUR MIDDLETON in Constantine Harbor, Amchitka. Later in the 'day a williwaw blew in, and the big transport dragged anchor, finally grounding.



(left) The peace of an ancient Aleut grave, marked by a Russian Orthodox cross, is shattered by the staccato barking of a 50-caliber machine gun in a freshly dug foxhole, as a barrage of bullets is unleashed at an attacking Jap Zero plane. The guns of the MIDDLETON also help to drive the invader away.

(right) More fireworks go up from the tundra tent city during the first Jap air raid on the new Amchitka beachhead. Enemy bombs exploded geyser-like in the harbor. Raids continued until the fighter strip was finished, February 16, 1943. (Paintings by Lt. William F. Draper, USNR, Official Navy Combat Artist, who took part in the Amchitka campaign.)



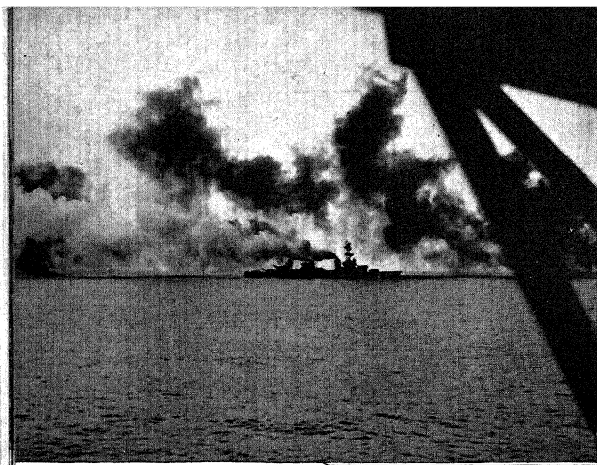


PLATE LXXVI—One of the forgotten naval engagements of the war is the Battle of the Komandorskis. In a running fight a U. S. task force, consisting of a heavy and a light cruiser and destroyers, stood off a Jap squadron at least twice as powerful, March 26, 1943.

(left) The USS SALT LAKE CITY, hit several times by the enemy, is enveloped in a smoke screen laid down by the destroyers BAILEY and COGHLAN. The badly damaged cruiser was finally saved through a plucky torpedo attack on the enemy fleet by U. S. destroyers, and the Japs fled.

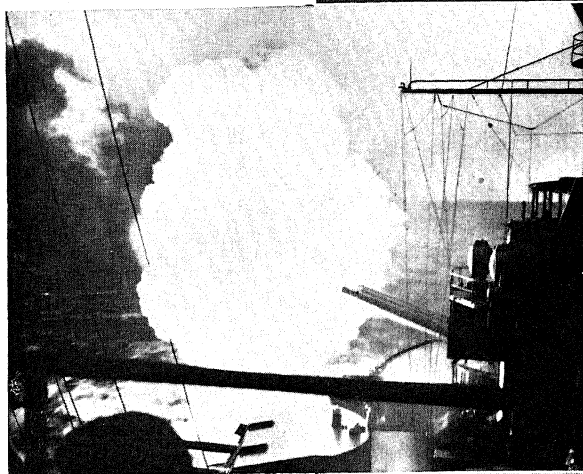
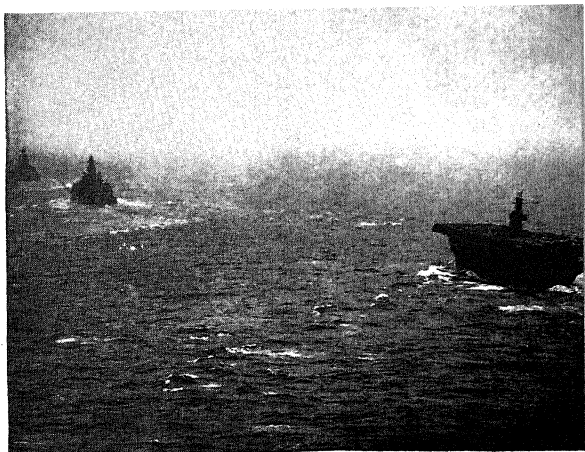
(right) Over coffee and cigarettes, officers from several U. S. ships which took part in the Battle of the Komandorskis relax in the SALT LAKE CITY's wardroom, from whose bulkheads paint had been removed to avoid fires. Left to right: Lt. R. W. Gillette, USNR; Comdr. W. S. Bitler, USN; Lt. Comdr. D. D. Hawkins, USN; and Captain B. J. Rodgers, USN.



(left) There were plenty of volunteers willing to dig pieces of Japanese shrapnel from the teakwood deck of one of the U. S. Navy's ships hit during the Battle of the Komandorskis—they wanted the bits of metal as souvenirs! The engagement, lasting almost 3½ hours, was the longest U. S. daylight surface engagement of the war up to that date.

PLATE LXXVII—The attack on Attu was a last-minute substitute for a campaign against Kiska. Plans were changed owing to the lack of equipment and shipping believed needed to conquer the chief Japanese stronghold in the Aleutians. The operation, however, had the advantage of severing enemy communications in the Western Aleutians, and helping to render Kiska untenable.

(right) Two U. S. Navy battleships and the escort carrier NASSAU plough through the chill Pacific fog to support the Attu landings. Land was not once sighted on the voyage.



(left) Adding their thunder to the roar of smaller guns and bombs, a U. S. Navy battleship launches a broadside at the entrenched Japanese enemy in the Holtz Bay area of Attu, May 11, 1943. Army P-38s (Lightnings) also played a strategic part in this phase of the operation by strafing enemy sniper nests.

(right) In pea-soup fog, landing craft churn in frothy circles as they await the signal to move toward the beach of Attu. The searchlight of a destroyer cuts through the mist like a pencil. The destroyer PHELPS did valiant work at Attu rounding up barges lost in the mist. No direct gunfire support was given this operation for fear of hitting boats and troops, although the big guns of the PENNSYLVANIA and IDAHO, directed by radar, boomed over their heads at distant shore objectives.

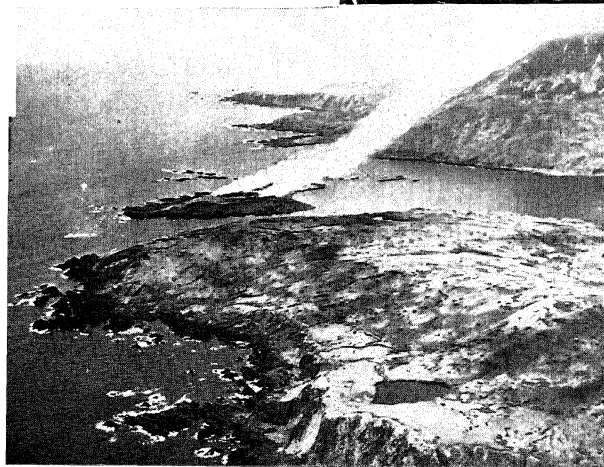




PLATE LXXXVIII—Attu saw the hardest fighting and the most casualties of the entire Aleutian campaign. Until it took place, many a bored G. I. and gob grumbled: "We're just something somebody forgot on the back shelf of the ice box!"

(left) The first wave of troops was scarcely ashore at Massacre Bay before it had to "hit the tundra." Jap snipers, skilfully camouflaged, crept down the mountain-side to edge of the cloud ceiling and poured a murderous fire from crevices in the rocks. The Japs were finally dislodged by artillery.

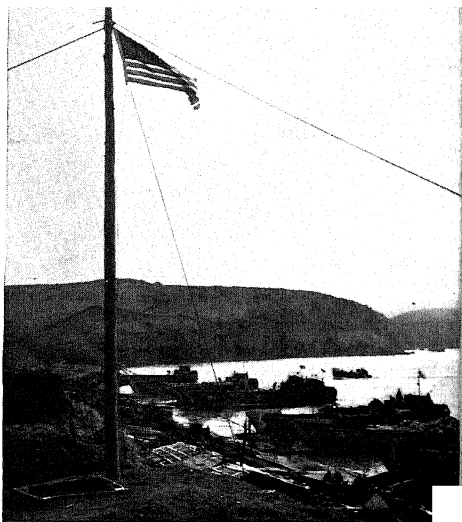
(right) Often an advance into the teeth of enemy fire was preferable to lying on the freezing ground or snow, waiting for the Jap to show himself. One could at least keep warm moving "on the double." This, and the photograph above, are two remarkable front-line action pictures taken by members of a special Navy Combat Photography Unit, organized by the Office of Public Relations and the Bureau of Aeronautics, Navy Department.



(left) Where the Japs made their last stand on Attu. An aerial view of Kinnaw Island, off Chicago Harbor, showing smoke rising from fires set by attacking American air and ground forces. Note the shell- and bomb-pocked hillside in the foreground. In all, only 29 Japanese prisoners of war, of an estimated 2300 defenders of Attu were taken.

PLATE LXXIX—After rugged, bloody Attu, Kiska was distinctly an anti-climax. An overwhelming force of Americans and Canadians invaded the heavily fortified Jap bastion, August 15, 1943. But the enemy had fled, cracking under incessant Allied naval bombardment and aerial attack. No one, however, was disappointed that the Jap had "given us the slip" in this fashion, and that the final phase of the Aleutian campaign was virtually without casualty to our forces.

(right) Again the Stars and Stripes flies over the Aleutians, the only Western Hemisphere territory seized by the Japs in the war. Landing craft form an orderly row along the beachhead at Kiska.



(left) The Kiska landing operation, without the Jap enemy, was more like a drill than a campaign that was the climax of weeks of careful planning and organization. But the experience proved valuable when the men and equipment were transferred to other amphibious operations, later in the war. It was, in fact, a good dress rehearsal under combat conditions.

(right) The smoking wreckage of this Japanese hangar testifies to the accuracy of Allied bombers and naval gunners during the long siege of Kiska. In their haste to evacuate the island, the enemy left much equipment and supplies that could be put to use by our forces.





PLATE LXXX—(*left*) Dutch Harbor served also as a submarine base, although many Aleutian undersea patrols were conducted under such trying, dangerous climatic conditions that a trip was considered a success if the sub and her crew returned intact! Here the band is out to greet a U. S. Navy sub that sank five Japanese ships.

(*right*) The Navy employed many types of planes to supplement the work of its surface fleet in the Aleutian campaign. A U. S. Navy Vega Ventura (PV-1) makes a "takeoff in white," as it roars down the snow-covered runway of the new air base at Amchitka, western Aleutians.



(*left*) What will Washington send us next—straw hats? With their advanced base at Amchitka knee-deep in mud, these enlisted men seem amused by the fine baseball equipment which was in the first load of freight landed there. The only mud-clear area—the landing strip of the air field—was always much too busy to be used as a diamond.

pulled away for a second approach and this time streaked in on the port quarter. Once again Thornborough was not satisfied, so he pulled into the low stratus clouds above the Japs.

The Army flier circled for some minutes. He felt sure his ship would not survive the long sweep necessary to launch a torpedo on its course. Apparently he reasoned that air resistance as well as water resistance will wind up the little spring mechanism that makes a torpedo ready to fire after it goes churning toward its target. Thornborough shoved his plane into a shallow dive and made a low pass over the larger carrier. Then he pulled back in a roaring climb to a point where he could watch the result.

His missile sped straight and true, crashing smack on the flight deck of the carrier. But nothing else happened. Thornborough had learned what not to do with torpedoes. They must push through the water to arm themselves.

When he returned to Cold Bay, Thornborough related the frustration and humiliation of his experience to Lieutenant Commander Russell of VP 42. He told the naval aviator that the Jap had five fighters parked tail forward on the bow of the flight deck. While he had watched the carrier, one fighter of the group was launched over the stern as the ship swung downwind.

Thornborough sketched a diagram of the Jap fleet while he waited for the ground crew to arm his plane with the weapons he knew: bombs. Those who helped service his ship said the Army captain was cursing in wrath at his mistake. He took off with 500-pound globules of TNT cradled in the bomb bay. The weather closed in over Cold Bay.

Captain Thornborough called the Cold Bay operations officer from 9,000 feet above the overcast. He never was heard from again.

"We later found the nose-wheel of his plane and the body of his radioman, still strapped to the radio chair, on the beach about ten miles up the north side of the Alaskan peninsula," said Russell.

The second B-26 pilot, Captain Henry S. Taylor, lost formation with Thornborough almost at the instant the pair burst through a squall and saw the targets. Taylor explained that he nearly ran into the island of one carrier as the two planes rushed along under the 100-foot ceiling. He zoomed up just in time to clear the Japanese ship. Circling, the B-26 pilot started in at a torpedo angle when his plane received a direct hit on the nose. Cold wet wind howled through the interior compartments.

With great difficulty, as Taylor climbed out of range of the Japanese

antiaircraft fire, his copilot pulled the wounded bombardier through the narrow opening and helped him back into the plane. The bombardier's face streamed blood. Then Taylor, with his copilot once again beside him, turned back a second time for a target run through the mist. He said he saw bursting flak before he saw the Japanese ships. Another direct hit was received on the nose where they had removed the bombardier. Taylor once again pulled back his controls to swoop over a Japanese ship: this time a cruiser. A third burst of Jap fire again struck the battered B-26.

Any thought Taylor might have had concerning a third attempt to launch his torpedo was interrupted by the appearance of two Zeros whining past the B-26, their machine guns rattling. One Zero pumped out a line of tracers which perforated the plexiglass a few inches in front of Taylor's head. The second Zero planted his slugs amidships. The turret gunner answered this fire and reported with satisfaction that he had seen the Zero go out of control and disappear into the mist. The tail gunner cleared his gun after a jam just in time to pick off the second Zero, which had ridden in on the B-26's slipstream for an easy shot.

With some difficulty Taylor set his course for the northeast and flew the wreckage of his B-26 back to Umnak.

4

The Japanese attacks on June 3 and 4 constituted the enemy's sole offensive action in the central and eastern Aleutians throughout the entire campaign. As the surface force retired from the vicinity of Dutch Harbor it headed for a point 600 miles south of Kiska and rendezvoused with the aircraft carrier *ZUIHO*, two battle cruisers and four destroyers, survivors of the Midway disaster. This augmented force was now charged with patrolling to intercept any American carrier group seeking to interfere with the Japanese landings now ordered on Kiska and Attu.

As the Second Task Force made rendezvous on June 6, the occupation forces were landing on schedule.

Though both Attu and Kiska were undefended, they were not uninhabited. On Attu, the 301st Independent Infantry Battalion found only a village of Aleuts and an elderly American couple, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Jones, who were employed by the Departments of the Interior and Commerce to operate a weather station and run a school for the Indians.

Mr. Jones was killed by the overzealous Japanese and his wife captured and sent to Japan, to be later repatriated.

On Kiska was a radio station where Aerographer's Mate 1/c William Charles House and his band of nine Navy enlisted men watched and reported the weather. On June 6, their radio came on the air momentarily with the news:

"Unidentified ship entering harbor . . ."

No further word was received, despite efforts to raise the operator for amplification: it was correctly assumed that the Japanese had moved in.

The Japanese Third Special Landing Force occupied Kiska. The small group of Navy men had only hunting rifles as weapons. They tried to get into the Kiska hills but all except House were promptly captured.

Toward the end of July, Mikizo Fukazawa, a Domei war correspondent, was on Kiska a day after House was captured.

"Captain Kanzaki said to me, 'Yesterday, after fifty days, an American on Kiska surrendered. Would you like to see him? He's weak and weary.'

"Upon entering the room with Captain Kanzaki, the man beneath the blanket flung the cover aside and sat up and together with a personality smile he executed a doubtful salute to the visitors.

"He who had goggling eyes and sunken cheeks, whose arms and legs were so thin that the expression 'thin as a string' fitted him perfectly, with a long brown beard, was 'the man who was hiding for fifty days.'

"At the time of the unit's surprise attack on Kiska, there were ten American soldiers on duty with the weather station and communications. Nine of them were taken, but the whereabouts of the remaining one was not known. Since the unit thought he had died of starvation or frozen to death wandering in the fog and when precaution against the remaining one was forgotten, he came stumbling down the hill on the south side of the bay after fifty days since his escape, waving a handkerchief tied on a stick.

"A spy medical officer came in and asked, 'Care for a smoke?'

"Upon offering him one, he emphatically waved his hand and said, 'I don't smoke.'

" 'Because he hasn't eaten anything resembling food,' said the medical officer, 'but survived on grasses which grew on the beach, when we gave him rice mush he got a stomach-ache.'

"He showed us by pressing his stomach, which stuck to his back like a board as if he understood the officer's explanation.

"Is it fifty-odd days?" asked the prisoner. "I kept track of the days at first, but in the end I forgot. I wandered here and there around the shore of this island, and at times I slept at the foot of the mountain, covering myself with dry weeds, and at times I slept in the caves near the shore. During the nights, the winds and snow blew away the dry grass which I used to cover myself and I thought that I would die of cold. Because I didn't have any food, although I existed by eating grasses which grew along the shore, I couldn't bear it any longer so I surrendered. Look at this skinny leg."

"The thigh that he grabbed was no larger than a child's arm."

House, rescued in Japan by United States Naval forces on September 15, 1945, says that while he was in hiding on Kiska he "just munched grass and worms and whatever I could pick up."

Two weeks after his capture he was put to work sodding roofs for camouflage. Late in September he was taken to Japan and put to work, first in the Mitsubishi shipyards in Yokohama, later in a steel mill at Kamaishi.

During American bombings of Japan, House says, "the Japanese wouldn't let us get out of the yard. Of about 200 prisoners, we lost 32 men."

5

It was apparent on June 6, with the lack of communication with Kiska, that something had happened there, but by this time we had only fourteen PBYs able to operate, and their pilots and crews were at the limit of their endurance after continuous flying.

The Japs were evidently doing just about as they pleased underneath the fog and mist to the west. Orders were passed from the Patwing "nerve center" at Kodiak to the "storm center" at Dutch Harbor to get a plane down under the cloud cover over Kiska and learn what was afoot.

At this same time Squadron 43, the third of Patwing Four, was being rushed north under the leadership of Lieutenant Commander Carroll B. Jones. The GILLIS, HULBERT and CASCO were all sent on advanced operations in and near Nazan Bay. A squadron of PBY pilots from the Hawai-

ian area in Squadron 51, under Lieutenant Commander Douglas T. Day, were given orders to the Aleutians as Patwing Four reinforcements.

Patwing Four was going to need the reinforcements. The order to send a PBY on search over Kiska arrived just about the same time that Lieutenant (jg) Milton R. Dahl was returning from patrol. He received his orders to go in over Kiska by daylight to investigate the possibility of enemy activity on the island.

Dahl winged into the fog-shrouded west and within a few hours called back on his radio:

"I am over Kiska Harbor," he said. "There are two transports lying at the harbor mouth; two transports and two destroyers."

It was an undramatic statement in about the same tone people in the States talk about the weather. It gave no indication of the difficulties Dahl was having in the game of "look and run" through the clouds. The Jap warships threw up a menacing roof of antiaircraft fire, registering several hits on the PBY.

Dahl saw enough to verify anyone's fears that the Japs were preparing to land in considerable force upon American soil. It was June 10, 1942.

While Dahl was busy trying to get the most information possible in the shortest possible time over Kiska, someone in Washington decided it was high time to answer the irritating questions of reporters concerning Tokyo radio reports that landings had been made in Alaska. The resultant announcement reflected a certain lack of patience and appreciation of what was happening in the Aleutians. It said:

"We have no information about any Japanese on Alaskan soil. Certainly none of our inhabited areas, islands or rocks are troubled with uninvited visitors at this time . . ."

It wasn't the wording of the statement but the tone of it that disclosed an official tendency to discredit war in the Aleutians as being something not quite on a par with other wars and not quite respectable. Death in the Aleutians was no easier than anywhere else, and perhaps a bit more lonely . . .

Dahl stayed over the target for some time, coolly reporting everything he saw. Then he proceeded farther west toward Attu, where the Navy had gasoline cached for the use of PBY pilots on extended search. On the way Dahl discovered an enemy cruiser and destroyer steaming boldly in the American waters, possibly part of the shielding force of warships the Japs had deployed around the approaches to Kiska to protect the landing.

Dahl spent some more of his precious gasoline in a target run over the Japs. He tripped bombs near the warships, but he had to run the gantlet of AA fire to make his drop. Added to the holes he had received from ack-ack over Kiska was the new tracery from the warships. He flew on.

Whatever had been his hopes about the Attu gas supplies, they were dispelled when he forged under the fog blanket at Chichagof Harbor and found the Japs in possession of the place. There were tents, landing barges, and small boats. The Japs were diligently setting up a base on American soil.

Lieutenant (jg) William J. Bowers followed Dahl on June 10, under similar orders to patrol the sector west of Nazan Bay in territory previously assigned to the Army. It was considered almost a suicide mission since Dahl brought back his report, but it had to be done. The Army reported too much difficulty with certain equipment in their bombers. The fast Army ships could not fly the same routes as the slower PBYs, wending in and out through the fog, banking around pinnacles and islands on a meandering course along the Aleutian chain.

Lieutenant Commander Foley hated to give the orders to Bowers. "His assignment was probably the most difficult of any attempted in the Aleutians—which is saying something," commented Foley. "It was particularly hazardous because it required instrument flying in the vicinity of land obstructions of all shapes and sizes. Even in daylight it would have been bad, but Bowers started out in the darkness."

But Bowers returned, and with the information that Kiska as well as Attu had become an invasion base for the land-gluttonous Japs. He was asked for details of how he obtained his information and he told of ramming his PBY into the gun-guarded gallery between the headlands of Kiska Harbor, 50 feet over the water. He very nearly crashed into a Japanese ship at anchor under the fog.

This intelligence marked the beginning of a kind of PBY aerial warfare against the Japanese at Kiska in which the exploits of the Catalinas and their pilots make a chapter as heroic as any in naval history. In the private annals of Patwing 4 it is the period when the wing learned to call itself the PBY Interceptor Command, and the Kiska Shuttle Service.

Of this period, Lieutenant (jg) Hamilton O. Hauck later wrote:

"Any plane which had a search sector anywhere near Kiska had standing orders to unload bombs on the Japs before returning to base or

tender. Besides the PBVs at Umnak, planes of Squadrons 41, 42, and 43 operated from the tenders GILLIS, HULBERT and CASCO at Nazan Bay, Atka Island, and Kanaga Islands. Casualties began to mount. Ensign Jim Hildebrand went out on patrol and never was heard from; he was just one who disappeared. We found a VP 43 plane, piloted by Warrant Machinist Leland Davis, plastered like a pancake against the side of Kiska volcano a year later. All the planes that flew over Kiska returned with daylight showing where Jap ack-ack had punched through their hulls and wings. . . ."

Hauck was sent to Umnak immediately after the Dutch Harbor attack as senior naval aviator. His own PBV crew went with him and formed the nucleus of the naval personnel assigned to the base to service naval aircraft and man the radio facilities.

"My orders read that I was to give instruction to all naval and Army aircraft at that base which came under Captain Gehres," related Hauck. "It was a little ticklish, because I was a jay-gee lieutenant and there were Army colonels around. But we made out all right."

Hauck must have proved himself a master diplomat, because Army-Navy co-operation at Umnak drew great praise. The Army admired and respected the Aleutian savvy of the PBV pilots, and the naval aviators reciprocated by honest appreciation for the work of the Army airmen, most of whom were newly arrived from the broad training fields of sunny Texas.

Now the Army pilots set out on bombing missions under hazardous flight conditions with no alternate airport to which they could return should weather close in over Umnak. The Navy had amphibians and seaplanes. Naval aviators could, if lucky, make their landings on water. But the Army pilots had only the strip at Umnak.

Colonel William O. Eareckson, USA, who later was teamed with Hauck on the staff of Rear Admiral Francis W. Rockwell during the amphibious assaults on Kiska and Attu, personally led his fliers on dangerous missions out of Umnak. It was said of Colonel Eareckson that he was one of the fightingest airmen around, willing to take almost any chance to whack the Japs. He even tossed bottles overboard at Kiska, knowing full well that the bottle spinning down through the air made one of the most weird and unholy sounds ever to strike the ear of man—or of a Jap. At a later stage Colonel Eareckson happily helped prepare little leaf-shaped pieces of propaganda material which were showered

on the Japs on Kiska; in the superstition of Japan, the unseasonable fall of the paulownia leaf foretells approaching doom.

The PBYs of Squadrons 43 and 51 arrived from the West Coast just in time to be serviced and sent forward with orders to bomb Kiska. This order came after the pilots had been flying almost continuously since they left the United States 3,300 miles away, and countless air hours before. The pilots bombed Kiska, and bombed it again and again. They found they were privileged to sleep as much as two hours in the warm bunks of the GILLIS, replacing a dog-tired occupant who had had his two hours' rest while his PBY was being gassed up and loaded with bombs.

On June 12 the Army was given the job of bombing the Japs out of Kiska, and Patwing Four was ordered back to "its normal work of searching."

It is perhaps of significance that the PBY pilots of Patwing Four always insisted that their routine search was more dangerous, more tiring, and of greater importance to the history of the war in the Aleutians than the few crazy days spent in trying to bomb the Japs at Kiska. When Lieutenant (jg) Samuel E. Coleman received the Distinguished Flying Cross for sinking a submarine, he commented:

"I don't rate this for sinking a sub. If the men of Patwing Four deserve any sort of decoration, it is for taking thousands of risks in their normal job of searching for the enemy over vast areas of sea, betting our gasoline supply against all extremes of weather and the rather slim chance of rescue, if lost. When you take off in Alaska, you're never sure of getting back . . ."

The "slim chance of rescue" sometimes was realized only to make the rescued ones wish they had been left to take their chances with freezing brine and fog-wrapped sea.

Lieutenant (jg) Wylie M. Hunt's PBY was shot down in that first day of battle. He saw all but two of his companions die in the water of wounds or exposure before the cruiser TAKAO picked up the three survivors. They were given warm food, Japanese clothing, and blankets; isolated from each other, they were allowed to rest and recover from shock. But then, says Hunt: "A Japanese lieutenant commander aviator came down and began asking me questions . . . He started off by cuffing me about the head with his fist and striking me with a stick . . ."

The Jap wanted to know the location of the United States Army's secret airfield. Hunt doggedly repeated "I don't know."

So a crew of picked inquisitors went to work on him scientifically. He was bound to a chair, a noose around his neck, two Jap bluejackets on either side presenting their bayonets to his ribs.

"How many fighter planes are there in Dutch Harbor?"

"Where are they based?"

"What is the strength of the American surface units in the area?"

"How many patrol planes?"

"What is their dispersal area?"

And to every question Hunt replied that he didn't know. He was new to the area, he declared, and simply hadn't had time to acquire the information now demanded of him.

Jerks on the noose did not loosen Hunt's tongue or jar his memory. He was then blindfolded and a heavy weight was lashed to his middle. Then he was led to the ship's "chains," a tiny projecting platform from which soundings are made by hand line.

"Answer our questions or you will be pushed over side," hissed his interrogator. (The verb is used advisably and not for literary effect.)

"I tell you, I don't know," Hunt insisted. "Look here, do you have a chaplain aboard, some kind of priest, minister or another?"

The Japanese officer sent for his dictionary and looked up the mysterious words "chaplain—priest—minister." He shook his head. No, none such, sorry to say. Why?

"If you are going to shove me over the side," Hunt said from beneath his blindfold, "I'd like to talk to one before I go."

The Japanese went into a huddle while Hunt shivered on the tiny, unguarded metal plate. Finally he was pulled back to the deck, his blindfold removed and the weight cut from his body.

"We believe you," the Japanese officer said. "You know nothing."

For the rest of the voyage, until he was placed in prisoners' camp in Japan, Hunt says, "I was treated quite well."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Bombardment of Kiska

TWO months after the Japanese installed themselves on Kiska, the Navy was ready to give the visitors something by way of a sample of what interlopers might expect. The battle had been carried to Kiska by planes through skies heavy with fog and mist. Now it was the fleet's turn.

Photographs of the Japanese positions around Kiska Harbor had been pored over, and analyzed by intelligence officers. Maps of the south shore and harbor defenses had been prepared from the PBY photographs, squared off by grid lines and lettered, and the divisions numbered.

These were to be used as references by spotting planes to direct the fire of naval guns. From predetermined firing positions off the shore of Vega Bay, the task force would pitch tons of steel and explosives into the island, carefully adjusting its sights by correlating reports from the sky over Kiska with the gridded maps. An aerial assault was planned for the same day, using both Army bombers and PBYs. According to plan, Kiska would suffer an American-made earthquake in the eruption of gas, flame and steel from sea and sky.

The task force of five cruisers, four destroyers, and one minesweeper,¹ under the flag of Rear Admiral William W. (Poco) Smith, set out July 22 for the bombardment of Kiska. The Catalinas were aloft in the pea-

¹ This main body of Rear Admiral Robert A. Theobald's task force consisted of two heavy cruisers: INDIANAPOLIS (Capt. Morton L. Deyo) and LOUISVILLE (Capt. Elliott B. Nixon); three light cruisers: HONOLULU (Capt. Harold Dodd—relieved August 3 by Capt. Robert W. Hayler), NASHVILLE (Capt. Francis S. Craven), and ST. LOUIS (Capt. George A. Rood); four destroyers: CASE, flagship of Comdr. Wyatt Craig, Comdesdiv 6 (Comdr. Robert W. Bedilion), GRIDLEY, flagship of Comdr. Frederick Moosbrugger, Comdesdiv 11 (Lt. Comdr. Fred R. Stickney), MC CALL (Lt. Comdr. William S. Veeder), and REID (Comdr. Harold F. Pullen); one fast minesweeper: ELLIOTT (Lt. Comdr. Daniel J. Wagner), and the ubiquitous oiler GUADALUPE (Comdr. Harry R. Thurber).

soup fog, but the Army planes were grounded. Admiral Smith decided to carry out the bombardment without aerial support—and then the fleet began to have its difficulties.

The first time a course was set for the Jap-held island, the ships turned off without getting within a hundred miles of their objective. The moisture-heavy skies pressed down on the sea, blocking the path toward Kiska. The Admiral couldn't see the bow of the flagship from his bridge. The other vessels were moving somewhere behind, invisible under the heavy mantle of fog, sucking fuel from the GUADALUPE's tanks in weather so thick that oiler and customer were but gray silhouettes to each other. "Your seamanship," the Task Force Commander signaled Commander Thurber, "is most worthy of high commendation."

On the second attempt, Admiral Smith called off the warships after the task force had fumbled along close to the Kiska shore without finding as much as a pinhole through the wall of fog. The cruisers almost ran aground. Minesweepers and destroyers collided in the desperate attempt to turn about and find deep water. It looked as though the Aleut gods of weather were favoring the Japanese.

On August 5, Admiral Smith brought his task force down along the southern side of the island chain for a third attempt at shelling the Japs on Kiska. For two days the ships steamed under a solidly overcast sky. The clouds settled down 500 feet over the surface of the sea and stayed there. For four days no new information about the enemy had been received. The third trial would have to be carried through or the project abandoned.

Late in the afternoon of August 7 the task force felt its way in toward the island. The ships came to general quarters and took their positions on the approach run toward Vega Bay.

The minesweeper ELLIOTT, streaming paravanes, led the way, followed by the destroyers, light cruisers and heavy cruisers in column.

The weather was the despair of gunnery officers. It had been bad on the voyage west and the haze still hung in the air like thin gray smoke. The aerologist thought it might improve. Lieutenant Commander "Squeaky" Anderson, who accompanied the Admiral as an expert Aleutian pilot, said the moon was "right for a change." But no one could predict the freak condition encountered by the warships.

While the cruisers were launching their planes, those on the leading ships watched a thick glob of fog move across the water, so clearly defined

that it looked like a wall of creeping smoke. On the NASHVILLE, the officer of the deck wrote out the record something like this:

1727: Entering dense fog.

1747: Coming out of fog.

1756: Ran into fog again.

The ships were charging straight toward the uncharted shoal waters off Kiska without a single clue as to their position. Once more weather was throwing the bombardment plan completely out of kilter.

Weather moves too fast and happens too often in the Aleutians. It might not make sense to describe it in such fashion, but neither does the weather. American submarines could pop their periscopes up in the cold, damp plush of the fog, with the skipper gripping the stanchions to keep footing before the eyepiece. The sub would roll and pitch just under the surface. Perhaps five miles away it would be clear and smooth. Or a PBY could fly for hours through the heavy overcast and then turn to find that the weather had been following the plane.

Weather predictions were prayers. Weather reports were never more than the best estimate of what the situation might be, provided all the variables reacted as it was hoped they would.

It was 6:00 P.M. The sun should be just right for bombardment in the late afternoon. But there was no sun. You couldn't see the island. You couldn't see where the bow left off and the fog began. The fliers "upstairs" were stranded from their ships. They looked down in wonder as one by one the destroyers, light cruisers, then heavy cruisers faded from sight in the flat carpet of vapor. Tops of masts stuck up through the fog like the wavering dashers of churns, moving back and forth and roundabout as the warships gently pitched and rolled.

Soundings off the bottom told the ships they were standing in dangerously close. Admiral Smith debated a moment and gave his order. It was translated:

"One eight Corpen."

The TBS radios echoed and re-echoed the order up and down the line. The flag hoist could not be seen.

"Execute."

The ships swung around to the south. The third attempt at bombing Kiska from the sea looked like a failure.

Somewhere just above the sheet of fog, the cruiser pilots roared back

and forth, trying to pick out their mother ships by the look of the masts sticking up through the vapor.

One by one the ships emerged from the fog, wet and shining from the bath of vapor. In pairs the pilots of the Seagulls picked out their ships and began circling, waiting the call to come down out of the sky and be taken aboard.

But the two planes from the INDIANAPOLIS had failed to return. When the cruisers launched their SOCs, the INDIANAPOLIS airmen did not stay around to see what was happening to the ships. Lieutenant Robert A. O'Neill was senior pilot. He struck out to the north toward Kiska, with Ensign Ralph J. Sageser holding the wing position. O'Neill made an astounding discovery.

Through a peephole in the column of fog rising from Kiska Harbor they ducked. For almost fifteen minutes the unmolested American planes circled over the enemy, counting ships. Apparently the Japs did not think enemies came in anything but PBYS, or khaki Army bombers.

It was tempting bait. O'Neill reported eleven ships and four submarines, including one Jap light cruiser, and one heavy AP personnel transport estimated at 15,000 to 20,000 tons. A big ship. The Japs could move 20,000 men on the flotilla in Kiska Harbor, without crowding.

The news brought everyone on the flagship up on the alert. O'Neill reported another astounding bit of information. The fog in which the task force had plunged in trying to approach Kiska, was just a narrow isthmus of cottony vapor, beyond which the firing area lay clear and unobstructed. It was an asset in concealment, not the liability it had appeared to be.

Admiral Smith ordered the task force turned back toward Kiska a second time. The Japs were going to taste American powder after all.

The SOC pilots turned back as the ships circled around. The fog had partially cleared. The spotting planes reported Kiska plainly visible, except for the umbrella of fog hanging over specific targets in the harbor and extending like a white veil eastward to Little Kiska outside the harbor mouth. The bright green spine of the ridge leading to South Head marked the boundary of the fog. The ships would have to loft their shells almost 1,400 feet over that wall to drop them blindly into the harbor.

The ELLIOTT swept ahead of the cruisers. The destroyers CASE, REID, GRIDLEY and MC CALL led the way in on the right flank. The light cruisers ST. LOUIS, HONOLULU and NASHVILLE paraded in the center. Astern, on

the far left, steamed the heavies LOUISVILLE and INDIANAPOLIS. The ships executed "turn nine" at their range, which brought them on an easterly run.

Lieutenant O'Neill in the INDIANAPOLIS's SOC was busy cataloguing ships in Kiska Harbor when he saw the first float Zero climbing abruptly up through the fog on the west in tardy investigation of the strange aircraft. The enemy pilot was, in the words of an airman, "plenty good."

"He ripped past us climbing," said O'Neill, "and gained a spot about a mile away. Then he flipped over and dove down for his pass. I tried to duck into the clouds, but a slug struck my left upper wing before I could get away. It must have been something big—maybe a 20-mm. It blew out a hole two feet across and clipped the tube to my airspeed indicator."

The Jap ack-ack suddenly became eloquently loquacious in its protest of O'Neill and Sageser. Long, wavering streams of tracers hosed through the cloud cover. O'Neill tried peeping through the clouds but again he met the Jap Zero.

O'Neill said the Jap pilot could fire from an upside-down position, while the float Zero lay on its back. The Jap was out of range for the guns of the Navy SOC, yet the Zero could reach the Seagull.

"I entered a cloud and turned sharply to the right. Sageser pulled away to the left. Maybe he couldn't see me and decided to strike out for himself. I don't know. Both Lewis [Aviation Chief Radioman Aubrey E. Lewis] and myself were unhurt, so I kept on. The plane would still fly. . . ."

Ensign Ralph Sageser and Aviation Radioman 1/c Crawford never were seen again. It was believed they were brought down over Kiska Harbor by the float Zero or by enemy ack-ack.

The pilots of the other cruisers never would have found the harbor had it not been for the blossoming antiaircraft fire over the target area.

The ships, bearing in on a line between Vega Point on the west and Bukhti Point, broke suddenly through the curtain of fog into bright afternoon sunshine. They had steamed into one of the bubbles of clear air which travel within Aleutian fog banks. Sunshine burned through the mists with a weird yellow light that jaundiced the sea and lent an unreal quality to the hills of Kiska, making them almost too bright a green for credence. Even the aerial landmark of Kiska volcano was clearly visible in the north, a glowering cone of black rock and yellow-lighted snow.

It was almost eight o'clock when the leading destroyers reached their

range, and they let go a first salvo. The sound rolled back slowly, bouncing off the island's hills. Four minutes later the light cruisers reached the firing zone and their guns crashed, sheeting the three vessels in flame. At ten minutes after eight the 8-inch guns of INDIANAPOLIS and LOUISVILLE thundered blindingly. The ships began to fire at will in a curious rhythmic sequence of fire, smoke and sound, too great for ears and eyes to contain. Great acrid clouds of smoke and gas, carrying the choking stench of cordite, rolled across the decks.

A few minutes after the heavy cruisers exploded their first salvo, the observation planes began telling of their trouble with the agile Zeros. The senior pilot of the LOUISVILLE, Lieutenant John R. Brown, haltingly reported:

"Seaplane on my tail . . . He got me . . ."

There was a pause, and the flier's voice came on again.

"Hit right foot . . ."

Another pause while the LOUISVILLE listened:

"Still flying . . ."

From the decks of the INDIANAPOLIS, lookouts saw a free mine floating along close aboard, its black teeth shining in the light like the spines of a prickly pear.

A Jap pilot toured around high in the sky over the ships, writing the story of his wanderings in long streamers of vapor. He apparently was spotting for the Jap shore batteries.

The ELLIOTT was leading the procession of American naval strength past Kiska shores. She had been first to break through the fog and the first to draw enemy fire, although it took a heavy American barrage to make the Japs bestir themselves. It was suggested that the Japs mistook the little 4-stack ELLIOTT for the task force flagship because of her position. A 4-engined Kawanishi singled out the small, converted destroyer and laid a stick of bombs across its track. Shrapnel whistled over ELLIOTT's fantail, chipping the paintwork.

The destroyer CASE picked out the best target of any ship during the bombardment. As the shelling started and the CASE came east so that the angle of sight between Kiska and Little Kiska opened, lookouts reported an enemy destroyer or light cruiser briefly centered in the notch between the islands.

The 5-inch batteries of CASE flamed and her shells went rustling away. They saw them strike the Jap ship which began to belch smoke.

Then the forward speed of the CASE carried her out of the line of vision.

From the INDIANAPOLIS, a mile astern of the destroyer vanguard, the burning Jap vessel could be plainly seen. The shells from the destroyers sent up a flame-laced curtain of smoke-white water for a minute. As the CASE moved out of range, the smoke cleared away and the stricken Jap ship rolled over on its side. Flames tinged the smoke. Thirteen minutes after the CASE reported her direct hit watchers from the INDIANAPOLIS saw the Jap warship explode and disappear.

The Seagull spotting planes continued to report trouble. One pilot dipped down over the harbor long enough to see the sizzling trajectory of a shell end in the side of a Jap transport. Lieutenant O'Neill tried to get under the fog which corked up Kiska Harbor, and he flew down through the drenching vapor until he was 50 feet over the dingy water somewhere near the harbor entrance. Then he gave up.

The others tried to cling to their spotting over the harbor, weaving back and forth between the clouds and the sea, ducking Jap flak and playing lethal tag with the hard-working enemy pilot at the controls of the float Zero. The LOUISVILLE's pilot, Lieutenant Brown, reported that all planes were under constant, snarling attack at the fringes of the cloud layer over the harbor. He saw his wingman, Lieutenant George C. Duncan, twist and turn to escape the stabbing arc of fire from the Zero. The radiomen in the two LOUISVILLE planes, E. W. Shannon and W. P. Watson, Jr., said later that one time they caught the Jap pilot in a cross fire from their two Seagull guns. Lieutenant Duncan survived 10 passes from the enemy plane.

The two planes were sieves when they finally were lifted back aboard the LOUISVILLE. Duncan's ship carried thirty-five holes. Brown's showed an enemy tally of fifty-five holes, one of them from the exploding 20-mm. shell which wounded him in the foot.

The nervous, timid float Zero, which stayed far out of reach over the American task force, did not do so well in spotting fire for his shore batteries. Three salvos burst forth from the smoking Jap batteries on South Head and splashed near the ELLIOTT. Then the Japs shifted targets and laid a salvo across the wake of the light cruiser formation. The NASHVILLE, with projectiles set to explode above the Jap shore guns, silenced this battery.

There was no more Jap fire from the shore. The float Zero tried to

interest the shore batteries in the INDIANAPOLIS, which the pilot apparently had discovered was the flagship. He unloosed a bracketing pair of phosphorus bombs over the heavy cruiser, vainly marking the INDIANAPOLIS for the dead guns along South Head.

Without the hampering fire from the shore, the guns of the destroyers and cruisers boomed in an irregular chorus of destruction. The American planes, dodging in and out of the cloud cover, called the shots. The voice of the LOUISVILLE spotter came on the air:

"Last salvo 50 feet from Jap AP."

Another dash into the wet mists over Kiska Harbor and another look-see out from a misty cavern in the cloud. One of the transports had her anchor up now; she disappeared into the patch of fog which clung to the water. The AA was getting hotter. The Japs were throwing everything they had into the sky, trying to comb the cloud canopy where the American pilots hid.

Men on the CASE could look back now through the opening of the harbor, past the tip of Little Kiska. A large fire glowed like a fuzzy bright spot against the dark hills. A small tanker was trying to sneak out through the harbor entrance; she disappeared on a northeast heading.

The ELLIOTT, so long a target from shore and sky, flashed a new alarm. Her officers saw the foaming plume of a periscope against the gray sea. The ST. LOUIS, HONOLULU and NASHVILLE executed an emergency right turn to escape the menace of torpedoes. Their course carried across the bows of the INDIANAPOLIS and LOUISVILLE. The heavy cruisers had to stop firing and turn right quickly inside the circle of the ships ahead.

The destroyers had worked toward the tip of Little Kiska, called Orient Point, when they executed a turn southeast, with the cruisers on the starboard. The pilot of the single Jap Zero, assigned to spotting, had watched the American ships fire at will on his comrades back in the harbor. He had nothing to do. His shore batteries didn't respond. He signaled out the CASE, in the lead of the destroyer pack, and pushed the nose of his plane into a shallow dive across the destroyer's port quarter. His bomb missed.

But the silver ship was impaled on the point of converging fire from the deck guns of the CASE. The Zero faltered and turned aside, trailing smoke. The Jap was losing altitude rapidly when the fog closed behind him.

Aleutian weather has its uses. It had concealed the spotting planes of the cruisers, 1,500 feet above Kiska Harbor. Now it provided a refuge for the whole task force. A 4-motored Jap seaplane tried to shadow the American fleet, keeping just outside the hectoring flak thrown up by the cruisers. The pilot must have felt he was losing contact in the fog. At 9:35 P.M. something struck the water astern of the LOUISVILLE with a mighty explosion. The Jap seaplane had dropped a farewell bomb on the task force.

The bombardment lasted only twenty minutes. More than four hundred tons of ammunition had burst from the muzzles of the American guns to drop on the Japs on Kiska. Admiral Smith pushed up the speed of the ships so that the task force would be well away from Kiska before the Japs could retaliate. None of the American ships suffered damage. The death throes of a Jap vessel had been observed. It was thought that the enemy warship had been a cruiser—"had been"—because it was no more.

The cruisers recovered their planes, all except the *ST. LOUIS*. Her pilots were ordered to proceed westward along the chain, making out as best they could. The plane which carried Sageser and Crawford never returned. Lieutenant O'Neill's ship bore a great, rippling-edged hole in its wing. It was rated, however, as "slight materiel damage." The captain of the *INDIANAPOLIS* recommended that O'Neill be awarded the Navy Cross.

American planes came snooping around Kiska the next day to learn what damage the big guns had wrought. Great bomb scars marred the face of North Head. On the opposite shore, a steamer was beached.¹

Navy Catalinas, from Patwing Four, discovered two transports leaving the harbor. Three PBYS unracked their bombs. The first landed on the stern of the larger transport, a smacking, jarring blow that made the whole ship falter. The second bomb plunked down close by the Jap sister ship, apparently battering in the vessel's sides from underneath. Fire broke out on the vessel. The third PBY missed cleanly.

The pilots were jubilant about the shelling. It would have taken

¹ The Japanese said, after the war, that the bombardment destroyed their barracks area and warehouses, but killed only "two or three" men. They insist no warships were in the harbor, and no shipping was damaged. The beached steamer had been aground before the bombardment began. The testimony that no enemy warships were in the harbor has been accepted by the United States Strategic Bombing Survey as correct.

four hundred PBVs to tote a similar load to Kiska. For the first time it looked as though someone governing the destiny of soldiers and sailors had concluded that the Aleutian war was more than a side show to be attended by a few Army bombers and Navy patrol planes.

The Jap tea on Kiska must have been getting a little bitter. Radio Tokyo reported its version of the "duel" between American cruisers and Kiska shore batteries. The Jap announcer said "one four-stack cruiser" had been damaged. He must have meant the *ELLIOTT*. She had four stacks, but she hardly would qualify as a cruiser. She had received Jap attention out of proportion to her importance and suffered no damage.

However, Admiral Smith was not too satisfied. He felt that the bombardment of Kiska by a force of heavy ships was of questionable value unless followed by a landing of troops. Indirect bombardment was too risky. It was the old story of the war in 1942: Commanders, however much they wanted to grapple with the enemy, had to consider the long-range effect of losing units that could not readily be replaced. In the Aleutians, as indeed it was far to the south in the Pacific, there were not adequate forces even to hold the Japs; in fact, the Aleutian theater had less priority on reinforcements than did any other part of the embattled world.

Admiral Theobald had a very real problem in preventing the Japs from expanding their holdings in the Aleutians. He couldn't afford to risk losing what vessels he did have on uncharted reefs, in mined waters. He knew that the Japs could not be driven out by bombardment alone. At most the war in this cold, dreary part of the world would be one of attrition—preventing reinforcements to the enemy; keeping them occupied with bombings, until the time would come, as come it must, when a sufficient force of ships and troops could be assembled to go in and physically dispossess the intruders.

The bombardment was a success, though. It damaged the Japanese on Kiska. In larger terms it had a direct bearing on the course of the war. For, as Admiral Nimitz said, "coming simultaneously with our movement into the Solomons, this action to the North, in addition to the damage caused, probably had some diversionary effect, as there appeared to be considerable delay in the movement of the majority of the Japanese carriers and other heavy units¹ to the South Pacific."

¹ It has subsequently been learned that the Japanese detained their Fifth Fleet, sending it to Paramushiro, northernmost of Japan's (now Russian) territories.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Amchítka

I

THE Joint Chiefs of Staff pondered over the map of the Aleutians, their eyes following the chain of islands that, like drops from a brush, spread across the heavy paper. They had a decision to make.

At their left—to the west—at the end of the chain, the islands of Attu, Agattu and Kiska were cancerous with Japs. Kiska, nearest to our outpost on Umnak Island, was still 450 miles away. That distance, which was not blank sea but dotted with intervening islands, could provide steppingstones either for the Japs or for us to get closer to the interlopers in preparing for the great push that would throw them back where they belonged.

But the time had not yet come for the great push, however much the Chiefs of Staff desired it. They knew better than anyone else the commitments the Allies had in this global war. Even now, as they considered the northern theater, they knew that a force of United States Marines was creeping in as powerful a convoy as could be mustered toward a group of islands thousands of miles away in the South Pacific, to stop the enemy—if they could—in the Solomons.

Carefully they considered what forces they had in the North. If all went well, and the Japs were stopped before the tenuous thread of communications with Australia was cut, then later there would be forces adequate to meet the Japanese on our terms in the Aleutians.

An Admiral's fingers rested on a blob that lay halfway between Umnak and Kiska. "I believe, gentlemen," he said, "that with an airfield on this island, we could provide advance base support for offensive action, and the area would be denied to the enemy."

It would certainly bring us closer to the enemy. And this island, from

the reports gathered by scouting planes and submarines, was as suited for such a project as any.

So it was decided. When "certain commitments had been met," when Admiral Theobald's task force could be reinforced, Tanaga Island would be occupied. It would take time to prepare, but preparations were to begin at once.

The date was August 5, 1942.

2

The preparations for the occupation of Tanaga called for a preliminary protective landing on the near-by island of Adak.

On August 24, after careful plans had been drawn up by Admiral Theobald and his staff, a fleet described as "a respectable freighter or two, a few converted transports, fishing craft, barges and even an old sailing schooner," escorted and covered by the available Navy ships, got under way and headed west under a canopy of low, black skies.

All hands prayed for bad weather to hide them from Japanese scouts, and the bad weather came. It was bad the whole six days that it took Brigadier General Eugene Landrum's Army forces to reach Adak, and it kept the Jap planes grounded.

Thus, when the expedition went stealthily into Kuluk Bay, where two days before an advance party of combat intelligence scouts had arrived and found no enemy, the Japanese had not been alerted and there was no opposition.

The men and machinery were put ashore through mountainous tides and icy surf, and Army engineers at once started scraping out an area from the tide flat and drained it for a landing field. In ten days a ribbon of a landing strip had been laid out and the first planes were trying out the runway.

The PBY pilots liked the idea of a field at Adak. In their war of attrition against the occupants of Kiska, the bases at Umnak, Cold Bay and Dutch Harbor were not enough—moreover, they were far away. Aviators needed alternative fields where they could come in if the weather closed off their home ports. They needed closer bases from which they could carry more bombs and less gasoline. Adak, to the Catalina boys, was a step in the right direction!

Commander Russell of PBY Squadron 42 told of the elation among his fliers when they returned from their first sweep, after the occupation, over Kiska: "It was the first time that fighters had been over the enemy in any numbers. They shot down everything in the air and everything in the water. One of the Army commanders wanted to go out immediately on a return trip to make a two-man attack on Kiska with his chosen wingman. It was hard to talk him out of it. The only casualty on the first strike was a 'peacetime' accident. Two P-38s collided on the tail of the same Zero."

The Navy, however, regarded Adak as something more than just a flying field. The island had good harbor, large enough to hold the entire North Pacific Fleet. Kuluk Bay was protected from the east, west and south by the moss-covered outcroppings of the Aleutian barrier. From its shores you sometimes could see the sun rise from the mile-high cone of Great Sitkin volcano.

Our westernmost base was now within 250 miles of Kiska.

3

It was not until October 2, 1942, that the Japanese knew of the American landing on Adak. With this knowledge, they retaliated by starting their own series of raids on our field. Each side managed to keep up a fairly regular series, with the firm purpose of whittling down his opponent's air strength, but at no time did the Japs operate more than fourteen planes. Usually they were so weak in the air that the pilots avoided combat.

"The Zero on floats," said Commander Russell, "is an amazing plane for performance. The Japs would treat our bomber crews to a fine show of aerial acrobatics before they made their final approach. One time a float Zero made an inverted run at a B-17, firing upside down."

But Kiska was steadily becoming a major Japanese naval establishment. Even with good weather it was proving difficult to bomb the enemy out of existence. There is a quality of the loose, volcanic Aleutian soil that nullifies the bombing and shelling of shore installations. Soft, black earth, held together by the tangled roots of tundra grass, cushions and absorbs the shock of explosion. Mud erupts in a violent funnel of dissipating force.

The Japs dug in deeper, following the pattern which Americans came to know more intimately at Tarawa, Peleliu and Iwo Jima. And their mastery of camouflage made difficult the evaluation of damage sustained.

Meanwhile to the south, far across the Pacific, in a climate far different from that of the Aleutians, the campaign in the Solomons had taken a serious turn, and the too-small forces of the northern command were again called upon to relinquish valuable strength to bolster our line in the South Pacific. First the LOUISVILLE, now commanded by Captain Charles T. Joy, headed south the second week in October, to be followed by the ST. LOUIS (Captain George A. Rood) and the tender THORNTON (Commander Wendell F. Kline). This left only the tender GILLIS (now commanded by Lieutenant Commander Herman L. Ray) experienced in the ways of war in the subarctic, for the INDIANAPOLIS (Captain Morton L. Deyo) and NASHVILLE (Captain Herman A. Spanagel) also were scheduled to leave as soon as they could be replaced by the RALEIGH and DETROIT. Twelve fighters also were gleaned from the Alaskan Theater's none too adequate air force.

Since our surface forces had been so depleted, American attrition tactics during November were carried on from the air alone. The planes were unable to drive the Japanese off Kiska and Attu, but they and the United States submarines were thoroughly successful in preventing the enemy from getting any rest or building up any offensive potentialities. Finally on November 17, with the Solomons virtually secured, events had reached a state where Admiral Theobald could be directed to prepare a plan for the occupation of Kiska.

Before that took place, another airfield was needed still closer to the Jap.

In Pearl Harbor, the Commander in Chief Pacific Fleet early in December was briefing Rear Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid on the Aleutians. Kinkaid had been relieved in the South Pacific and was, in turn, en route to relieve Admiral Theobald as Commander North Pacific. Now he and Admiral Nimitz discussed plans for the future and possible enemy designs.

"Someone," said Kinkaid, "will build an airfield on Amchitka—either the Japs or ourselves."

It was to be "ourselves."

4

Amchitka is a low, muskeg-carpeted island, only 50 miles from Kiska at its nearest point. The Japanese had eyed it speculatively, and sent a surveying party there under an Army major, Kazumi Fujii, to see what possibilities there were for a flying field. The major didn't think much of it—he found too many ponds. It would be too difficult to construct an airfield on such marshy ground, he reported.

On December 17 a reconnoitering party under Colonel Lawrence V. Castner found the evidence of Fujii's exploration. Test holes had been dug; campsites were littered with empty tin cans and cigarette boxes. But of Japanese in the flesh there were none.

The Army troops commanded by Brigadier General Lloyd E. Jones were waiting on Adak, scheduled to occupy Tanaga Island first. From what Colonel Castner had to report, their orders were now changed to go directly to Amchitka. D-day was to be January 12, 1943.

That morning dawned calm and mild, for the area. It was only two degrees below freezing, but the raw damp seeped through the soldiers' clothes. At 9:30 A.M. the subarctic dawn was just beginning to light up the uninviting landscape as the Coast Guard transport ARTHUR MIDDLETON, under command of Commander Paul K. Perry, cut the unruffled waters of Constantine Harbor.

They had been told the landing would be no picnic.

5

Certainly the occupation of the island began badly enough. The destroyer WORDEN stranded at once at the entrance of the bay. Constantine Harbor appeared to be filled with teethlike shoals waiting to rip into the American hulls. The MIDDLETON dropped her anchor, lowered her assault boats, and began to put the men ashore.

All during the day the landing operation continued over the difficult beach. Afterward it was remembered as being a stroke of luck that the weather was so calm. That evening the wind began to increase in force until the whole of Constantine Harbor was alive with rolling whitecaps and hazy spume. The 40 miles of squashy, low tundra making up the salamander-shaped stretch of Amchitka offered no obstacle to the wind.

It reached gale proportions, with gusts up to 60 knots. The MIDDLETON began to drag her anchor across the bay. Finally she grounded. The unloading continued but it took long hours of salvage work before the transport could be refloated.

The troops had to wade ashore across the shallow beach. They had been hardly able to get dry and passably comfortable when the williwaw blew in, sweeping across the treeless subarctic desert, driving the troops to dig down into the ground for cover. The second day brought a blizzard that blotted out the sight of the crippled MIDDLETON in the harbor. The storm lasted forty-eight hours.

Most of the troops lived on canned rations for the first few days. The landing boats had been disabled and swamped in the gale, and supplies were slow in coming ashore. Unloading parties worked waist deep in the freezing tides. It took almost two weeks before the troops were equipped with the minimum essentials of fighting men.

They learned about muskeg. The tents, pegged down on the spongy, frozen mixture of root and marl, covered little squares of mud through which the men had to wade knee deep. Warmth within the tents thawed out the tundra, leaving it like jelly. Gunners set up their batteries and found that the weight of the field pieces forced them deeper into the muskeg, off balance and out of true.

Possibly the situation would have been better had the 2,000 men been able to spend all their time simply improving living conditions. But their mission was the construction of a landing strip for the Eleventh Air Force from which fighters would take off for Kiska, protecting the Army bombers on the last and most dangerous leg of the flight to the enemy. Work on the airstrip took priority over self-interested labor on creature comforts.

"And here they had difficulties at first," said Admiral Kinkaid, "because there wasn't any gravel to use as a basis for the strip. One day an engineer was walking glumly along trying to think of a substitute when he heard a voice loudly proclaiming disgust. The owner of the voice was struggling, trying to raise a tent.

"Then a magic word came to the engineer's ears. He stopped and asked the soldier what his trouble was.

"I can't drive the pegs," wailed the G.I., 'because of this goddam gravel!'

"From then on," Admiral Kinkaid concluded, "the airstrip work continued excellently."

The foul weather held for almost two weeks, and then the Japs discovered what had happened on Amchitka. On January 24 two float Zeros came rummaging out of the foggy west. Two bombs straddled the MIDDLETON and another pair fell near a second transport. Neither ship was damaged, although fragments chewed into the wooden hull of a lifeboat, slung on davits.

Two Jap planes returned January 25. The third raid on January 27 resulted in a direct hit on a foxhole, killing its occupant and wounding two other soldiers. Then the Japs sent planes in larger numbers against Amchitka. During the first two weeks of February, separate flights of eight enemy float Zeros appeared every other day or so. On February 18 the first Army P-40 rose to meet the Zeros and shot down two marauding Japs. The Amchitka fighter strip had been operating for just two days.

Before the month was out at Amchitka, nearly 4,000 American troops had landed on its low shores. The forces comprised two infantry battalions, one 105-mm. artillery battalion, one 75-mm. battalion and two battalions of antiaircraft. Navigation and mooring buoys had been laid in the harbor. Heavy rains and snow did not halt the steady progress of work on the sand-covered landing strip.

The Amchitka strip paid its first big dividends during February. Bombers took off from Adak whenever weather permitted. Fighters swarmed up from Amchitka to guard the bombers over Kiska. On February 25, eleven bombers followed strafing P-40s over the target. One bomber rode away with two engines dead from ack-ack. The pilot crash-landed safely at Amchitka.

By the end of February, there were 8,000 men on the island. Ships could unload from docks. Two PBVs had joined sixteen P-40s at the advance base and during February 156 tons of bombs were spilled out over Kiska.

6

On the same day that the P-40s first rose from Amchitka, an American task force disturbed Japanese equilibrium. On that day the cold waters of the Bering Sea north of Attu were smooth and glossy gray, as only a winter sea can be.

Rear Admiral Charles H. McMorris, who had relieved Rear Admiral Smith on December 9 as commander of Task Force 8's Striking Group, was taking his ships on a little change from the drudgery of Aleutian winter patrol and perhaps give the Japs on Attu a little surprise.

The Admiral's flagship was the light cruiser RICHMOND, commanded by Captain Theodore M. Waldschmidt, and late in the morning of February 18, 1943, she was searching northwest of Attu, screened by the destroyers BANCROFT (Lieutenant Commander John L. Melgaard) and CALDWELL (Commander John F. Newman, Jr.). Finding nothing, they then joined up with the rest of the striking force: the heavy cruiser INDIANAPOLIS (Captain Nicholas Vytlačil) and the destroyers GILLESPIE (Commander Chester L. Clement) and COGHLAN (Commander Benjamin F. Tompkins).

Admiral McMorris deployed his ships in a modified column with the destroyers spread in the lead and in the rear and headed for the firing area. He knew that there was enemy shipping at Attu, for Lieutenant John D. Crowley had seen enemy ships through the periscope of his ancient submarine S-28 and reported the fact.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the first salvos poured forth. Chichagof Harbor was the first target. The spotting planes—three from INDIANAPOLIS and two from RICHMOND—reported that the Japs were throwing a few desultory bursts of ack-ack into the sky in protest. Some of the shells from INDIANAPOLIS, filled with red dye for easier spotting, burst on the snowy mountainsides, turning the white land scarlet—an omen of the battle to be fought five months later.

Chichagof Harbor was blasted for ten minutes, and then the fleet steamed to Holtz Bay to give it the same treatment.

Then the bombardment was over, and Admiral McMorris led his ships away to continue their regular patrols west of the island.

The group was now divided into two sections, with RICHMOND, BANCROFT and CALDWELL steaming through the waters south of INDIANAPOLIS, COGHLAN, and GILLESPIE. They had bright moonlight; it was good hunting weather.

The ships were wary. Captain Vytlačil of the INDIANAPOLIS had warned his northern force that the Japanese, supposing that the American ships had left the area for refueling and reloading of ammunition after the day's strike, might try to run a supply vessel through to the western islands.

He was right. Midway through the evening watch, the COGHLAN saw a strange "pip" on her radar scope and five minutes later the three ships speeding toward it saw a smoke smudge on the horizon.

The INDIANAPOLIS closed in and the blinker on the bridge spelled out a challenge. The vessel, which was between four and five thousand tons, blinked back an answer.

It was the dot and dash for "A"—in Japanese.

"This answer," says the official record laconically, "was unsatisfactory."

The cruiser and the destroyers closed in for the kill. At a quarter past eleven, nearly an hour after COGHLAN's radar beam first stretched out through the distance to give warning of the Jap ship's presence, the command was given to open fire at four miles. The guns erupted and immediately found their mark. Every American shell was hitting.

The Japanese showed what kind of cargo she was carrying—or had been: ammunition. And it was exploding.

Six minutes after the command to open fire the Jap was burning brightly, flaring up whenever some of her cargo caught and exploded. Gamely it tried to answer our salvos with a small gun on its bow and with a long burst of machine-gun fire. But all shots fell short.

The destroyers now dropped half a dozen torpedoes into the sea to finish off the work of the guns.

Then it was all over. Stern first the ship disappeared from the surface, her red-hot hull quenching out like an ember as the water closed over it.

A short message over the TBS sent the COGHLAN scurrying to the scene to pick up survivors. But there was none. Only a bamboo life raft, marked lumber and an army life jacket, with assorted small debris marked where the blockade runner had ended its career.

Our ships re-formed their scouting line and continued their patrol.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

The Battle of the Komandorskís

I

THE sinking of the *AKAGANE MARU* had been a change from the dull, uncomfortable drudgery of continual patrol. McMorris's gang knew that they were playing a very important part in the "war of attrition" by ensuring that the Japanese garrisons on Attu and Kiska were not supplied by sea. But the belief that someday Americans in force would storm these strongholds and eject the Japanese did not help the tedium of endless long gray stretches of sea, broken only by periods of overhaul in the not too entertaining town of Dutch Harbor, or the unloading of supplies in the gaunt island of Adak.

They might have felt less forgotten if they could have seen what was going on in California during this month of March, where training in the new amphibious method of warfare was keeping thousands damply busy. Only a few high-ranking Army and Navy officers knew for what goal the troops were training: Attu.

In the meantime Task Force 8 plodded the waters west of that island, fighting the fog and the storms, ferreting out ships that dared to approach with supplies for the enemy garrisons in the Aleutians.

The task force had been reorganized early in the month and now consisted of a heavy and a light cruiser with four destroyers.¹

The heavy cruiser, *SALT LAKE CITY*, was new to these northern waters. Refurbished and repaired after a four-month overhaul to put to rights the damage she had taken in the Battle of Cape Esperance, she had few old-timers aboard; 70 per cent of her crew was at sea for the first time! But they were eager to meet the Jap.

¹ One heavy cruiser: *SALT LAKE CITY* (Capt. Bertram J. Rodgers); 1 light cruiser: *RICHMOND* (Capt. Theodore M. Waldschmidt); 4 destroyers of Squadron 14 under the command of Capt. Ralph S. Riggs: *BAILEY* (Lt. Comdr. John C. Atkeson), *COGHLAN* (Comdr. Benjamin F. Tompkins), *DALE* (Comdr. Anthony L. Rorschach), and *MONAGHAN* (Lt. Comdr. Peter H. Horn).

They would—and soon.

The Japanese knew of the presence of McMorris's ships off the Aleutians. The fate of the *AKAGANE MARU* the month before had been reported by the picket boat *KUNAJIRI*, which had heard the gunfire 12 miles away. And seaplanes had spotted them since.

Knowing of their presence and approximate strength, the Japanese realized that they could no longer send supply ships singly to run the gantlet. If supplies and reinforcements were to get through to Attu and Kiska, they would have to be in convoy; with escorts powerful enough to take care of the American task force.

And supplies had to get through. Lieutenant Colonel Hiroshi Yonekawa on Attu and Colonel Hozumi on Kiska with great politeness but greater insistence were demanding that something be done to keep larders stocked and ammunition lockers replenished. It was up to the Japanese Fifth Fleet to do it.

Vice Admiral Hosogaya said he would do his best.

2

Commander Shigefuso Hashimoto, navigation and communications officer on Admiral Hosogaya's Fifth Fleet staff, lay back in his bunk on the cruiser *NACHI* and closed his eyes. These had been a busy few days.

Working on the staff had its compensations—it would help his career, and he did have better quarters on the flagship—but sometimes he had a feeling akin to nostalgia for his old job in the Russian Section of Japanese Naval Intelligence. His knowledge of Russian probably had something to do, he thought, with this present assignment to the Northern Fleet; perhaps the Navy thought he was used to the Siberian cold and would welcome the chills of the Aleutians.

Hashimoto didn't like the cold. He wondered if the Americans patrolling these waters felt it too. There was a measure of comfort in the thought that they doubtless disliked it just as much as he did. Ah well, in a few days this convoy would be safe at Attu and he would be heading back to Paramushiro. Not that the weather was any better there, but its amusement value was higher.

He looked at his watch. In an hour and a half it would be sunrise. That meant that in an hour he would have to make his way to the

bridge to make his morning starsights. Rendezvous with the convoy would be shortly after.

"Rendezvous." As communications officer, Hashimoto remembered the messages that had been sent and received to ensure that the three transports would this time get through to Attu. A great deal of planning had gone into the organization of this voyage.

The slow, 4,000-ton Army SANKO MARU escorted by the destroyer USUGUMO had left Paramushiro on March 22, to be followed the next day by the faster ASAKA MARU and SAKITO MARU with the First Destroyer Squadron: The light cruiser ABUKUMA and four destroyers: WAKABA, HATSUSHIMO, IKAZUCHI and INAZUMA. Then on the 24th the cruiser force had sortied: The heavy cruisers NACHI and MAYA and the light cruiser TAMA. All were to meet up south of the Komandorskis, for the run through to Attu, on the 25th.

The meeting had had to be postponed because of bad weather. The slow SANKO MARU and her escort should make it today, Hashimoto thought. The other group had joined up, and now were sailing with a formidable escort group north and south on the meridian that runs through Bering Island, waiting. They had picked this line to run on because it was just outside the 600-mile radius from Adak—free from the prying eyes of American Catalinas.

Commander Hashimoto closed his eyes. There was still time for a nap before going above to that unconscionably cold bridge.

On the bridge of the NACHI, Commander Kintaro Miura had the morning watch. He was keeping a sharp lookout for the small transport and her escort since they were approaching the rendezvous point. The weather had improved a lot over the past two days, and the day gave promise of being calm, although the overcast sky held a hint of rain.

The ships were all in column, NACHI in the lead, followed by MAYA, TAMA, ABUKUMA, WAKADA, HATSUSHIMO, IKAZUCHI, ASAKA MARU, SAKITO MARU, and INAZUMA. It was a little after two o'clock, Tokyo time, and the fleet that had been steaming southward was turning to head due north.

The eastern horizon was a copper-gold. The sun would not show itself for another hour, but the long twilight in the north made visibility at this time excellent.

Miura glanced astern. The eighth ship, the ASAKA MARU, was making her turn now . . .

"Ship to starboard!" The high-pitched voice of a lookout called.

Commander Miura, glasses to his eyes, swept the horizon to the ship's right. Dimly off the starboard quarter he made out an object.

It was the mast of a ship, hull down.

"The SANKO MARU," Miura said. "Messenger! Notify the admiral that the remaining transport is joining up."

The commander was mistaken. It was natural under the circumstances, but it was a mistake, and a grave one.

The mast that he saw was no transport's. It was American-made and belonged to the United States destroyer COGHLAN.

3

"On March 26th," said Marvin Paul Lahr, Fire Controlman 2/c aboard the flagship RICHMOND, "we really got involved."

Admiral McMorris's task force were steaming in open order, about six miles apart to make the greatest possible sweep of the sea. The COGHLAN was the farthest north, next was the RICHMOND, then the BAILEY, DALE, SALT LAKE CITY and MONAGHAN.

The men standing their predawn general quarters felt the cold damp air cut through their heavy outer garments.

Suddenly a message from the COGHLAN galvanized the fleet. The leading destroyer had made contact with two ships almost dead ahead!

The time was 7:30 A.M. At the same instant, seven miles away, a messenger was pattering down the ladder of the NACHI to the admiral's cabin.

At 7:31, Admiral McMorris ordered all ships to make best speed, close up and concentrate on the RICHMOND, and he headed his flagship for the enemy—for that they assuredly were.

As the RICHMOND neared the Japanese slowly—for they were heading away—the silhouettes of two cargo vessels became clearer. They were escorted, but the Americans, straining their eyes to size up their opposition, couldn't be sure what they were. In the distance they didn't seem too formidable.

"Looks like easy pickings," said the RICHMOND's skipper.

Apparently the Japanese were trying to get away. Frantically the following American ships built up their speed, and slowly they made steady progress in closing formation.

As our leading ships shortened the gap between them and the enemy, more Japanese ships came into view. By 8:20, ten could be seen from the RICHMOND.

As Admiral McMorris said in his report, "The task group commander still felt that a Roman holiday was in prospect." And he was worried that the enemy ships might escape.

The first indication of their actual strength came a few minutes afterward, when lookouts on the flagship identified first one, then two, of the opposing ships as heavy cruisers. Other still unidentified fighting ships could be seen around the two cruisers.

"The situation had now clarified," commented the Admiral, "but it had also radically and unpleasantly changed."

The enemy warships changed course and were closing the range rapidly. The two merchantmen were steaming north-northwest, beyond their strong warship screen, as fast as they could get away.

The Japanese force now held the advantages of better tactical position, greater numerical strength, and overwhelmingly superior firepower. But "Sock" McMorris was not dismayed.

He decided to make an attempt to attack the transports. There was a slight chance that by careful maneuvering the merchantmen could be brought into range before the warships could intervene. Forcing the enemy's hand, moreover, might lead him to send some of his fighting ships to convoy the auxiliaries and thus provide the task group with the opportunity to fight the remainder on more nearly even terms. So a change of course to the northwest was ordered.

By 8:39 the task group was squared away on its new course, and the ships had all closed up. They were now formed with the two cruisers in column half a mile apart, RICHMOND leading. The van destroyers, BAILEY and COGHLAN, were off the port bow of the flagship, while the two rear destroyers steamed off the starboard quarter of the SALT LAKE CITY.

It was a good stratagem but the Japanese were not fooled by it. At 8:40 the NACHI opened fire from a distance of approximately ten miles and launched eight torpedoes. Her gunnery was far better than her torpedo technique, her first two salvos straddling the RICHMOND, while none of the tin fish came near a target.

"The Americans," says Commander Hashimoto, "opened fire almost simultaneously with the NACHI. The MAYA opened fire shortly thereafter. A loss of electric power then prevented the NACHI from firing for about

thirty minutes. In the first five or ten minutes of action, the NACHI received a hit at the after end of the bridge by a blue-dye-loaded shell, which killed five or six communications personnel and wounded twelve or thirteen others. A small fire, which broke out in the vicinity of the hit, was soon extinguished."

After shaking the RICHMOND up considerably with the straddles, the MAYA shifted fire to the SALT LAKE CITY, and dropped a spread of four torpedoes at our battle line, none of which hit.

The SALT LAKE CITY was the only American vessel with guns matching those of the Japanese, and her green crew worked as veterans in firing her 8-inchers.

But the enemy's superior firepower and the rapidly decreasing range between the two opposing groups made it only a question of time before our ships must suffer serious damage. Admiral McMorris had hoped to bring the auxiliaries within gun range, but that attempt had been forestalled. His maneuvers had put the Japanese between our ships and our bases to the east. A retirement was definitely in order, but obviously we couldn't withdraw to the east. Somehow the American ships had to make an end run around the enemy.

The TBS aboard the ships crackled, in code: "Change course forty degrees to the left!"

As they swung to 290° true, the van destroyers entered the battle. Both BAILEY and COGHLAN opened fire on the enemy cruisers. To Commander Miura, aboard the NACHI, the destroyers' shells appeared "like rain, they landed aboard so regularly." One of the 5-inchers detonated against the deckhouse.

"At this time," says Commander Miura, "Admiral Hosogaya was standing at the forward center of the flag bridge with his two principal staff officers on either side and slightly behind him. The other staff officers were standing in a single rank to the rear. I was second from the right in this rank and in a relatively exposed position. Miraculously, all shell fragments missed . . ."

Another change of course was ordered by McMorris, and as the ships swung around another forty degrees to 250°, they were aligned in new positions. The DALE and MONAGHAN took station off the port quarter of the SALT LAKE CITY, while the COGHLAN and BAILEY dropped back and took position off the heavy cruiser's starboard quarter. The RICHMOND led.

The Japanese had launched two observation planes, and after they climbed out of range to their spotting position, the enemy salvos crept closer to the SALT LAKE CITY.

Our heavy cruiser was engaged ceaselessly by the Japanese heavies as the task force moved westward ahead of the enemy. Occasionally an enemy light cruiser, TAMA, would edge in close enough to lob a few shells at her. Men in the engine room could feel the concussion through the hull as shells detonated in the water near-by.

By now, SALT LAKE CITY was making her shells felt by the enemy. Black smoke was issuing from the NACHI.

Skillful conning, plus luck, had saved the SALT LAKE CITY from damage thus far. But at ten minutes past nine o'clock, the cruiser shook with the impact of two hits, fore and aft. One of them had penetrated below the waterline, bursting through to the shaft alley where the great axle of a propeller turned in the hull. The shell exploded in the alleyway, bursting seams and buckling the underside of the ship as though it were an old tin bucket. Water poured into the alley and spurting around the shaft fittings into the engine room. The damaged shaft continued to turn, however, delivering power.

The American force was throwing everything it could at the Japanese. The spotting planes ventured within range and were taken under fire; three times they tried it, and the third attempt brought death to one of them. After that, the other plane kept away.

By 9:30 the enemy was beginning to close upon the SALT LAKE CITY. Admiral McMorris radioed Admiral Kinkaid that he was engaged in a long-range battle and had received a moderately encouraging answer that supporting bombers could be expected in about five hours, while Catalinas might arrive before that time.

Admiral McMorris smiled when he read at the end of the message the suggestion that "retiring action be considered."

A few moments after ten o'clock the TAMA, on which the SALT LAKE CITY was now firing, veered sharply right, away from our ship's shells, and went into a tight circle. However, the NACHI, which had slowed down, now speeded up despite her fires and with the MAYA moved in closer. Their shells were straddling our heavy cruiser repeatedly.

Suddenly, the SALT LAKE CITY herself veered sharply to the right. Her own gun blasts had carried away the rudder stops and the rudder no longer responded to the wheel. At once, Captain Rodgers ordered steering

shifted to the emergency station aft, and although this gave him partial control, use of the rudder was limited to turning only 10 degrees to either side. Slowly the cruiser came back to the proper course.

As she came left she managed to fire one ten-gun broadside before she was left with only her after turrets bearing on the enemy. This made the battle even more uneven, for the Japanese ships were faster and could fire full salvos as they zigzagged.

Then came another enemy shell. It dropped down from a high angle and pierced the deck close by the anchor windlass like a hot rivet driving through paper. The shell was deflected by the hawsepipe. It slid along the ship's side and smashed out through the hull into the sea below the waterline. The shell was a dud; it failed to explode.

Water gushed up, flooding the compartments of the bow. The cruiser was in trouble, but her gunners kept firing.

Admiral McMorris acted to protect the *SALT LAKE CITY*. He ordered the destroyers to make smoke. Three minutes later the *BAILEY* and *COGHLAN* were shuttling around the cruiser, chemical smoke pouring from their generators, and the cruiser, herself making smoke, nosed into the protective screen.

The smoke screen slowed the Japanese fire but did not stop it. They merely waited until the man-made fog thinned out enough and then poured more steel at our damaged cruiser.

Two hours and eighteen minutes after the first rumble of naval artillery, the *SALT LAKE CITY* received her next hit. A Jap shell whistled down on the vessel amidships and splattered fragments over the deck. The starboard catapult was demolished. The plane burst into flames, and the smell of Jap cordite burned in the nostrils of the sailors as they broke the flaming plane from the wreckage and threw it overboard. Two of their comrades, an officer and an enlisted man, lay dead; four others were wounded.

At this time our ships were steaming with the *RICHMOND* ahead to the westward. Heading toward Paramushiro, they were 125 miles nearer the Japanese base than they were to their own of Adak. This was serious, for there was every reason to suspect that the Japanese had radioed for air support, just as we had done. And theirs might—should—arrive before ours did.

Again the short-range radio receivers on the bridges spoke an order from the task group commander. The fleet was to break away by turning

southward, and later, when they could, all units were to head eastward, back toward more friendly territory.

The first turn was hidden by the smoke, and the Japanese, unknowing, continued on their northwesterly course, and the distance between the forces was widened.

There was no letup in the firing, though, and once again the SALT LAKE CITY was hurt. Her repair parties worked ceaselessly; punips couldn't keep the water down in the after engine room, water and cold, glutinous oil flooded the compartment to a depth of five feet—just below the level of the main engines.

The cruiser took a 4- or 5-degree list to port, and then the after engines stopped!

Shells began to bracket the SALT LAKE CITY as she slowed. Captain Rodgers swung his ship sharply right to avoid these salvos, but shell splashes continued to rise on either side.

By 11:30 the oil and water in her after engine room were being pumped out and the engines slowly eased back into operation, but she still was listing.

The Japanese could see now what Admiral McMorris was trying to do, and Admiral Hosogaya brought his fleet around in pursuit.

The cruiser's engine-room gang had managed to get three engines running again, but their triumph was short-lived. Fifteen minutes later her boilers went out, one by one . . . sea water had seeped into the fuel tanks.

Five minutes before noon, the SALT LAKE CITY'S engines stopped. While her momentum still carried the cruiser through the water, Captain Rodgers ordered the helm swung hard over. He wanted all his guns to be able to bear in a last-ditch stand.

If the cruiser was to be saved, the destroyers would have to do it. The Admiral ordered the plucky cans to strike back with torpedoes.

Captain Riggs, the destroyer squadron commander, leaving the DALE to screen the cruiser, headed in at once to the attack with BAILEY, COGHLAN and MONAGHAN.

Those listening on the task force circuit said the destroyer skippers responded to the order as calmly as though they had been told to put liberty parties ashore in their home ports. They could expect certain damage and probably complete destruction. "Get the two big boys," said Captain Riggs.

As they sped toward the enemy, the Japanese stopped firing on the SALT LAKE CITY and turned their guns on the smaller vessels. And were answered by rapid fire from the forward 5-inchers; the BAILEY and MONAGHAN concentrating on the NACHI, and the COGHLAN on the MAYA. The Japs were firing furiously. "I do not know," says Commander Miura, "how the ships could live through the concentration of fire we directed at them."

The three ships were "smothered with splashes," but they continued in, and the accuracy of the Japanese gunners increased as the Americans neared them. Our leading destroyer, BAILEY, dodging in and out of the shell splashes, took the first hits.

They came in quick succession. One 8-inch torpede tore through the thin outer shell of the destroyer and exploded, killing five and injuring four of our men. Another hit the after part of the deck but caromed off without bursting.

Knowing that at any moment, with the rapidly lessening range, the BAILEY would doubtless be struck again, probably fatally, Captain Riggs directed Lieutenant Commander Atkeson to fire his torpedoes. A splaying fan of five slipped from their tubes and headed for the NACHI.

In the meantime the black gang on the SALT LAKE CITY was working desperately to restore power to her engines. The cruiser was still a fighting ship; as the men worked in the engine room they could feel the shock of the guns firing.

The engines caught, and held. Slowly power was built up and the ship again moved forward. Captain Rodgers reported to the flagship as though—as it had been—his prayers had been answered. The battered cruiser stopped firing; her captain wanted to conserve his ammunition "for the final attack on the closing Japanese force."

Admiral McMorris called off the destroyers. They veered off from their course. Theirs had been a valiant attempt, and although none of the torpedoes found its mark—most exploding prematurely before reaching the target—they had succeeded by their self-sacrifice in saving the cruiser.

The BAILEY swung hard left and showed her stern to the Japs, hard on the tracks of COGHLAN and MONAGHAN. A Jap shell struck so close to the COGHLAN that fragments punched holes in her superstructure and seriously injured the executive officer. The MONAGHAN was not damaged.

Our ships were preparing for a last stand. The Japs had everything

pretty much their own way, but on the enemy flagship Admiral Hosogaya made a decision.

His ships had been pumping out shells so fast that the lack of ammunition was being felt. At any moment American bombers might appear; if they did, he might not have sufficient powder to combat them. And, moreover, fuel was low.

Japanese signals flashed through their fleet.

"Retire!"

The battle continued as long as the opposing forces were within range, but as each was primarily interested in leaving the other, by 12:30 it was all over. The enemy was moving off to the west, back to Paramushiro, and our ships were heading due east, "getting," as the officer of the deck aboard the *SALT LAKE CITY* put in the log, "the hell out of here."

The radio alarm of the battle caught our fliers at their island bases somewhat off guard. Their planes were equipped for hauling heavy bomb loads on aerial freight service to Kiska. The call to action far at sea meant that spare gasoline tanks had to be remounted and bomb racks rearranged. The battle was almost five hours old before the first flights took off and started on the long voyage west.

One of the *PBYs* discovered two medium-sized Jap merchantmen near the scene of the battle, just south of the Russian-owned Komandorskis. The pilot, already low on gasoline, began to circle the enemy ships while the radioman called their position.

The limping task force under Admiral McMorris heard the call but could not answer. The two-hour run to the Japs would end in darkness. And our ships, lacking fuel and ammunition, could not afford to go on a search party.

The first *PBY* was joined by two others, and they maintained contact with the ships until 4:30, broadcasting their position to Army bombers that were en route. The bombers, however, pursued alarms to the west, and the *PBYs*, their fuel running low, had to give up and return to base.

The Battle of the Komandorskis, lasting almost three and a half hours, was our longest daylight surface engagement of the war up to that time. It was an action at extended range—by necessity on our part, by choice on the part of the Japanese. Admiral Hosogaya promptly and effectively blocked our initial stab at his auxiliaries, and thereafter, as our task force was outnumbered two to one, Admiral McMorris had to maneuver to keep the range as open and as far as possible, while trying to inflict as

much damage as it could under that self-imposed handicap. If our force could have knocked out one or two of the Japanese ships, the task group would have tried to fight its way around the rest of the combatant ships to chase the fleeing transports, or it could have closed the crippled men-o'-war to administer the coup de grâce, whichever seemed more feasible. Since this didn't happen, Admiral McMorris had no choice but to keep the enemy at arm's length. The enemy, on the other hand, with his advantages in numbers and firepower seemed, in the words of Admiral McMorris, "content to fight a duel using his heavy cruisers."

Despite the unevenness of the battle, and the damage that our ships sustained, they succeeded in their purpose. That the Japanese ruefully admitted. They had to turn tail and go back home. The attempted reinforcement of the Aleutians had failed. Five hits had done severe damage to the cruiser NACHI. The TAMA, with one catapult shot away, was less seriously hurt.

Admiral Nimitz paid high tribute to Sock McMorris and his ships. "The well-fought action," said CINCPAC, "of the task force under Rear Admiral McMorris against a superior enemy and the considerable damage inflicted demonstrates the skill of the task group commander and the personnel under him. His bold handling of the American units and the magnificent response of all ships enabled our force to repel an enemy nearly twice as strong . . ."

Admiral Nimitz singled out Captain Riggs and the destroyers of Desron 14. "Their gallant attack in the face of concentrated Japanese fire," he said, "was especially commendable . . ."

All hands made a truly creditable performance. Repair parties aboard our damaged ships acted coolly and efficiently, keeping the effects of enemy fire to a minimum. Gun crews also turned in an outstanding piece of work. The SALT LAKE CITY's green crew had fought like the veterans they now were. The officers and men of the after turrets of the destroyers labored unfailingly although enveloped in the oily fumes of smoke which vomited from the stacks of those ships to protect our heavy cruiser.

And during the heat of battle, at least one convert was made to the ancient and irritating axiom that "practice makes perfect."

"I won't mind all that loading drill any more," said a seaman aboard the DALE. "Not any more!"

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Attu

I

THE best weather in the Aleutians comes in May. That is, if there is any "best" weather; perhaps "least worst" would describe it more adequately. At any rate, weather (playing the part that it does in the island chain) was the deciding factor in all deliberations of the higher echelons.

Ever since the Japanese had landed in the Aleutians, the primary desire of every American was to kick them out again. This was easier said than done, as everyone realized. The Japs had arrived at a time when Allied production was only beginning to get into gear. The Alaskan Theater, though just as deadly for the men who had to defend it, did not rate the priority on our stockpiles of men and munitions that other more strategic areas demanded. The Northern Pacific forces, always inadequately armed, had even to pare off strength from that little to bolster other dangerously pressed theaters. Consequently, the Alaskan force had to reap satisfaction for the insult of enemy squatters on American territory by the rather vicarious means of air raids.

So all hands yearned for the day when America in strength would invade, and all hands loudly doubted that the day would ever come. "We're just something somebody forgot on the back shelf of the icebox," they would grumble.

The Alaskan Theater was not a forgotten theater. Admiral Nimitz, in his headquarters at Pearl Harbor, disliked as much as anyone the fact that Japanese were on American territory; for however unattractive the volcanic islands were, they were still American. And as soon as the self-styled progeny of the sun-goddess had set up their tents in the fog-bound muskeg, he gave orders that plans be prepared for their reduction and occupation.

And, as has been mentioned, one result was tremendous activity in California.

Our first objective would apparently be Kiska. Not only was it the most advanced threat to the eastern Aleutians and to the Alaskan mainland, but it provided better potential air facilities and a more satisfactory harbor.

Early in January, 1943, Admiral Nimitz sent to Rear Admiral Francis W. Rockwell, Commander Amphibious Force Pacific Fleet, and Rear Admiral Kinkaid, Commander North Pacific, a plan that had been developed jointly with Lieutenant General John L. DeWitt, Commanding General Western Defense Command, which provided for training a force for the assault upon and occupation of Kiska. Army forces were to include the 7th Infantry Division plus the 184th Infantry Regiment, the 507th AA Regiment, and part of the Alaska garrison force. The training staff, transports, and landing craft were to come from Admiral Rockwell. Support ships were to be provided for by CINCPAC, since Admiral Kinkaid had only a few cruisers and destroyers. Training in the United States proper was to be conducted under the supervision of Admiral Rockwell and General DeWitt at Fort Ord, California, while the Alaskan units, though indirectly under the same control, were actually to be trained by Admiral Kinkaid and Major General Simon B. Buckner, Commanding General Alaska Defense Command. The four commanders were to form a joint staff for training and for the conduct of the operation itself.

Training was started at Fort Ord under a faculty of Marine officers whose corps had invented amphibious warfare. By the end of January, Admiral Rockwell reported to CINCPAC that, although the infantry division was not yet up to strength, it would be ready by May 1 if there would be available ships.

But ships were the problem! By February all the training cargo ships and all but two training attack transports were transferred, being needed immediately for combat elsewhere.

Still training went on, as best it could.

In Alaska, amphibious exercises were having difficulty too. No proper equipment was on hand, nor could a sufficient number of officer instructors be detached for duty in the North. It was suggested that key personnel be sent from Alaska to Fort Ord for training, but the Army proved unable to act on this recommendation.

The first actual landing exercises were held in California between February 21 and March 9, using the two remaining APAs, J. FRANKLIN BELL and HARRIS. Combat loading, embarkation, debarkation, ship-to-shore movements, rubber boat training and boat-gun firing were stressed.

Two more APAs, ZEILIN and HEYWOOD, were then added to the two already on hand. With these four ships and the transport PRESIDENT FILLMORE, further exercises were held between March 10 and 27. A daylight landing on San Clements Island was included, with actual gunfire support by the battleships IDAHO, NEVADA and PENNSYLVANIA and the destroyers ABNER READ, MACDONOUGH and PHELPS. Carrier Aircraft Composite Squadrons 13 and 20 dropped live bombs and strafed with live ammunition. After the troops were re-embarked, the combatant vessels engaged in a series of gunnery exercises in which fire was delivered as directed by shore fire control parties.

The shortage of troop equipment and the lack of AKAs—cargo ships—unfortunately prevented full-scale loading for the exercises. It was difficult, therefore, to indoctrinate properly the shore parties attached to the regimental landing groups. The air squadrons used were not those which were to support the landing, since these were already in the area and already carrying out strikes from Amchitka. Consequently, the air forces in Alaska received no training in amphibious operations or in direct support of ground troops.

The shortage of equipment and shipping was such that, on March 3, Admiral Kinkaid recommended that the Kiska operation be tabled for the time being, and that an attack on Attu be substituted, the reasons given being that Attu was not so heavily defended and therefore could be taken more easily by the forces under his command. The near-by island of Shemya, with its more favorable terrain and weather, could be the site for the airfield. Major General Buckner concurred in general with this suggestion.

As a result, Admiral Nimitz told Admiral Rockwell to plan an operation against Attu. The joint staff discontinued work on the Kiska plan and began a study of the new objective. Training continued under the supervision of Admiral Rockwell, while Admiral Kinkaid was designated to command the operation as a whole. On March 11, CINCPAC made the following surface forces available for the assault, support, and covering operations: three battleships, three heavy cruisers, three over-age light cruisers, one escort carrier, nineteen destroyers, tenders, oilers, mine-

sweepers, and four attack transports. No attack-cargo ships could be assigned without taking them from the South Pacific, but eventually one transport, *PERIDA*, accompanied the force, carrying one LCM(3) and ten LCVs.

On the first of April, Admiral Nimitz and General DeWitt issued the following joint directive:

The objective is the reduction and occupation of Attu and the occupation of the most suitable airfield site in the Near Islands at the earliest practicable date. The purpose is to sever enemy lines of communication to the Western Aleutians, to deny the Near Islands to the enemy, and to construct an airfield thereon for air operations; to render Kiska untenable and to create a base of operations for possible future reduction and occupation of Kiska. The first task is to reduce and occupy the most suitable airfield site in the Near Islands and build an airfield thereon. [Admiral Kinkaid] is in supreme command. [Rear Admiral Rockwell] is to operate under [the supreme commander] and command amphibious operations until landing phase completed.

The Army commander is Commanding General 7th Division [Major General A. E. Brown]. . . . Army forces, assault, reserve, and initial occupation troops as follows: Assault on Attu, 7th Division Combat Team, consisting 17th Infantry, one battalion field artillery, one battalion engineers for shore parties, one battery AA automatic weapons, three detachments 75th Special Signal Company, one company 7th Division Organic Combat Engineers, one medical collecting company, 7th Division. One platoon 7th Division Medical Clearing Company, Detachment Headquarters, 7th Division Battalion, detachment 7th Division Quartermaster Battalion, detachment 7th Division Organic Signal Company. For the initial occupation of the selected site in the Near Islands, 18th Combat Engineers from Adak, 4th Infantry Composite Regiment from Adak. The floating reserve is one regimental combat team consisting of the 32nd Infantry with reinforcements similar to those for the 17th Infantry indicated above. The garrisons for Attu and the selected site in the Near Islands are to be designated by the Commanding General Western Defense Command, and are to include 17th Infantry Combat Team, 32nd Infantry Combat Team, 78th CAAA and 2nd Battalion 51st CAAA. The target date is May 7th, 1943. Command of occupied areas will revert to the Army when senior Army Officer Near Islands informs [Admiral Kinkaid] that Army is ready to take over.

Target date, May 7. Target, Attu!

2

For seven days the convoy rolled and pitched northward. As the ships dropped their hooks in Cold Bay, many a soldier—and sailor too—remembered what this day must be like in his home in the States. There it was spring; crocus, appleblossoms and the first clear call of the ice-cream vendor! What was it here? There was no similarity to any season like this at home. Wind, fog, snow, drizzle, more fog . . .

They were to see worse.

More training was mandatory, especially in debarkation and landing. Then the force would sail on the 3rd.

But the weather, interrupting the training—driving the troops below-decks and boats and crews to cover, and grounding the light-riding-oiler *NECHES*—postponed the sailing one day.

D-day would now be May 8.

At a staff meeting, Admiral Rockwell conferred with two veteran Alaskan pilots, Lieutenant Commander C. E. ("Squeaky") Anderson (a veteran seagoing trader and trapper expeditiously sworn into the Reserve) and Lieutenant N. J. Benson, of similar peacetime career. Before them was a chart showing the track of a survey ship *QUAIL* across Massacre Bay. The Admiral asked the pilots to show; from their experience, where foul ground was.

Anderson took a pencil in his hand and began to scratch along the northern shore of the bay. He explained in his best English, with Scandinavian intonation: "I started in here once to get blue fox, but I saw breakers, and decided to come out again."

Benson said about the same thing, although he had felt his way into the bay and out again, skirting the narrow passage on the western shore.

When the pair finished their marking, Admiral Rockwell looked at his operation plan with amazement and consternation. The pilots had scratched out everything but a narrow strip of open water where they knew the *QUAIL* in 1934 had sailed in and out safely, plus a pencil-wide passage on the west. The *NEVADA*'s fire support area was completely obliterated, she would have to move farther offshore. The Massacre Bay landing would be attempted if possible; however, it looked as though the landing at Red Beach to the north of Holtz Bay would be the important one.

Nature seemed in conspiracy to delay the operation. Shortly after midnight on May 3, a 36-foot landing barge broke its moorings alongside the PENNSYLVANIA. Wind and sea made salvage impossible.

The bulky operation plan, with page after page of orders, last-minute changes, and detailed directions, was almost lost to the storm. It was the responsibility of the flag staff to distribute copies of this mimeographed tome to all ships of the assault group. The landing barges, reserved for the task of distribution, could not be risked against the running sea. Finally, a tug from the Cold Bay Section Base, manned by a crew of Aleutian veterans and three Navy ensigns as officer guards, was called to the flagship. She was loaded with the top-secret cargo. In a blinding snowstorm, the tug bumbled from ship to ship, dropping off copies of the precious operation plan.

At 7:30 A.M. on May 4, the transports followed PENNSYLVANIA, IDAHO and NEVADA out through the pass to the open sea. The wind was abating. The invasion force was under way.¹

3

The convoy crept through the fog-shrouded waters between Cold Bay and Attu without once seeing land. The navigators pored endlessly over their charts, secretly praying that not too much change had occurred in the calculated speeds of the engines since the last "measured mile." For not once could the sun or the stars be seen for a navigational fix. The whole trip was made by dead reckoning.

¹ Admiral Rockwell's attack force consisted of three battleships under Rear Admiral Howard F. Kingman: PENNSYLVANIA (Capt. William A. Corn), IDAHO (Capt. Horace D. Clarke), NEVADA (Capt. William A. Kitts, III); a small carrier: NASSAU (Capt. Austin K. Doyle); twelve destroyers under Capt. Ruthven E. Libby: ABNER READ (Comdr. Thomas Burrowes), AMMEN (Lt. Comdr. Henry Williams, Jr.), AYLWIN (Lt. Comdr. Ray E. Malpass), DALE (Lt. Comdr. Charles W. Aldrich), DEWEY (Lt. Comdr. Joseph P. Canty), EDWARDS (Lt. Comdr. Paul G. Osler), FARRAGUT (Comdr. Henry D. Rozendal), HULL (Lt. Comdr. Andrew L. Young, Jr.), MACDONOUGH (Lt. Comdr. Erle V. E. Dennett), MEADE (Comdr. Raymond S. Lamb), MONAGHAN (Lt. Comdr. Peter H. Horn), PHELPS (Lt. Comdr. John E. Edwards); four transports under Capt. Pat Buchanan: J. FRANKLIN BELL (Comdr. John B. McGovern), HARRIS (Comdr. Albert M. Van Eaton), HEYWOOD (Capt. Herbert B. Knowles), KANE (Lt. Comdr. Freeman D. Miller); two seaplane tenders: CASCO (Comdr. Willis E. Cleaves), WILLIAMSON (Lt. James A. Pridmore); five minesweepers commanded by Lt. Comdr. Bernhart A. Fuetsch; CHANDLER (Lt. Comdr. Harry L. Thompson), ELLIOTT (Lt. Comdr. Henry Mullins, Jr.), LONG (Lt. Comdr. Paul R. Heerbrandt), PRUITT (Lt. Comdr. Richard C. Williams, Jr.); SIGARD (Lt. Comdr. William J. Richter).

Reports came to the flagship from scouting PBVs and submarines. "Weather is bad off Attu. . . . High surf."

D-day was changed to May 9.

The convoy steamed in circles, waiting for a break in the weather.

On the western approaches to the island steamed the twin forces of Admiral Kinkaid's task group,¹ on the lookout for Japanese warships.

According to plan, these groups would converge at point "Yellow" 100 miles north of Attu, on D-day minus 1, to protect the vulnerable transports on their final run to the beach.

On May 7, when the transports were plowing along through spindrift driven up by 40 knots of wind, an alarm was sounded by Admiral Giffen's force. An important enemy convoy, protected by a strong naval force, was reported approaching the Aleutians from the west.

Three battleships, PENNSYLVANIA, IDAHO and NEVADA, with a brood of destroyers, HULL, AYLWIN, LONG and MACDONOUGH, were ordered to join the screening force to the westward "to seek out and engage the enemy." Captain Buchanan with his transports steamed eastward to keep out of the fracas.

But battle was never joined. Behind the curtain of weather, the Japanese thought better of it, and turned back.

D-day was postponed by weather again.

The presence of enemy forces, no matter how wraithlike, underlined the urgency of the American situation. The ships were running short of fuel, which with other considerations made it imperative that the landing be attempted despite fog. A rendezvous between the detached force and the transports was set for May 10.

The meeting was made in fog so dense that the bows of a ship were obscured from the bridge. Visibility, zero; sea, oily smooth. Transports and warships began to group into northern and southern units for the approach on Attu. On the bridge of the flagship PENNSYLVANIA two

¹ The Southern Covering Group, under Rear Admiral Charles H. McMorris consisted of three light cruisers: DETROIT (Capt. Ellis H. Geiselman), RICHMOND (Capt. Theodore M. Waldschmidt), SANTA FE (Capt. Russell S. Berkey); and five destroyers: BANCROFT (Comdr. John L. Melgaard), CALDWELL (Lt. Comdr. Horatio A. Lincoln), COGLAN (Comdr. Benjamin F. Tompkins), FRAZIER (Lt. Comdr. Frank Virden), GANSEVOORT (Lt. Comdr. Montgomery L. McCullough, Jr.).

The Northern Covering Group under Rear Admiral Robert C. Giffen was composed of three heavy cruisers: LOUISVILLE (Capt. Charles T. Joy), SAN FRANCISCO (Capt. Albert F. France) and WICHITA (Capt. John J. Mahoney); and four destroyers: BALCH (Comdr. Harold H. Tiemroth), HUGHES (Lt. Comdr. Herbert H. Marable), MORRIS (Lt. Comdr. Edward S. Burns), and MUSTIN (Lt. Comdr. Earl T. Schreiber).

men stood looking through the gray denseness, each deep in his own thoughts. One was the Admiral's flag secretary, Lieutenant Champlin; the other, Lieutenant Commander Squeaky Anderson, ex-pilot and fisherman of Aleutian waters.

Each was scarcely aware of the other. It was cold, and Champlin began to pace up and down to keep warm. Then he stopped. Anderson had said something, sounded like "Democracy's a great thing."

"What did you say?" Champlin asked.

He had heard aright: "Democracy's a great thing."

"Why?"

Squeaky caressed the gold stripes on his blue coat sleeve. He smiled. "A year ago," he said slowly, the Scandinavian burr accenting the consonants, "I was being chased by the Coast Guard for stealing fish." He pointed. "Right over there. And now—I'm wearing these. Democracy's a great thing."

D-day was set for May 11.

4

The KANE, her convoy radio out, had to come within hailing distance to get the final word on the assault by megaphone off the PENNSYLVANIA's bridge.

"H-hour 1040; H-hour one zero four zero tomorrow."

Somewhere in this fog world, the destroyer MACDONOUGH was steaming, Captain Dennett intent on gaining his position in the southern assault force, the watches alert against the possibility of collision. The transports HEYWOOD, ZEILIN, HARRIS and PERIDA formed the kernel of the southern group, screened by NEVADA, her destroyers, the destroyer-minesweeper LONG and the seaplane tender CASCO.

The transport J. FRANKLIN BELL was the center of the northern force, with the destroyer-minesweeper SICARD screening for the BELL. The PENNSYLVANIA and NASSAU rode on the formation's flanks. The SICARD was feeling out her position.

The SICARD was trailing astern of the transport and the flagship. She came bounding forward in the murk, trying to gain her place at the right flank. The MACDONOUGH was sheering to the left of the transport group. The fog had the consistency of heavy smoke.

A lookout shouted, but before his alarm could be acted upon, the

ship was upon them. With a ripping crash SICARD'S bow cut into MACDONOUGH just aft of her torpedo tubes.

In the confusion of the accident the cries and shouts of men rose in the fog. The SICARD backed down hard and broke her bow away from the MACDONOUGH, which was already settling as the water poured into her ruptured hull.

Lieutenant Commander Richter maneuvered his ship alongside. There was an exchange of hurried conversation over the megaphone from one bridge to the other. Then the SICARD threw over lines and rigged towing gear on the damaged MACDONOUGH.

The collision delayed the formation of the two transport units for two hours. The SICARD and MACDONOUGH started on their slow trip back to Adak—two valuable ships lost to the endeavor. The SICARD was to have been boat-control ship in the Holtz Bay area; the MACDONOUGH was to have given fire support off Massacre Bay.

At last the two sections of the force felt their way through the fog toward Attu. Nearer the island two lean, gray shapes cut through the oily waters on an independent but correlated mission. They had done this sort of thing before, but not under such adverse conditions nor in this part of the world.

They were the submarines NAUTILUS and NARWHAL. As in the chapter on the raid against Makin, their pressure hulls held troops. Each carried a detachment of the 7th Scout Company. The submarines' mission was to set the scouts ashore at a place called Blind Cove, designated for the operation as Scarlet Beach. This narrow sea mouth of a ravine was flanked by the high walls of Attu's highest mountains, lying between the cove and Holtz Bay.

At ten minutes past five in the morning the scouts were landed, to be followed later by a reconnaissance troop from the KANE. Another group of scouts four hours later disembarked from the PHELPS and headed their landing craft in toward Beach Red.

No Japs were encountered.

Colonel Yasuyo Yamazaki on Attu had been expecting an attack. Sometime before the convoy reached Cold Bay, a Japanese submarine thrust its periscope up through the surface of the ocean and caught a glimpse of the ships heading north. The sub told Tokyo. Tokyo told Kiska. Kiska told Attu. Colonel Yamazaki ordered his beach defenses manned.

For six days the Japanese on Attu stood by their machine guns. The weather was bad, so bad it seemed impossible that even the foolish Americans would attempt to land. Such fog! Six days is a long time to keep men on the alert. On May 9, two days after the Americans had originally planned to attack, the colonel decided that the alarm was false. He recalled his men to the garrison at Holtz Bay.

Weather plays no favorites in the Aleutians. It had covered the Japanese attack eleven months before; now it was covering the American approach to Attu.

And the Americans would land. But when? The men standing by to make the assault asked themselves and each other. When? H-hour is delayed. . . . H-hour is postponed. . . . When would it really come?

The Southern Group had zero visibility for their landing. "Request delay . . ." "Granted . . ." So it went.

Major General Brown, the landing force commander, was waiting for word from the scouts as to which beach—Scarlet or Red—was the more feasible. Then came the decision. The place would be Beach Red; the time 1450—ten minutes of three.

H-hour on the northern front would be one hour earlier than the landing on the southern shore.

The initial surprise would thus come from the north and draw Japanese strength away from Massacre Bay. Perhaps the scouts from the submarines already had reached Japanese outposts at the head of Holtz Valley. But Colonel Eareckson, circling in an Army bomber, dispelled that notion.

The scouts had taken a wrong turn in a fog-blinded canyon and were forced to backtrack out of the cul-de-sac. They would be late. (The scouts would pay dearly for taking the wrong turn. It would keep them on the mountain overnight when they should be striking the Japs in the upper valley.)

At H-hour, Combat Team 17-1 went ashore on Beach Red. The boats, churning a frothy circle on the lee quarter of the *BELL*, were loaded as rapidly as the men could clamber awkwardly down the landing nets over the ship's side. The destroyer *PHELPS* took charge of the landing barges, herded them into the semblance of a column and led the way toward the narrow beach. Three times she led the way through the fog, then spent a half hour collecting empty barges that had lost their way

back to the transport area. She found twenty-six of them, before spending the rest of the night in leading other waves in.

Because of the atrocious visibility, no direct gunfire support of these landings was possible for fear of hitting boats and troops. The PENNSYLVANIA and IDAHO, however, began a bombardment of Chichagof at 3:15 to neutralize enemy batteries. Firing by radar, the big guns of the battle-wagons boomed through the fog for an hour.

Across the island to the south, the main landings at Massacre Bay were in difficulty, for there, too, the fog lay deep and thick. Small boats circled their mother ships endlessly, waiting to load or, having loaded, awaiting the signal to form up for the run to the beach. One group missed its ship and was lost to seaward for two hours. The destroyer-minesweeper PRUITT, a searchlight trained on her wake, collected a bevy of small craft like a mother duck and started leading them through the gloom toward Yellow and Blue beaches. It was anxious work for her skipper, Lieutenant Commander Williams—his ship had no radar; his uneasy journey through the inadequately charted waters depended on warning from the DEWEY, which watched with her radar.

The first rolling boom of the battlewagons' guns was reverberating through the hills of Attu when the PRUITT dropped her anchor and sent the first wave in on its own. Fifteen minutes later the second wave of thirteen LCPs chugged out of sight into the fog, and at ten minutes to four the third wave of ten LCPs were following.

By a quarter to six Captain Buchanan reported from the ZEILIN that six waves of men had landed at Beach Blue, three at Beach Yellow, and one at Beach Rainbow. An estimated 1,500 armed men were in Massacre Valley, pushing cautiously forward. Advance patrols were a mile from the shore.

There were still no Japs.

On his flagship, Admiral Rockwell's eyes were alight with a grim kind of pleasure. Beside him was his aide, Lieutenant Champlin, who had been with him at the Cavite Naval Base in the Philippines seventeen months before.

"A lot different from Cavite, eh, Champ?" he said.

And so it was. At Cavite the Admiral and his staff, and for that matter all America, had been at the wrong end of the gun barrel.

In the early evening twilight, the American infantrymen got their first taste of Japanese mortar fire north of Holtz Bay. At first no one

quite knew what the throaty detonations were, as the hoarse echo rolled back through the rocky hills. The Japs had no real target in the fog, but the Americans heard the sound effects, and they knew what to expect.

Scouting parties reported a few minutes later to the northern command post that they had reached the crest of a high ridge a little more than two miles above the head of Holtz Bay, and on a tableland north of this ridge the main body of American troops were told to dig in for the night. They curled up in foxholes in the soggy Aleutian earth.

5

The week that it took to complete the landings on Attu will never be forgotten by the men who did it. Nature even sided with the Japs, for besides maintaining a fog that made air support and naval bombardment difficult and at times impossible, dampness became a major enemy. Fighting at times waist deep in the slushy muskeg, lying exhausted in foxholes into which water continually seeped, another and as successful a cause for casualties as any Jap bullet weakened their strength: trench foot.

The cold was a part of the mosaic of misery. Attempts to supply the forward troops by planes were often unsuccessful. One B-24 made a valiant attempt to get through the fog on the fourth day with food for the beleaguered scouts and reconnaissance troops, but crashed into the side of a mountain.

The Navy supported the torturous advance by shore bombardment, directed by fire control parties ashore and from spotting planes that wove through the atmospheric thickness above the Japanese positions.

But it was tough going. On May 14 the routine report came from Massacre Bay: troops were still pinned down under the net of Jap machine guns and mortar fire at the valley head leading into the Holtz Bay pass, and on the ridges seaward of the pass to Sarana Valley.

Prompt action was needed to secure Attu, for it was logical, Admiral Kinkaid pointed out, that the Japanese would have organized a strong naval force for counteraction. General Brown was asked for a survey of the situation that would justify bringing in more troops. The 11,000 men on the island were part of six battalions. Three of them were stalemated in the Massacre valleys before the Holtz Bay and Sarana passes; three northern battalions were inching desperately forward on the northern slopes of Holtz Bay.

General Brown said that any attempt to force the key enemy positions on the southern front by frontal attack would cause casualties far in excess of the price paid by the Japs. Instead the Americans had to work around their enemy through the rough, treacherous badland of rock and ridge. From above, the Japs could be blasted out by grenade and small arms fire. It was slow painful work.

Neither naval gunfire nor the half-mired American artillery could budge the Japs. If the three battalions stormed the passes and won—if they won—then it was probable that they would be so weakened that the Japs could successfully counterattack. The supplies piling up along the beach made the holding of Massacre Valley vital to the campaign.

The northern front was hardly more encouraging. Troops could still move forward under a naval barrage, as they had on Hill X, and around on inshore ridges. But the smaller three battalions were also held in the exposed hills without adequate food or shelter, fighting the entrenched and well-equipped Japanese.

General Brown asked that reinforcements be sent from Adak, saying that they might make all the difference between success and failure of the operation. Admiral Rockwell added to this a request for tugs, barges and LCTs which could be used for moving troops and equipment from Massacre to Holtz Bay, or from one part of the coast to another.

The amphibious operation, that of landing troops, was successfully completed. By late afternoon on the 14th the transports HEYWOOD, ZEILIN and HARRIS would be riding high, their holds empty. The BELL might take a little longer because her boats could land only two at a time under Jap fire. The next day her unloading was even more delayed by a submarine attack. Four torpedoes were fired as the BELL got under way and went out to sea, while the destroyers attempted without success to sink the marauder.

On the morning of May 15, the magazines of the PENNSYLVANIA were almost empty of bombardment ammunition and the PHELPS had only a minimum of shells left for her 5-inch main batteries; the problems of logistics were coming more and more to the forefront of the problems confronting Admiral Turner. So at a few minutes after two in the afternoon, a conference was held aboard the flagship between the Admiral and General Brown.

At the meeting, General Brown reiterated his requests for reinforcements and showed captured enemy documents that showed the entrenched

Japanese numbered between 2,000 and 2,500 men. This information and other details of the conference were immediately relayed to Admiral Kin-kaid, Rockwell adding that BELL, HARRIS and ZEILIN could be sent the following day to Adak to load troops if he was so directed.

General Brown had been brought to the conference by the DEWEY. He had just re-embarked with Lieutenant Commander Squeaky Anderson—who was to take charge of the Navy shore parties—for the return trip to shore when encouraging word came from the northern forces. In midafternoon the troops at the valley stream had pressed forward. They were reported halfway across the West Arm basin. By six o'clock that evening they had crossed two thirds of the valley. On the southern front slow progress was reported by troops working into the Massacre-Holtz Bay pass.

It was luck as much as anything else that brought a flight of P-38s over Attu at the exact moment that the fog thinned out in Holtz Bay. The twin-tailed Lightnings plummeted down through the hole in the fog to spew tracers across the surprised Japanese.

The advancing line of Americans had pegged out orange bunting on the soggy tundra to mark their front. The P-38s flashed up and down, twisting and turning to keep the Japs in their sights. Then the planes pulled up abruptly and disappeared into the mists.

"A wonderful job . . . a wonderful job! . . ." ecstatically reported the air control officer.

The Japanese left snipers to bar the way of the Holtz Bay advance. The commander of the northern forces requested more air support to cover the advance in the morning.

Much of the information concerning the battles was relayed to the flagship and Admiral Rockwell by young, "front-line" naval officers working under Lieutenant Hauck as director of air liaison. When weather permitted, they guided planes to their bombing and strafing targets. At other times, because of their faster, more dependable radio communications, they were constantly relaying urgent messages from others whose transmitters had been silenced by Aleutian fog and dampness.

Ensign Robert E. Quick was always in the front lines at Holtz Bay. He found himself too frequently drawing sniper fire, and soon discovered why. The red wand of his vertical antenna, painted crimson by the manufacturer, drew bullets from the Jap rifles like a magnet. The "condition was corrected," and in a matter of a few minutes.

The next day, D plus five, or May 16, the air liaison officers reported ceilings from 400 to 800 feet. Underneath the canopy of fog they could see all the way down to the bay, where the empty transports tugged at their anchor chains.

On the beach, Lieutenant Commander Anderson had his problems with the landing barges. Squeaky found that too many of the crews of these boats were AWOL—absent without leave, moreover, in enemy country. "Let's go get ourselves a Jap," coxswains, bowhooks (seamen in charge of the bow) and motor machinists' mates had said, and then lit out for the front lines. Many of these "deserters" were later found fighting with the infantry.

The officers in charge of these boats were young ensigns from the transports, each commanding a covey of six small boats. Squeaky held them accountable for the hegras, and on one of them he vented full wrath in his mixture of English and Scandinavian. Speech was almost inadequate, and Squeaky stalked away. Then he turned

"Young man," he stormed again, shaking an angry finger, "I would court-martial you—yes, sir; if I only knew how!"

Across the water, northeast of Attu, the carrier *NASSAU* launched three flights of planes; the Army had asked for air support in the Holtz Bay area.

At eight o'clock the first of them arrived. They zoomed below the overcast, darted around the valley of the East Arm, working over the troublesome gun emplacements and dugouts with long fingers of tracer fire, their bombs exploding with dull, thudding roars against the rocks and muskeg.

By midmorning the *NASSAU* pilots could see the orange dash of color, showing the limit of the American advance, splotching the tundra at the extreme south of the East Arm. The valley was being slowly won. Anti-aircraft fire from the Jap guns on the now isolated tongue of rock in the bay lessened.

Later in the day the *ABNER READ* shelled about 150 yards ahead of the American front, moving its salvos to the left as the infantrymen advanced. The Army said troops themselves were the most enthusiastic advocates of naval bombardment and they kept asking their officers to arrange more of it.

Two flights of P-38s flew low out of the foggy sky. Three groups of bombers were prevented by weather from making their drops.

And reinforcements were coming. By the evening of the 18th, the 4th Infantry from Adak would be landing from the *ST. MIHIEL* to add fresh strength to the weary veterans on Attu. They would be most welcome, for Major General Eugene Landrum, who was now in charge of the landing force, badly needed them for the final stages of the campaign.

The troops advanced steadily through the next day. By nine o'clock in the evening, aided by bombardment from the *PHELPS*, they had driven the enemy from the East Arm, and by the morning of the 18th the Japs had been cleared from the rest of Holtz Bay, and contact had been made between the northern and southern sections of the landing force.

The amphibious phase of the Battle of Attu was coming to a close. At half past four in the afternoon, Admiral Kinkaid informed Admiral Rockwell that when the *ST. MIHIEL* arrived at Massacre Bay the landing force would become the Attu Occupation Force. Eleven thousand troops had been landed with their equipment, with the loss of four men drowned off the Massacre shore; the waters had been filled with danger, yet not a ship had been lost; the Navy had completed the heaviest shore bombardment in history, placing its shells exactly where the Army wanted them, on specific pin-point targets.

The Navy's job was done. It was now up to the Army to consolidate the gains and secure Attu. At ten o'clock on the night of May 18, the Army took over, and leaving the *AYLWIN*, *MEADE* and *PHELPS* as gunfire support, Admiral Rockwell took his shell- and fuel-depleted ships back to Adak.

6

Attu was not recaptured until the 31st. After the departure of the main naval support force, the American troops, now a single unit, pressed forward against the Japs on two sides: the southern slope of the East Arm, Holtz Bay, and through Clevesy Pass into the Sarana Valley.

Point Able blocked the Americans at Clevesy Pass. It had been well prepared by the Japanese. Our men worked painfully up the slopes through the fog, in patrols, coming at the Japs from two sides. The enemy trenches were thoroughly worked over with mortar fire to silence their machine guns. In the night high-pitched screams would pierce the Aleutian darkness:

"We'll kill you, American dogs . . .

In three days the grim task was done and the Japs at Point Able eliminated.

Cold Mountain was the next barrier. It rose as a natural fortress on the left side of Clevesy Pass, dominating the inland approaches to Sarana Valley. It was the same sort of grisly labor, blowing out the Japanese from their foxholes and rock pockets in small groups. To the north, our troops worked uphill toward the top of Pendergast Ridge, out of East Arm.

In the Sarana Valley, a rough promontory of rock dominated the American right flank. Here on Sarana Nose, the Japanese were once more entrenched. Every available weapon of the infantry was turned on the Nose in concentrated barrage. The Japs were shock-happy when the Americans stormed their positions. Within hours the whole of the commanding position was held by our infantry.

While the infantry was shelling Sarana Nose, another group of Americans on the left flank of the valley front engaged Japanese units in the fog over Pendergast Ridge. The mortars and howitzers on the Sarana floor were shifted north and trained on the slope. The Japs were flushed up from the rocks and the infantrymen picked them off with machine-gun and rifle fire. Finally they retreated over the ridge line toward Holtz Bay where their comrades were under attack from East Arm.

The afternoon of May 22 brought the only air attack on ships in Massacre Bay. The PHELPS and the gunboat CHARLESTON (Commander Gordon B. Sherwood) were patrolling off Massacre Bay when the first of the Japanese planes came into view, five miles away over the island. The flight broke up into sections and swung low as they cleared the mountains. They singled out the CHARLESTON and PHELPS, coming in fast and low.

The two ships spat hot lines of tracer fire at the oncoming planes. Lieutenant Commander Edwards swung the PHELPS hard to the right.

Reports differ on the number of planes and the number of torpedoes launched at the two vessels. One account says ten twin-engined bombers dropped a dozen torpedoes. Not one found its mark. Another witness counted eighteen planes.

A gunner on the PHELPS said he saw one torpedo explode just after the Jap pilot fired it. Another Jap plane flew through the swath of ack-ack and crashed in flames three miles away.

In passing, the bombers sprayed the fantail of the PHELPS with ma-

chine-gun fire. Then the formation reorganized and swung north. The planes later were observed over Chichagof Harbor, where they dropped packages to the besieged Japanese garrison.

On the next day, Army Lightnings were on patrol when the Japs arrived. They intercepted sixteen twin-engined Jap Batties en route to Attu and engaged them. Five of the enemy were seen to crash, another seven were reported smoking and losing altitude when they disappeared into the haze. Four were believed to have escaped.

The sky battle cost two American planes.

Radio Tokyo commented on this Aleutian episode: "All our planes returned safely."

After the conquest of Pendergast Ridge, the American force faced a new Japanese line that extended from the jagged crescent of peaks on the Holtz-Chichagof shoulder, south over the escarpment into the upper Sarana Valley to Lake Cories. The strongest point of the line was in the mountains, where the Japs dug into the snow and rock and held on tenaciously, driving off all American attempts. Any drive toward Lake Cories on the valley floor would bring the infantrymen under the Jap guns along the northern cliffs.

The Americans closed with the Jap mountain line and held on for two days despite sniper fire from by-passed Japs. A small field piece dragged up from Holtz Basin supported these gains. A costly American attack was finally launched on the northern ridge to establish the troops of the Holtz Bay front in the commanding, rock-guarded ridgetop above Chichagof Harbor.

On the valley floor, the Americans advanced on both sides of Lake Cories, and followed their artillery barrage with an attack on Buffalo Ridge, where the Jap line crossed the bottomlands. After seventeen long days and nights of battle, the Americans faced this compressed enemy line by May 28.

It should have been the eve of victory. General Landrum decided to commit all his troops to the assault he planned for the morning of the 29th.

But Colonel Yasuyo Yamazaki still had a few more hours as a free agent. He decided otherwise.

There had been copious supplies of sake in Chichagof. The cornered Japanese used it, and built up a common, mad hysteria.

They had been driven back into the hills by superior forces. Their

food supplies were dwindling. The promise of help from Tokyo was never fulfilled. They could not surrender. They might fight on and die; they might attack and die.

Colonel Yamazaki gave his order.

Wild, hysterical screaming pierced the night along the shore of Lake Cories. The Japanese swarmed through the American outposts without bothering to advance by stealth. They poured like a horde of madmen in the morning twilight, striking down the infantrymen, killing Americans sleeping in the muddy foxholes.

The charge carried straight across the valley toward the pass into Massacre Bay. One group poured through a camp, destroying inanimate things as well as the living, slashing tents, breaking boxes, upsetting ammunition, jabbing at the bodies of men killed by their mad comrades in the lead. At food dumps, the Japs stopped and broke open canned goods, cramming food into their mouths.

They rampaged through a hospital tent, killing the wounded on the cots.

The Americans struggled to organize some kind of defense. Men with rifles could fire into the Jap ranks without diverting them. They ran on unheeding, screaming and shouting.

The impetus of the rush carried into the pass where the engineering and service units of the division were camped. These men of the 50th Engineers had some warning from the crackle of rifle fire across the valley. They formed a line of resistance at Point Able and poured fire into the surging, screaming, crazy Japanese charge.

The charge faltered. Some Japs raced berserk to within a mile of the Massacre Bay shore, but the rest, their hysteria quelled, bunched up and began taking cover at the pass. About fifty of them retreated into a draw on the slope of the mountain to the left. Another force of two officers and sixty men sought a pocket in the upper valley and stood off the Americans throughout the day. Others sifted aimlessly through the boulders, taking desultory sniping shots at passing infantrymen. And many in a final burst of emotion ended their charge by pulling the pin on a grenade and holding the bomb to throat or belly.

Americans, hardened to the slaying of war, were sickened by the Japanese debauchery of blood that ended in mass suicide. To Tokyo this banzai charge was "an heroic assault against the main body of American invaders with a determination to inflict a final blow on them and display

the true spirit of the Imperial Army. It is now estimated that the entire Japanese force preferred death to dishonor. . . . The sick and wounded Japanese soldiers killed themselves beforehand . . ."

Such was the true spirit of Bushido.

The Americans took an occasional prisoner as they cleaned up the devastated island. In all, 29 Japanese of an estimated 2,300 defenders on Attu decided to try life as prisoners of war. Some of them apologized as they yielded. Others, taken while unconscious, tried suicide when they regained possession of their strange minds.

Attu set the pattern for all later landings in the establishment of command relationships, naval gunfire support, aerial support, and the control and use of covering warships. It was the first operation for the recapture of American soil.

The operation disclosed certain traits of the enemy that were to be shown increasingly in later onslaughts against him in the Pacific. Colonel Yamazaki ordered the first banzai charge. His troops dug in as no soldiers had ever entrenched themselves, and fought from rock and earth until the end.

Americans now knew what to expect from the Japanese.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Occupation of Kiska

I

THE capture of Attu and the establishment of airfields there and on the neighboring island of Shemya tightened the noose around the heavily fortified Japanese garrison on Kiska. Air reconnaissance and intelligence showed that the enemy was even better prepared to stand off an attack than Attu had been, and there was no reason for thinking that Brigadier General Mineki would not fight to the end as Yamazaki had done.

Attu had been good preparation for Kiska. Attu had been a tough fight; Kiska would probably be tougher, but the experience gained in May would be put to good use in August—for the Joint Chiefs of Staff wanted Kiska by the middle of that month.

They got it, but in a totally unexpected way.

The island of Kiska stretches out like a huge bat across the Aleutian barrier between the Bering Sea and the Pacific, a slightly asymmetrical bat flying southeast toward San Francisco, about to seize in its mouselike mouth the chunk of volcanic land known as Little Kiska.

The left paw of the bat, or North Head, curves in toward the neck to form Kiska Harbor; the right paw is the blunt promontory of Bukhti Point and the right wing curves around Vega Bay to the tip of Vega Point.

Between the blunted knob of Kiska volcano on the north and the marshy flatlands of Vega Point on the south, the island extends in a series of dun-colored hills, ridges, ravines, lakes and bog. Gertrude Cove on the Pacific side, where Jap ships had been caught and bombed, might make a good point of attack. But the sheltering cliffs looked like mandibles in which a complete landing force could be chewed up and destroyed by Japanese cross fire. Mutt and Jeff coves, just east of Gertrude, were thought to be mined.

For the navigator, Kiska was not readily accessible to any large group

of ships. Between Little Kiska and the nearest American base of Amchitka, the Aleutian barrier scraped the surface of the foggy sea with a series of islands, pinnacles and reefs. No one had ever recorded a north-south passage between Kiska and Amchitka. The water was not considered navigable. So any large force of ships would have to approach from above or below the Aleutian chain.

Admiral Rockwell's staff pondered over the map and charts. On the ragged Bering Sea side of the island they found two beaches, so narrow, rock-strewn and militarily unpromising that it was believed the Japs might have overlooked their significance. The southern beach was only a quarter of a mile wide, just enough to squeeze single waves of assault boats in upon the strand. This they christened "Quisling Cove."

The route toward the Jap stronghold at Kiska Harbor would lead American troops into the badlands. A midget army could stand them off, just as had been done in the passes at Attu. It was imperative that the Americans reach the bridge line first to strike the enemy from above.

On the northern wing of the island, a second possible gateway for assault was found on the low shore above Witchcraft Point in Bamboo Bay, most ironical place name on the map.

The first blow would be struck at Quisling Cove, where a regiment of Special Service Force troops would be landed in the darkness so that the ridge could be gained in secrecy. At dawn, when the southern forces would start coming ashore in Quisling Cove, the northern transport group would feint at the gun-studded shore line of Vega Bay near Gertrude Cove.

The Japanese had constructed a crisscross pattern of trenches on the hills overlooking Vega Bay. How pleased they would be to see the American assault boats preparing to beach under their guns.

But this northern force was scheduled to retire within a few hours, without ever coming within range of the shore batteries. It would remain offshore just long enough, it was hoped, to keep the main Jap strength away from Quisling Cove, on the opposite side of the island, and away from Kiska Harbor.

On D-day plus 1, the northern group would reappear off the weird rocks of Witchcraft Point and begin to set troops ashore. If the operation went according to plan, the bulk of the enemy would have been drawn south on the island 15 miles away, leaving Broad Beach on Bamboo Bay relatively unprotected.

The plan solved the problem of assault. The Japs would be kept off balance, answering alarms. At the same time D-day would be heralded in Kiska Harbor with a thunderous barrage from the guns of warships. Guns that from May 24 to August 15 were to throw six hundred tons of explosive in surface bombardment as a preparatory softening up, while planes in the same time were to drop a total of 1,310 tons from 1,581 sorties.

Admiral Rockwell would command the attack force, while Major General C. H. Corlett was to lead the landing force. Thomas C. Kinkaid, now a vice admiral, would be in supreme command.

This was the plan. Training of the troops was at once begun. Airfields hummed with the roar of planes on their bombing shuttle runs. Surface vessels loaded up with bombardment ammunition and started their Jap nerve-racking softening up.

But the Japs had plans too.

2

"We wondered about the apparent lack of activity," says Admiral Kinkaid, "and when the Kiska radio went off the air on July 27, we thought that a lucky bomb hit had probably demolished the station and our blockade had prevented them getting any replacements. It had gone off periodically before for repairs, but this time it didn't come on again. There was a possibility that the Japs had managed to evacuate, but nearly every reconnaissance plane we sent over the island reported back that there had been some antiaircraft fire at them."

The destruction and alterations of installation caused by the time bombs was readily interpreted as evidence of defensive preparations and the cumulative impression was bolstered at the eleventh hour by a report of Liberators which raided Paramushiro on August 12 that a considerable Japanese naval force was concentrated in the Kuriles. Our commanders were led to suspect that the enemy was not only ready and waiting but was going to make a serious effort to oppose our landing. Any doubts of enemy resistance were not compelling enough to result in advance reconnaissance of Kiska except from the air.

The landing was to proceed as scheduled.

The landing force consisted of 34,426 troops, 5,300 of whom were Canadian. Ships involved were three battleships, one heavy cruiser, one

light cruiser, nineteen destroyers, five attack transports, one attack-cargo vessel, ten transports, three cargo vessels, one fast transport, fourteen LSTs, nine LCI(L)s, nineteen LCT(5)s, two light minelayers, three fast minesweepers, two tugs, one harbor tug, and one surveying ship.¹ Twenty-four heavy bombers, 44 medium bombers, 28 dive bombers, 60 fighters, and 12 patrol bombers were the potential air strength.

August 15 was only a few hours old when the Special Service troops slid from the KANE and LST 461 into their rubber boats and paddled through the blackness for the beach on the southwestern wing of the island.

The invasion was on. At five o'clock the word was flashed back: "Landing accomplished, no opposition."

Captain Buchanan's Transport Group met its time schedule, reaching the waters off Kiska after steaming northeast through the night. The assault boats of the southern sector were loaded and formed into waves. They were on their way into the beach when the thunder of bombard-

¹ Task organization was as follows: *Attack Force Command Group* (Rear Admiral Rockwell)—one battleship, PENNSYLVANIA (Capt. William A. Corn); one destroyer, AMMEN (Lt. Comdr. Henry Williams, Jr.). *Support Group* (Rear Admiral Kingman)—two battleships, TENNESSEE (Capt. Robert S. Haggart), IDAHO (Capt. Horace D. Clarke); one heavy cruiser, PORTLAND (Capt. Arthur D. Burhans); one light cruiser, SANTA FE (Capt. Russell S. Berkey); six destroyers commanded by Capt. Ruthven E. Libby, ABNER READ (Comdr. Thomas Burrowes), BACHE (Comdr. Frank M. Adamson), BEALE (Comdr. Joe B. Cochran), BROWNSON (Comdr. Joseph B. Maher), HUTCHINS (Lt. Comdr. Edwin W. Herron), PHELPS (Lt. Comdr. John E. Edwards). *Transport Group* (Capt. Pat Buchanan)—five attack transports, ZEILIN (Comdr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick), DOYEN (Comdr. Paul F. Dugan), HARRIS (Comdr. Albert M. Van Eaton), HEYWOOD (Capt. Herbert B. Knowles), J. FRANKLIN BELL (Capt. John B. McGovern); one attack-cargo vessel, THUBAN (Comdr. James C. Campbell; two transports, ST. MIHIEL (Comdr. Edward B. Rogers), U. S. GRANT (Capt. Charles L. Hutton); one fast transport, KANE (Lt. Comdr. Freeman D. Miller); one LST; eight merchant ships used as transports, RICHARD MARCH HOE, GEORGE FLAVEL, PERIDA, CHIRIKOF, DAVID W. BRANCH, TJISADANE, PRESIDENT FILLMORE, HENRY FAILING; three merchant ships used as cargo vessels, SACAJAWEA, GEORGE W. JULIAN, JOSIAH D. WHITNEY; nine screening destroyers, FARRAGUT (Lt. Comdr. Edward F. Ferguson), AYLWIN (Lt. Comdr. Ray E. Malpass), MONAGHAN (Lt. Comdr. Peter H. Horn), DEWEY (Lt. Comdr. Joseph P. Canty), HULL (Lt. Comdr. Andrew L. Young, Jr.), DALE (Lt. Comdr. Charles W. Aldrich), BUSH (Lt. Comdr. Thurmond A. Smith), DALY (Comdr. Richard G. Visser), MULLANY (Comdr. Baron J. Mullaney); Control unit—two light minelayers, FRUITT (Lt. Comdr. Richard D. Williams), SIGARD (Lt. Comdr. William J. Richter); Survey unit—two tugs, CREE (Lt. Percy Bond), UTE (Lt. William F. Lewis); Survey unit—HYDROGRAPHER (Comdr. William M. Scaife, Jr.). *Landing Ship Group*—three destroyers, BANCROFT (Lt. Comdr. Ray M. Pitts), CALDWELL (Lt. Comdr. Horatio A. Lincoln), COGHLAN (Lt. Comdr. Benjamin B. Cheatham); 13 LSTs; 9 LCI(L)s; 19 LCT(5)s; one harbor tug, WOBAN. *Minesweeper Group*—three destroyer-minesweepers, CHANDLER (Lt. Comdr. Harry L. Thompson), LONG (Lt. Comdr. Paul F. Heerbrandt), PERRY (Lt. Comdr. Bernhart A. Fuetsch).

ment began rolling in the distance. The assault boats were one minute late. The first troops ran across the shadowy beach at 6:21.

No Japanese.

While the southern group was making its landing, the ships of the northern force made their feint into Vega Bay underneath the Jap guns on South Head. Motor torpedo boats with wood mockups along their gunwales, disguising them as landing barges, roared in through the fog, taunting the shore batteries. The transports pretended to load their landing craft.

No shell fire.

"The Japs have withdrawn to prepared positions and dug in on high ground," growled an officer.

"Just like Attu," another agreed.

By noon 3,000 heavily armed men had been carried ashore from the southern transports; they held a two-mile front across the hills behind Quisling Cove; four hours later, 6,500 had been landed, comprising the complete first-line assault companies of the southern force.

Still no Japanese.

At ten o'clock that night, the minesweepers chugged through the northern transport area, their gear ensuring that the water was clear for the transports coming up from the southern side of the island to enter and this time really disembark their troops. By 1:10 in the morning of D plus 1, men of the Special Service Force had landed, and by nine o'clock, 3,100 men were ashore.

Still no Japanese.

By noon Ranger Hill had been occupied; from there the whole north wing of the island could be controlled.

The bombardment of the main Japanese defenses around the harbor and on Little Kiska had been planned for a second day. It was done to keep the operation on the safe side, though only half the ammunition originally intended to be spent was fired.

Fog that had prevented flying on D-day also grounded all combat planes on August 16. At Kiska the ceiling was 300 feet. Amchitka, Attu and Shemya were fogged in.

Gertrude Cove, supposedly the enemy's most strongly held area, was reached by patrols at 4:00 P.M.

No Japs.

The Canadian troops had landed on the northern beaches, making

a total of 7,000 men in that sector. On the south, American and Canadian artillery had been emplaced and was ready to fire. Patrols began to find evidence of evacuation.

The trap had been sprung, but the prey escaped.

3

The High Command in Tokyo was worried. The fall of Attu had brought the Americans even closer to the home islands of Japan. On Kiska was a force of over 5,000 highly trained men, most of whom were natives of the northern islands and were by temperament—enhanced by months on fog-shrouded Kiska—admirably fitted for defensive duty in Northern Japan, toward which apparently the Americans were casting covetous eyes. It was indeed calamitous that they were now of little use, merely occupying a rocky volcanic island, waiting for Americans to attack or for Yankee blockade to starve them into slower, but just as permanent, extinction.

“Bushido, the code of the warrior . . . Death to the last man . . .” That was all very well; highly commendable, of course, but these men could be more valuable to the Emperor alive than as spirits hovering over family shrines.

“Orders came from Vice Admiral Shiro Kawase, then Commander Fifth Fleet, down through Rear Admiral Masatomi Kimura, then Commander First Destroyer Squadron, to me,” says Captain Rokuji Arichika, former chief of staff of the destroyer squadron, “to draw up plans for the evacuation of troops from Kiska. This plan had to be done to withdraw the troops by July. I was given the light cruisers *ABUKUMA*, *KISO*, *TAMA*; the Sixth Destroyer Division, *IKAZUCHI* and *INAZUMA*; the 21st Destroyer Division, *WAKABA* and *HATSUSHIMO*; the Ninth Destroyer Division, *ASAGUMO*, *USUGUMO* and *HIBIKI*; also the converted cruisers *ASAKA MARU* and *AWATA MARU*. These last two ships I decided were too slow for the operation, and also that the *TAMA* was too old and unreliable. I decided that there were not enough destroyers, and requested six more. As a result the following were assigned: the Tenth Destroyer Division, *YUGUMO*, *KAZEGUMO*, *AKIGUMO*; and an independent group of destroyers, *SHIMAKAZE*, *NAGANAMI* and *SAMIDARE*. At the same time the Sixth Destroyer Division was ordered back to Japan.

“On July 7, the *ABUKUMA* and *KISO* left Paramushiro with the Ninth,

Tenth, Twenty-first Destroyer Divisions, and the three independent destroyers, plus the tanker *NIHON MARU* which was being escorted by the coast defense ship *KUNAJIRI*.

"We went to a position about 200 miles southwest of Kiska where we stood by until July 16, when we returned to Paramushiro because the weather did not favor our evacuating the troops.

"The second time we left Paramushiro on July 22. We ran south southwest and then east to the 170th meridian. At five o'clock in the afternoon of July 26, the *KUNAJIRI* collided with the *ABUKUMA*. In the resulting confusion the *WAKABA* and *NAGANAMI* collided in the rear of the column. The *KUNAJIRI* returned to Japan at 9 knots in company with the *WAKABA*. The rest of us steamed directly to a point 15 miles from Cape St. Stephen where the *TAMA* left us and returned to Paramushiro. The remainder of the force, after getting a glimpse of Cape St. Stephen at about 10:00 A.M., July 29, ran on soundings about a mile offshore until we reached the indentation on the west coast of Kiska, when we headed for a point one mile offshore near Kiska volcano.

"When the *ABUKUMA* first sighted the north tip of Little Kiska Island, it was mistaken for an American cruiser, and four torpedoes were fired. Two of these exploded against the island and two against South Head.

"At twenty minutes to 2:00 P.M., all ships went in, anchoring at the inshore end of Kiska Harbor, except for *HIBIKI*, which took station off Little Kiska, and *SHIMAKAZE*, *NAGANAMI*, and *SAMIDARE*, which patrolled the entrance. The visibility inside the harbor was good.

"Fifty-one hundred personnel were taken aboard, 450 to each destroyer and 1,200 to each of the light cruisers. We were underway at 2:35 P.M., and proceeded from Kiska Harbor in two groups.

"At a point two miles south-by-east of Pillar Rock an American submarine surfaced at about 2,000 meters from *ABUKUMA*. A 45-degree turn away was immediately made, and the American submarine submerged. Course was resumed again, and the group proceeded at 28 knots to Paramushiro, arriving August 1. The first group arrived there the day before.

"The senior officer among the evacuated personnel was Rear Admiral Katsuzo Akiyama, the senior Army officer was Brigadier General Mineki. There was no one left ashore except for three dogs; however, timed explosions were left to detonate a few days later to give the impression

that troops were still present and going about the business of changing the defenses. . . ."

The Japs on Kiska, following the news of the capture on Attu, had been understandably low in spirits. "When they heard they were to evacuate," says another officer, "they became very happy."

Not every Jap liked to die for his Emperor.

4

On D-day plus 2, shortly after noon, Admiral Rockwell released the battleships TENNESSEE and IDAHO, with their screen, BROWNSON and HUTCHINS, and sent them back to Adak. At the same time an order was prepared to shift the landing operation from Quisling Cove and Bamboo Bay to Gertrude Cove and Kiska Harbor to relieve congestion.

Fog made the problem of exploring the island doubly difficult. Perhaps this was a trap. It was thought that perhaps the Japanese had retired to the distant heights of Kiska volcano, to stay within the crater until the Allies, lulled into security, would relax their guard.

The guard was kept nervously. No one valuing his life would prowls about after dark on unfamiliar trails. The report came back to the flagship that one Army unit had fired on another party of Americans, and several soldiers had been killed.

There were other casualties too. The ABNER READ, cruising slowly on antisubmarine patrol in the predawn darkness of the midwatch on August 18, came to the limit of her patrol line. The silence of her bridge was broken by the voice of the officer of the deck:

"Left standard rudder!"

"Left standard rudder, sir," repeated the helmsman. He swung the wheel, braking it gently with his fingers.

The destroyer began to slide around her turn.

The explosion came with terrifying suddenness. A hot, white flash, then the ship leaped up in the water. Flame, torn steel, water and the bodies of sleeping shipmates burst up in a single violent cascade. A mine had blown the READ's stern off.

The salvage tug UTE heard the distress call from the destroyer. The latter's damage control had functioned well, and in a short time the tug had her in tow and was heading toward Adak.

Commander Burrowes lost 61 men in the explosion, and 26 others were injured.

On Kiska there were still no Japs, so by noon on August 22, Admiral Kinkaid declared the amphibious phase of the Kiska operations complete. Admiral Rockwell had earlier detached a number of ships and sent them back to base; now he himself left for Adak aboard the PENNSYLVANIA.

With the departure of the Japanese from Kiska, the Aleutian campaign came to an end. There was no cessation of the arduous, unspectacular fight against the weather. That went on as usual. Bases still had to be completed and improved to carry the battle closer to the Japanese in the Kuriles.

The anticlimactic character of the invasion of Kiska by forces at last well prepared does not detract from the thorough success of the undertaking. As Admiral Kinkaid said, "We got what we set out to do. The lives saved by the withdrawal of the enemy made it even more successful. It was a darn good dress rehearsal under combat conditions really. I think it was a fine invasion."

That is an understatement. There never was a better invasion!

With the reoccupation of Kiska, we were, after fifteen months, back at the starting line in the Aleutians. The Japs had been repelled; we were immeasurably stronger for having engaged them. Where once we had a vulnerable string of foggy islands, there now was a formidable barrier of island bases. We had fashioned a kind of Damoclean sword out of the Aleutians, and suspended it over the head of Japan to await the day when it could be used.

It would be another year and a half before the southern branch of the Pacific war caught up with the northern advance. Only when the Philippines were won was the war against Japan, from a territorial point of view, back where it started. In the meantime the Aleutian sword was to be employed effectively as an instrument of strategy.

When the strange, foggy chapters of the Aleutian campaign of re-invasion ended, America expected that the war against Japan would be prosecuted from the north. The Japs thought so too; they concentrated their ships and brought new armies into the Kuriles. General DeWitt labeled the Aleutians a "highroad to Japan," and it looked as though we might take the shortest road to Tokyo.

While the Japanese awaited our attack on Paramushiro, America struck at and won the Gilberts.

It was good poker.

Admiral Rockwell's staff was held together after Kiska, while the Allied global strategy was translated into plans, and from plans into action. Members of the staff thought also that the Kuriles would be the next step, but while they worked on such plans, the invasion machinery was broken down, boxed up and shipped to the Central Pacific for the attack on the Marshalls and Gilberts. Finally the amphibious force staff also was disbanded and its members transferred to other duty. It was tacit admission that the Aleutian campaign, amphibiously speaking, was over.

Even Squeaky Anderson, now a commander after his work at Attu, was sent to the Central Pacific: but not before he had epitomized in a single statement the greatest trial of those making war in the North. According to the story, the commander was present at Adak when Admiral Rockwell was called upon by a representative of the United Service Organization. The visitor outlined the USO program for the Aleutians.

"Have you any suggestions, Admiral?" the visitor asked in conclusion. "You know we want to bring to the men up here what they want most in entertainment."

The Admiral thought a moment, then shook his head. "But," he added, turning to Squeaky, "perhaps the commander would know of something. He's closer to the men than I, and he knows more about their wants and needs."

Commander Anderson shook his head.

"Oh, come now, Commander," urged the USO representative. "Surely you have some suggestions for the improvement of our program?"

Squeaky Anderson turned his innocent blue eyes on the visitor. He rubbed his hand over his forehead.

"Vell, I'll tell you," he said with finality. "Vat these men really need is women . . . T'ousands of them . . ."

OFFICER CASUALTIES—ACTIVE AND INACTIVE

List of Dead in Pacific and Asiatic Areas Between 1 May 1942 and
1 December 1943

As of 30 April 1946

ABELE, Lt. Cdr. Mannert L.	BARNES, Ens. Gordon F.
ABERCROMBIE, Ens. Wm. W.	BARRY, WO Michael F.
ACREE, Lt. (jg) John W.	BARRY, Lt. Thos. A.
ADAMS, Ens. John H.	BASS, Ens. Horace A., Jr.
ADAMS, Lt. Manne P.	BASSETT, Ens. Edgar R.
ADAMS, Lt. Saml.	BATTERTON, Lt. Cdr. Henry D.
ADIE, Ens. Donald M.	BAUER, Lt. Cdr. Harry F.
ALLARD, Ens. Clayton	BAUMBACH, Lt. Edw. A.
ALLEN, Lt. Edw. H.	BAUMGARTNER, Ens. Robt. W.
ALLEN, Lt. Nelson J.	BEAMISH, WO Norman T.
ALLEN, Lt. (jg) Robt. C.	BEBAS, Ens. Gus G.
ALLSOP, Lt. (jg) Robt. T.	BEGOR, Lt. (jg) Fay B.
ALTER, Ens. Earl C.	BEHRENS, Ens. Jas. S.
ALTMAN, Lt. (jg) Allen A.	BEHRENS, Ens. Wendell E.
AMICK, Ens. Eugene E., Jr.	BELL, Ens. Bailis M.
ANDRES, Ens. Eric T.	BELL, Ens. Wm. R.
ANSCHUTZ, CWO Peter N.	BENSON, WO Henry E.
ARMS, Ens. Eldin R.	BERMINGHAM, Ens. Francis C.
ATHERTON, Lt. (jg) John M.	BERNTSEN, Ens. Arthur L.
AUCK, Ens. Harold L.	BEVIL, WO Glenn J.
AUGUSTERFER, Ens. Donald W.	BILLINGS, Lt. Cdr. Edmund
AULT, Cdr. Wm. B.	BILLINGS, Lt. (jg) Wm. B.
AUSTIN, Ens. Robt. A.	BISSON, Lt. Cdr. John K.
	BIZUB, WO Peter J.
BABEL, Lt. (jg) Paul E.	BLACKWOOD, Cdr. Jas. D., Jr.
BABYLON, WO Elmer L.	BLODGETT, Lt. John T.
BACHRACH, Ens. Alan	BLUE, Lt. Cdr. John S.
BACON, Lt. (jg) Aubrey	BODE, Capt. Howard D.
BAGAN, Lt. (jg) Anthony	BOGARDUS, Midn. Henry J.
BAILEY, Ens. Judson E.	BOES, Ens. Jas. R.
BAILEY, Lt. (jg) Wm. C.	BOLIN, WO Harold E.
BAKER, Ens. John D.	BOLLES, Cdr. Harry A.
BAKER, Lt. (jg) Paul C.	BOLT, Ens. Warren G.
BAKETEL, Lt. Geo. S.	BONAPARTE, Lt. (jg) Wallace M.
BALAKO, Lt. (jg) Jimmy	BONN, Lt. (jg) Herbert S.
BALDWIN, Lt. (jg) Josiah M.	BOONE, WO Frank E.
BALINT, WO Steve	BORDER, Lt. Karl F.
BALZER, Ens. John H.	BOSWELL, Lt. (jg) Chandler G.
BANTA, Ens. John W.	BOWLER, Ens. Wm. E., Jr.
BARCLAY, Lt. Geo. G.	BRACKETT, Lt. Bruce G.
BARNES, Ens. Doyle C.	BRADLEY, Ens. Dale E.

BRANDEL, Ens. Bernard B.
 BRANNON, Ens. Chas. E.
 BREWER, Ens. Eugene C.
 BRITTON, Ens. Rebecca A.
 BROCATO, WO Guerino J.
 BROCCOLO, Lt. Frank J.
 BROCK, Ens. John W.
 BRODERICK, Lt. (jg) Vincent A.
 BROOKS, Ens. Avod C.
 BROUGH, Lt. (jg) David A.
 BROWN, Cdr. Cyrus C.
 BROWN, WO Harold L.
 BROWN, Lt. (jg) Lewis T.
 BROWN, Lt. Walter E.
 BROWN, Ens. Wm. H.
 BRYANT, Lt. Floyd C.
 BUBIN, Lt. (jg) Matthew P.
 BULL, Lt. Rich S., Jr.
 BULLINGER, Lt. (jg) Herman
 BULLOCK, Lt. Jas. E.
 BURKE, Lt. (jg) Donald R.
 BURKE, WO Jas. F.
 BURKE, Lt. Cdr. John E.
 BURKETT, Ens. Howard R.
 BURKLEY, Ens. Clement J.
 BURNES, Ens. Carroll C.
 BUSCH, Lt. (jg) Fredk. A.
 BUTLER, Ens. John C.
 BUTSKO, Ens. Alexander J.
 BYRON, Lt. (jg) Robt.

CALDER, Lt. (jg) Ernest S.
 CALDWELL, WO Geo. E.
 CALDWELL, Ens. Jas. E., Jr.
 CALDWELL, Ens. Orian C., Jr.
 CALLAGHAN, R. Adm. Daniel J.
 CAMP, Ens. Jack H.
 CAMPBELL, Lt. (jg) Geo. M.
 CAMPBELL, Lt. Gilbert C.
 CAMPBELL, Ens. Jos. E.
 CAMPBELL, Ens. Kendall C.
 CANFIELD, Ens. Leon W.
 CANNON, Ens. Fred. B., Jr.
 CARNEY, Capt. Jas. V.
 CARPENTER, Lt. Cdr. Edw. L., Jr.
 CARROLL, Lt. Herbert F., Jr.
 CASEY, Ens. John G.
 CASSIDY, Lt. Earl W.
 CASTELLO, Lt. Jos. W.
 CHAFFEE, Ens. Davis E.
 CHAMBERS, Ens. Russell F.
 CHAPMAN, Ens. Chas. E.
 CHAPMAN, Lt. Harry P., Jr.
 CHASE, Lt. Cdr. Edgar G.
 CHERIKOS, Lt. (jg) Thos. G.

CLARK, Lt. (jg) Howard F.
 CLARK, Lt. (jg) Rufus C.
 CLEVELAND, WO Orsburn O.
 COALSON, Lt. (jg) Edw. B.
 COCKRILL, Lt. Dan R.
 COFFIN, WO Robt. W.
 COKER, Ens. Howard E.
 COLEMAN, Lt. Cdr. Herbert M.
 COLEMAN, Lt. Wm. W.
 COLLETT, Lt. Cdr. John A.
 COLLIER, Ens. Cameron L.
 COLMERY, Lt. (jg) Chas. A., Jr.
 COMER, Lt. (jg) Liston R.
 CONLEY, Ens. Harry F.
 CONN, Lt. John
 CONNAWAY, Cdr. Fred
 CONRAD, Lt. (jg) Robt. I.
 CONWAY, Ens. Paul R.
 COOK, Ens. Earl W.
 COOK, Ens. Frank E.
 COOK, Ens. Jas. H.
 COOK, Lt. Wm. R.
 COOKMAN, Lt. Geo. E.
 COONER, Ens. Bunyan R.
 CORL, Ens. Harry L.
 CORUM, WO Lawrence R.
 COX, Lt. (jg) Russell M., Jr.
 CRAIG, Lt. Gordon H.
 CREAMER, Ens. Wm. W.
 CROMWELL, Capt. John P.
 CROOK, Lt. Jos. A.
 CROUTER, Cdr. Mark H.
 CROWLEY, Lt. Cdr. Edw. D.
 CRUM, Lt. (jg) Irvin S.
 CUMMINGS, Lt. Cdr. Damon M.
 CUNNINGHAM, Lt. (jg) John H.
 CURRER, Lt. (jg) David M.
 CURRIER, Lt. Roger N.
 CURTIS, Lt. (jg) Bernard J.
 CURTIS, Lt. Cdr. John O.
 CUTHBERTSON, Ens. Wm. H., Jr.
 CUTLIP, CWO Raymond A.
 CZARNECKI, Ens. Stephen J.

DALEY, Lt. (jg) John F.
 DALLAHAN, Ens. Robt. G.
 DAVID, Ens. Leon E.
 DAVIES, Lt. (jg) Thos. J.
 DAVIS, Ens. Gerald V.
 DAVIS, WO Leland L.
 DAVIS, WO Marvin B.
 DECKER, Lt. (jg) Ernest E.
 DEEDE, Lt. (jg) Leroy C.
 DEFREES, Lt. Jos. R., Jr.
 DEGANAH, Cdr. Joe

DELONG, Lt. (jg) David E.
 DELONY, Ens. John M.
 DEMPSEY, Lt. (jg) Richard J.
 DENBY, Lt. Edwin, Jr.
 DETERDING, Lt. (jg) Chas. E., Jr.
 DEXTER, Ens. Jas. C.
 DIGHTON, Lt. (jg) Saml. R., Jr.
 DIRCK, Ens. Arthur, Jr.
 DILLARD, Ens. Max E.
 DILLEN, Lt. Roscoe F., Jr.
 DILLON, Lt. Jos., Jr.
 DIONNE, Ens. Arthur L.
 DOBLER, Lt. Jos. J. J.
 DOGGETT, Lt. Cdr. Burton L.
 DONEFF, Ens. John L.
 DONOVAN, Ens. Rich. H., Jr.
 DORRIS, Lt. (jg) Donald H.
 DOUDIET, Lt. Norman W.
 DOUGHERTY, Ens. Leroy H.
 DOWNING, Lt. John G.
 DUFILHO, Lt. Marion W.
 DUNN, Lt. (jg) Leland L.
 DURFEE, Lt. (jg) Paul S.
 DYER, Lt. (jg) Chas. C.

EATON, Lt. (jg) Torrey W.
 EATON, Lt. Cdr. Wm. G.
 EBERLEIN, Ens. Duane G.
 EBERT, Lt. Cdr. Hilan
 EDWARDS, Lt. Thos. E., Jr.
 EICHENBERGER, Ens. Chas. E., Jr.
 EILAND, Ens. Jas. D.
 EISNER, Lt. (jg) Jacques R.
 ELDEN, Lt. Ralph W.
 ELDRIDGE, Lt. Cdr. John J.
 ELLIOTT, Cdr. Rogers
 ELLISON, Ens. Harold J.
 ELLSWORTH, Lt. (jg) Dale S.
 ELMES, Ens. Clyde C., Jr.
 ELMORE, Lt. Cdr. Eugene E.
 ELY, Lt. Arthur V.
 EMBURY, Lt. (jg) Geo. R.
 EMERSON, Capt. Dewitt C.
 ENGE, Ens. Arnold M.
 ENGLISH, R. Adm. Robt. H.
 ENGSTROM, Lt. (jg) Warren L.
 ENRIGHT, Ens. Robt. P. F.
 ESCOFFIER, Lt. (jg) Francis P.
 ESHOO, Lt. (jg) Joel W.
 ESSMAN, Lt. Raymond
 ESTERL, Ens. Clarence L.
 ESTES, Lt. Cdr. Norman C.
 EVANS, Lt. Cdr. Edward E.
 EVANS, Lt. (jg) Jack C.
 EVANS, Ens. Wm. R., Jr.

EVARTS, Lt. (jg) Milo B.
 EVERSOLE, Ens. Jas. H.
 EVERSOLE, Lt. (jg) John T.
 FAIR, Lt. (jg) Victor N., Jr.
 FAIRMAN, Ens. Fredk. C., Jr.
 FALCONER, WO Donald M.
 FAMA, Lt. (jg) Victor J.
 FELTON, Lt. (jg) Chas. H.
 FERGUSON, Lt. Cdr. Earl V.
 FERN, Lt. (jg) Paul A.
 FERRANTE, Lt. (jg) Casey C.
 FETCHER, Lt. (jg) Wm. M.
 FIEBERLING, Lt. Langdon K.
 FIEDLER, Ens. Wendell M.
 FINCH, Lt. (jg) Jos. W., Jr.
 FISHER, Lt. (jg) Harold E.
 FITZPATRICK, Lt. Cdr. Jas. F., Jr.
 FLANAGAN, Ens. Brian B.
 FLYNN, Lt. Virgil E.
 FODALE, Lt. (jg) Chas. B.
 FORD, Lt. (jg) Martin J., Jr.
 FORD, Lt. (jg) Wm. R.
 FOREMAN, Ens. Andrew L.
 FORSTER, WO Edw. W.
 FOWLER, Lt. (jg) Robt. L., 3d
 FOX, Lt. Cdr. Douglas H.
 FOX, Lt. (jg) Fredk. H., Jr.
 FRANKLIN, Lt. (jg) John R.
 FRASER, Cdr. Thos. E.
 FREEMAN, Lt. (jg) Christopher C.
 FRIEDEN, Lt. (jg) Delbert L.
 FROHN, Midn. David H.
 FROSCH, Lt. Andrew J.
 FULLER, Lt. Geo. S.
 FULTON, Ens. Lyman J.
 FULTON, Lt. (jg) Pattison
 FUNK, Capt. Wm. H.
 FURBY, Ens. Frank E.
 FURSTENBERG, Lt. John B.
 GALE, Lt. Cdr. Winsor C.
 GALLAGHER, Lt. (jg) Francis P.
 GARDNER, Lt. Andrew J.
 GARLOCK, Ens. Robt. N.
 GARRETT, Lt. (jg) Warren K.
 GASQUE, Ens. Claude J., Jr.
 GAULT, WO Alfred W.
 GAULT, Ens. Gerald D.
 GAYNIER, Ens. Oswald J.
 GEARING, Lt. Henry C., 3d
 GENDREAU, Capt. Elphege A. M.
 GERNHARDT, Lt. (jg) Alan E.
 GEYER, Lt. Norman B.
 GIBBONS, Lt. (jg) John J.

GIGSTAD, Ens. Gilmore J.
 GILBERT, Lt. Roy D.
 GILLETTE, Lt. (jg) Douglas W.
 GILMORE, Cdr. Howard W.
 GILMORE, Ens. Ira L.
 GILMORE, Cdr. Walter W.
 GINTY, Lt. (jg) Jas. B.
 GLENN, Lt. (jg) Richard C.
 GLUECK, Lt. (jg) Geo. F.
 GODDARD, Lt. (jg) Ralph H.
 GOLDBERG, Lt. (jg) Alvin J.
 GORDENSTEIN, Ens. Mary F.
 GOSSETT, Ens. Lewell W.
 GRAF, Lt. Cdr. Warren F.
 GRAFF, Lt. Edgar B.
 GRAHAM, Lt. Frank C.
 GRAHAM, Ens. Robt. P.
 GRANT, Lt. Cdr. Gordon S.
 GRAY, Lt. (jg) Jack G.
 GRAY, Lt. (jg) John P.
 GRAY, Cdr. Wm. C.
 GREATHOUSE, Lt. (jg) John D., Jr.
 GREEN, Ens. John M.
 GREEN, Lt. Roy E., Jr.
 GREEN, Midn. Wm. H., Jr.
 GREENE, Ens. Eugene A.
 GREENE, Ens. John V.
 GREGG, Lt. (jg) Robt. M.
 GREINER, Lt. (jg) Kenneth F.
 GRINDLE, Ens. Arthur M.
 GRISWOLD, Ens. Don T., Jr.
 GROVES, Ens. Stephen W.
 GUICE, Lt. Wm. L., Jr.
 GUNASON, Lt. (jg) Robt. W.

HAAS, CWO John W.
 HADLEY, Cdr. Hugh W.
 HAGUE, Lt. (jg) Douglas K.
 HAINES, Lt. Richard A.
 HALE, Lt. (jg) Roy O., Jr.
 HALL, Lt. (jg) David C., Jr.
 HALLETT, Ens. Chas. A.
 HALSEY, Ens. Delbert W.
 HAMILTON, Lt. Cdr. Weldon L.
 HAMLIN, Lt. Francis L.
 HANCOCK, Ens. Wm. O., Jr.
 HAND, Ens. Wm. E.
 HANK, Lt. Cdr. Wm. E.
 HANNA, Lt. John C.
 HANSEN, Lt. Cdr. Lester C.
 HANSEN, Cdr. Raymond A.
 HANSON, Cdr. Malcolm P.
 HARLAN, Lt. (jg) Martin E.
 HARRINGTON, Lt. Fredk. C.
 HARRIS, Lt. (jg) Albert T.

HARRIS, Lt. Cdr. Andrew E.
 HARRIS, Ens. Thos. F.
 HART, Ens. Franklin P., Jr.
 HART, Ens. John P.
 HART, Lt. Patrick H.
 HARVEY, Lt. (jg) Jos. V. W.
 HASTINGS, Lt. Burden R.
 HAYTER, Lt. Cdr. Hubert M.
 HEALY, Lt. Cdr. Howard R.
 HEMMINGER, Ens. Cyril F.
 HENDERSON, Lt. Douglas
 HENDERSON, Lt. Frank H., Jr.
 HEPWORTH, Lt. (jg) Jos. B.
 HERMANN, Ens. Earl A.
 HERMANN, Lt. (jg) Gayle L.
 HERTHNECK, Lt. (jg) Robt. G.
 HETHERMAN, Ens. John E., Jr.
 HILDEBRAND, Ens. Jas. T., Jr.
 HILL, Ens. Geo. R., Jr.
 HINE, Lt. Thos. R.
 HISSEM, Ens. Jos. M.
 HIX, Lt. (jg) Sidney D.
 HOBBY, Cdr. Wm. M., Jr.
 HODGES, Ens. Flourenoy G.
 HODGES, Ens. Julius O.
 HOLDER, Lt. (jg) Randolph M.
 HOLLOWELL, Ens. C. W., 3d
 HOLT, Lt. (jg) Wm. A.
 HOLT, Lt. (jg) Wm. M.
 HOLTON, Ens. Ralph L.
 HOOD, Lt. Clark A., Jr.
 HOFFENSPERGER, Ens. Sylvester
 HOPPER, Ens. Geo. A., Jr.
 HORN BROOK, Ens. Phil R., Jr.
 HOUCK, Lt. (jg) Wm. G., Jr.
 HOUSHOLDER, WO Dallas E.
 HOWARD, Lt. (jg) Curtis W.
 HOWARD, Lt. (jg) Jefferson
 HOYER, Ens. Glenn A.
 HUBBARD, Cdr. Harry E.
 HUBBARD, Cdr. Jos. C.
 HUFFMAN, Lt. Claude R.
 HULL, Lt. (jg) Teddy L.
 HUNT, Lt. (jg) Arthur C.
 HUNT, Ens. Dan E.
 HUNTEMER, Ens. Eugene J.
 HUNTER, Lt. (jg) John C.
 HURLEY, Ens. Leonard J.
 HURST, Lt. Edwin W.
 HUSSEY, Lt. (jg) Munroe H.
 HYMAN, Lt. Cdr. Willford M.

INGERSOLL, Ens. Henry G., Jr.
 INGERSOLL, Lt. Royal R.
 IRVIN, WO Wm. T.

- ISHAM, Lt. John C.
 JACCARD, Ens. Rich. A.
 JACKSON, Lt. (jg) Saml., Jr.
 JAMES, WO Charley M.
 JAMES, Ens. Will R., Jr.
 JANSSEN, Lt. (jg) Ralph W.
 JARVIS, Ens. Thos. L.
 JENKINS, Lt. Hilerd W.
 JENKINS, WO Myron L.
 JENKS, Lt. (jg) Henry P.
 JOHNS, Ens. Paul H.
 JOHNSON, Ens. Arthur W.
 JOHNSON, Ens. Carl H.
 JOHNSON, Lt. (jg) Earl V.
 JOHNSON, Lt. (jg) Edwin O.
 JOHNSON, Lt. (jg) Geo. G., Jr.
 JOHNSON, Lt. John M.
 JOHNSON, Lt. (jg) Llewellyn R.
 JOHNSON, Lt. Thos. E., Jr.
 JOHNSON, Lt. (jg) Wm. L.
 JOHNSON, Ens. Wm. N.
 JOHNSON, Lt. Wm. T.
 JOHNSTON, Lt. Merrill H.
 JONES, Lt. Quentin B.
 JONES, Ens. Robt. D., Jr.
 JONES, Lt. (jg) Thos. R.
 JONSON, Lt. (jg) Jep C.
 JORDAN, Ens. Wm. H.
 JORGENSEN, Lt. (jg) Thos.
- KANE, WO Francis D.
 KASPAR, WO Jos. V.
 KEARNS, Lt. (jg) Gerald T.
 KELLER, Ens. Robt. F.
 KELLY, Lt. Arthur N.
 KELLY, Ens. Austin W., Jr.
 KELLY, Ens. Chas. M., Jr.
 KELLY, Ens. Fergus F.
 KELLY, Ens. Thos. J.
 KEMPER, Lt. Cdr. Jas. L.
 KENNY, Ens. Francis P.
 KENNY, Lt. (jg) Thos. F., Jr.
 KENYON, Ens. Henry R., Jr.
 KEPHART, Lt. Wm. P.
 KEPNES, Lt. Harold A.
 KERN, Lt. Cdr. Lester H.
 KERNDT, Ens. Gustave F.
 KERNER, Ens. John B.
 KEYS, Lt. (jg) Whitney C.
 KINGMAN, Ens. Dale N.
 KINGSBURY, Ens. Peter G.
 KINZER, Ens. Edw. B.
 KITTREDGE, Ens. Robt. W.
 KLOPP, Ens. Harold J.
- KLOTER, Lt. (jg) John A.
 KNAGGS, Lt. (jg) Dale W.
 KNOX, Lt. (jg) Leslie L. B.
 KOHN, Ens. Edw. I.
 KOINER, Lt. (jg) Jas. D.
 KORNAHRENS, Lt. Wm. G.
 KOVALESKI, Lt. Chas. J.
 KREPPS, Lt. (jg) Raymond M., Jr.
 KRETCHMER, Ens. Raymond J.
 KREIG, Ens. Earl O.
 KROGH, Lt. Roy J.
 KRUSKOPF, Ens. Gordon E.
 KUJANSAARI, Ens. Morris L.
 KVETON, Lt. Emil N.
 KYNE, Ens. Elden F.
- LACHMUND, Ens. Edwin
 LAIRD, Ens. Wm. C.
 LAMB, Lt. Fred L.
 LAMMERS, Capt. Howard M.
 LANDERS, Lt. (jg) John C.
 LANDRY, Lt. (jg) Dupont P.
 LANE, Ens. Arthur S., Jr.
 LANIER, WO Roy
 LANOUE, Ens. Geo. A.
 LARSON, Lt. (jg) Everett R.
 LATIMORE, Cdr. Thos. C.
 LAUGHON, Ens. Saml. W.
 LAWSON, CWO Raymond P.
 LEADER, Lt. (jg) Richard T.
 LEE, Ens. Arthur C., Jr.
 LEE, Lt. Irwin W.
 LEE, Lt. (jg) Ray P.
 LEEDY, Lt. Wm. C.
 LEGER, Lt. (jg) Geo. L.
 LEHARDY, Lt. Cdr. Louis M.
 LEMING, Lt. (jg) Wm. E.
 LENTZ, Lt. Cdr. August W.
 LEROY, WO John S., Jr.
 LEUSSLER, Lt. (jg) Jas. A.
 LEWIS, Ens. Victor A.
 LINDSEY, Lt. Cdr. Eugene E.
 LIPSHUTZ, Lt. Cdr. Jos.
 LITT, Lt. Willard D.
 LITTELL, Lt. Chas. C.
 LIVEZEY, Lt. John C.
 LLOYD, Ens. Wm. R.
 LOCKER, Lt. (jg) Robt. B.
 LOESER, Lt. Cdr. Arthur E.
 LOFBERG, Lt. Cdr. Gus B., Jr.
 LONG, Lt. Felix B., Jr.
 LONG, Ens. Frank M., Jr.
 LONG, Ens. Robt. G.
 LORNE, Ens. Fredk. B.
 LOUGH, Ens. John C.

LOVE, Ens. Louis M.
 LOVELACE, Lt. Cdr. Donald A.
 LOVERING, Ens. Wm. B.
 LOWNDES, Lt. (jg) Andrew J., 3d
 LUDLOW, Ens. Lester H., Jr.
 LYMAN, Ens. Chan
 LYSTER, Lt. Theodore C., Jr.

 MADDUX, Ens. Francis T.
 MAHAN, Ens. Geo. S.
 MAHER, Ens. Albert C.
 MAHONEY, Lt. Jack A., Jr.
 MAIN, Ens. Malcolm G.
 MANSFIELD, WO Geo. H.
 MARSH, Ens. Robt. A.
 MARTIN, WO Luther C.
 MARTIN, Ens. Walter F.
 MASON, Ens. Newton H.
 MASSEY, Lt. Costello P.
 MASSEY, Lt. Cdr. Lance E.
 MATHIAS, Lt. (jg) Edw. L.
 MAXIM, Lt. (jg) Austin S.
 MAXSON, Lt. (jg) Willis E., 3d
 McCAMPBELL, Ens. Herbert J., Jr.
 McCANN, Lt. Irving G., Jr.
 McCASLIN, Lt. Cdr. Geo. O.
 McCLOY, Lt. Russell G.
 McCULLOCH, Lt. (jg) Arthur W.
 McCURDY, Ens. John S.
 McELROY, Lt. Cdr. Fredk. K.
 McEWEN, Ens. Robt. C.
 McGLOTHLIN, Lt. (jg) Gordon E.
 MCGOVERN, Lt. (jg) Jas. R. C.
 McKINNEY, WO John H., Jr.
 McKINNEY, Lt. (jg) Murray C.
 McLAUGHLIN, Lt. Arthur R.
 McLAUGHLIN, Lt. (jg) Jos. D.
 McLEAN, WO Donald C.
 McMAHON, Lt. John M.
 McMANUS, Ens. Jas. E.
 McMILLAN, Ens. Donald F.
 McNULTY, Lt. (jg) John T.
 MENNING, Lt. (jg) Robt. D.
 METCALFE, Lt. Cdr. Edw. C.
 MEYER, Lt. (jg) Geo. V., Jr.
 MICHELSON, Lt. (jg) Aaron S.
 MILES, Lt. (jg) Saml. S.
 MILLER, Lt. Cdr. Cleaveland D.
 MILLER, Lt. Frank D.
 MILLER, Lt. (jg) Jas. D.
 MILLER, Lt. (jg) Marsh W., Jr.
 MILLIMAN, Ens. Rich. D.
 MILLS, Ens. Lloyd J.
 MIRANNE, Lt. (jg) Cheri A., 3d
 MITCHELL, Ens. Albert E.

MITCHELL, Ens. Wm. H.
 MIXON, Ens. Chas. L.
 MOFFITT, Lt. Jas.
 MOLLOY, Lt. (jg) Robt. J.
 MOONEY, Lt. Mayo M.
 MOORE, Lt. (jg) Baxter S., Jr.
 MOORE, Lt. Raymond A.
 MOORE, Capt. Saml. N.
 MOORE, Ens. Thos. D.
 MOORE, Ens. Ulvert M.
 MORAN, Ens. Arthur P.
 MORRIS, Ens. Ashley D.
 MORTON, Ens. Gaston F.
 MOSLEY, Ens. Walter H.
 MOUNT, Ens. Kenneth D.
 MULLERSMAN, Ens. Geo. A.
 MULVANITY, Ens. Francis C.
 MURPHY, Ens. Jos. B.
 MURRAY, Lt. (jg) Raymond J.
 MYERS, Lt. (jg) Harry I., Jr.

 NAGLE, Ens. Patrick L.
 NAIFEH, Lt. (jg) Alfred
 NANCE, Ens. Glenn W.
 NASON, Lt. (jg) Burton C.
 NEFF, Lt. Cdr. Jas. G.
 NEHLS, Lt. Cdr. Fredk. E.
 NEUNZER, WO Weimar E.
 NEWELL, Lt. Cdr. Byron B.
 NICHOLS, Ens. Chas. B., Jr.
 NICHOLSON, Lt. (jg) David F.
 NICKERSON, Lt. David G.
 NICOLAI, Lt. (jg) Edw. A.
 NOBLE, Lt. (jg) Jay A., Jr.
 NOCK, Ens. Walter P., Jr.
 NOONAN, Lt. (jg) Malcolm J.
 NORTON, Lt. Roger S., Jr.
 NOTTINGHAM, Lt. (jg) Severn M., Jr.

 OBERG, Lt. (jg) Albert E.
 OBERENDER, Lt. Cdr. Thos. O., Jr.
 O'BRIAN, Ens. Wm. J., Jr.
 O'BRIEN, Capt. Thos. F.
 O'CONNELL, Lt. (jg) Wm. S.
 O'DONNELL, Lt. (jg) Robt. T.
 OEHLERT, Lt. (jg) Herschel A., Jr.
 O'FLAHERTY, Ens. Frank W.
 O'HARA, Midn. Wm. V.
 OLINZOCK, Ens. Eugene
 OLSEN, Lt. (jg) Arthur A.
 OLSEN, Cdr. Earl K.
 O'REILLY, Lt. Edw. J.
 OSBERG, Ens. Carl A.
 OSBORN, Ens. Burton H., Jr.
 OSBORN, Lt. Cdr. Wendell G.

OSMUS, Ens. Wesley F.
O'SULLIVAN, Ens. Dan L., Jr.
OTTER, Lt. Bethel V.
OWENS, Lt. Jas. C., Jr.

PANCAKE, Lt. Cdr. Lee S.
PARKER, Ens. Jackson W.
PARKER, Ens. John P.
PARKES, Ens. Elmer L.
PARKINSON, Ens. Thos. K.
PARKS, Lt. (jg) Bert H.
PARLETTE, Lt. (jg) Ralph I.
PATE, Lt. (jg) Archie H., Jr.
PATTERSON, Ens. Peter P.
PAVLIC, Lt. Cdr. Milton F.
PAYNE, Ens. Thos. L.
PEIRCE, Ens. Beach
PENLAND, Lt. (jg) Geo. H., Jr.
PENNELLS, Ens. Lewis E.
PENNEWELL, Lt. Cdr. Wm. E.
PENNINGTON, Ens. Strudwick T.
PENROD, Lt. (jg) Ray O.
PESANTE, Lt. Juan B.
PETERSON, Ens. Dale W.
PETERSON, Ens. Oscar J.
PFEFFER, Ens. Jas. O.
PFEIFFER, Ens. Carl D.
PHILABERT, Ens. Frank F.
PHILLIPS, Lt. (jg), Wm. B.
PIERCE, Ens. Walter E.
PIERCE, Lt. (jg) Willard J.
PITNEY, Lt. (jg) John W.
PLUMB, Ens. Ralph P.
POLING, Lt. (jg) Ralph D.
POOLE, WO Thos. H.
PORTZ, Ens. Geo. W.
POUSH, Lt. (jg) Robt. D.
POWERS, Ens. Brian A., Jr.
POWERS, Lt. John J.
POWERS, Ens. Oswald A.
PRATT, Lt. Cdr. Malcolm L.
PREWITT, Lt. Vance C.
PRICE, Lt. (jg) Edw. M.
PRICE, Ens. Robt. L.
PRITCHARD, Ens. Donald F.
PROPST, Lt. Gaylord D.
PULLIN, Ens. Robt. C.
PURDY, Lt. Cdr. Fredk. W.
PURVIS, Ens. Roy W.

QUACKENBUSH, Lt. John M.
QUICK, Lt. (jg) Sidney W.

RADCLIFFE, Lt. Melvin E.
RALPH, Cdr. Joyce A.

RAMSEY, Lt. Oliver M.
RASMUSSEN, Lt. (jg) Rich. A.
RAVEN, Lt. (jg) Julius A.
RAY, Lt. Martin H., Jr.
RAYMOND, Lt. Cdr. Reginald M.
RECORD, WO Floyd J.
REED, Ens. John M.
REED, Ens. Thos. C., Jr.
REEVES, Lt. (jg) Don G.
REICH, Ens. Wm. O., Jr.
REID, Ens. Beverly W.
REITHERS, Lt. Chas. A.
REYNOLDS, Ens. Dudley L.
RHODES, Lt. (jg) Allison P.
RHODES, Lt. (jg) Theo.
RICH, Lt. (jg) Ralph M.
RICKER, Lt. (jg) Geo. W.
RICKETTS, Lt. Milton E.
RIDDLE, Ens. Jos., Jr.
RIEPL, Ens. Edw. W.
RIGGS, Lt. Cdr. J. Clark
RIGGS, Ens. Leland L.
RILEY, Lt. Paul J.
RINEHART, Lt. (jg) Clark F.
RINEY, Ens. Curtis L.
RINGNESS, Lt. Henry R.
RIPLEY, Lt. Bradford W.
ROBERTS, Ens. Arthur J., Jr.
ROBERTS, Ens. John Q.
ROBERTS, Lt. (jg) Wm. V., Jr.
ROBINSON, WO Miner G.
ROBINSON, WO Wm. H.
ROCHE, Ens. David J.
ROCHESTER, Ens. Ephraim O.
RODDY, Lt. Thos. M.
ROEMER, Ens. Wm. H.
ROLAND, Ens. Virgil D.
ROLF, Lt. (jg) Robt. W.
ROMBACH, Lt. (jg) Severin L.
RONAN, Ens. David T.
ROSE, Lt. (jg) Wm.
ROSS, Lt. Russell R.
ROTH, Lt. Eli
ROTTLER, CWO Nicholas V.
ROWELL, Ens. Rich. M.
RUCHAMKIN, Lt. (jg) Seymour D.
RUIZ, Lt. Jos. F.
RUNELS, Ens. Donald S.
RUTHERFORD, Lt. Harold E.
RUTLEDGE, Ens. Jas. A.

SALVAGE, Lt. John W.
SANDKUHLE, Lt. (jg) Jack S.
SAPHIER, Lt. (jg) Jacques C.
SAWYER, WO Foster L.

SCHNEIDER, Ens. Otho H.
 SCHNELL, Lt. (jg) Albert F.
 SCHOENWOLF, Lt. Fred L.
 SCHRAM, Ens. Louis J.
 SCHUBERT, Ens. Edwin B.
 SCHULTHEIS, Ens. Jas. O.
 SCHWEITZER, Lt. (jg) John R.
 SCOTT, WO Henry A.
 SCOTT, Ens. Neal A.
 SCOTT, R. Adm. Norman
 SCOTT, Lt. Cdr. Reader C.
 SEARS, CWO Carl N.
 SEAWELL, Ens. Edw. H.
 SEGALL, Ens. Jos. I.
 SELLSTROM, Ens. Edw. R.
 SERSAIN, WO Simon L.
 SHANE, Lt. Cdr. Louis, Jr.
 SHAW, Lt. Cdr. Wm. R.
 SHEA, Cdr. John J.
 SHELTON, Ens. Jas. A.
 SHERWOOD, Ens. Maxwell B.
 SHIPLEY, Ens. Raymond W.
 SHOEMAKER, Ens. Jos. D.
 SHOLZ, Ens. Rich. F.
 SHONK, Lt. (jg) Herbert B.
 SHRIVER, Lt. Thos. D.
 SHROPSHIRE, Ens. Wm. B., Jr.
 SILVEIRA, WO Joaquin V.
 SILVERSTEIN, Lt. Max.
 SIMMONS, Lt. Alva A.
 SIMPSON, Ens. Edw.
 SINDEL, Ens. Edwin C., Jr.
 SIZEMORE, WO Stanley L.
 SLATER, Ens. Chas. C.
 SLATER, Lt. Robt. E.
 SMITH, Lt. (jg) Gerald S.
 SMITH, Lt. (jg) Jas. C.
 SMITH, Lt. Cdr. Jas. S., Jr.
 SMITH, Lt. John C. H.
 SMITH, Ens. Leonard L.
 SMITH, Lt. Maurice S.
 SMITH, Ens. Norman K.
 SMITH, Lt. Cdr. Phil T., Jr.
 SMITH, Ens. Reuben M.
 SMITH, Lt. Cdr. Reynolds C.
 SMYTH, Lt. (jg) Jack G.
 SNEAD, Lt. Cdr. Chas. B.
 SNOW, WO Jcp
 SNYDER, Lt. (jg) Gordon B.
 SODERGREEN, Ens. John P.
 SOMMERS, Lt. (jg) Jas. B.
 SOOTER, Lt. (jg) Cecil D.
 SPANGLER, Lt. (jg) Donald H.
 SPARBOE, Lt. Cdr. Jerome H.
 SPEAR, Ens. Harry S.
 SPEARS, Lt. (jg) John P.

SPELTS, WO Harold F.
 SPENCER, Lt. (jg) Paul C.
 STADSTAD, Midn. Jack N.
 STADTFELD, Lt. Sanford
 STALLCUP, Ens. Vance W.
 STAPLES, Ens. Parker W.
 STARMER, Lt. (jg) Brengle W.
 STEPHENSON, Lt. (jg) Geo. W.
 STEVENS, WO Ellsworth W.
 STEVENS, Lt. (jg) Truman E.
 STEVENS, Ens. Wm. M.
 STEVENSON, Ens. Burt M., Jr.
 STEWART, Lt. Andrew P.
 STEWART, Midn. John N., Jr.
 STOCKHAM, Ens. Geo. F.
 STOCKSTILL, Lt. (jg) Eugene W.
 STOLDER, WO John A., Jr.
 STONE, WO Arthur E.
 STORMES, Cdr. Max C.
 STRAUB, Lt. (jg) Walter M.
 STRICKLAND, Ens. Everett C.
 STRICKLER, Lt. Cdr. Robt. L.
 SUESENS, Lt. (jg) Rich. W.
 SUTTON, Ens. Shelton B., Jr.
 SWEARER, Lt. Walter J.
 SWENSON, Capt. Lyman K.
 SZALAY, Ens. Andrew

TABBERER, Lt. (jg) Chas. A.
 TABBUT, Ens. Geo. A.
 TACHNA, Ens. Lionel J.
 TARTLTON, WO Eugene J.
 TATUM, Lt. Cdr. Laurice A.
 TAYLOR, Ens. Glenn J.
 TAYLOR, Lt. (jg) Jas. W.
 TEATS, Ens. Grant W.
 TERRY, Lt. Stuart
 THATCHER, Lt. Vernon B.
 THOM, Lt. (jg) Huntington
 THOMAS, Lt. (jg) Harold C.
 THOMAS, Lt. John A.
 THOMAS, Lt. (jg) Lloyd
 THOMAS, Lt. Millener W.
 THOMAS, Lt. (jg) Wm. G., Jr.
 THOMAS, Lt. Wm. M.
 THOMPSON, Lt. (jg) Geo. W.
 THOMPSON, Lt. (jg) John W.
 THOMPSON, Ens. Robt. H.
 THOMPSON, Ens. Wm. T.
 THORNHILL, Lt. (jg) Leonard W.
 THROCKMORTON, Lt. (jg) Hobart H.
 THUROW, Ens. Waldemar A.
 TIMMERMAN, WO Carl
 TISDALE, Cdr. Ryland D.
 TOBELMAN, Lt. Cdr. Paul H.
 TODD, Ens. Leon E., Jr.

TOWNS, Ens. Floyd A.
TRAUB, Lt. (jg) Jack O.
TRAXLER, Ens. Virgil H., Jr.
TROJAKOWSKI, Cdr. Wadsworth C.
TROY, Lt. (jg) Robt. P.
TRUESDELL, Ens. Neil E.
TUCKER, Lt. Cdr. Alfred B., 3d
TUTTLE, Ens. Jos. M.
TUTTLE, Lt. Cdr. Raymond H.
TWIDDY, Lt. (jg) Clarence A., Jr.
TYLER, Lt. (jg) Wallace M.

UNDERHILL, Ens. Saml. J.

VAMMEN, Ens. Clarence E., Jr.
VAN BUREN, Lt. (jg) John J.
VANCE, Lt. (jg) Jos. W., Jr.
VANDERHOOF, Lt. (jg) Allan L.
VANDERVEER, Ens. Hugh G., Jr.
VANDIVIER, Lt. (jg) Norman F.
VAN VOORHIS, Lt. Cdr. Bruce A.
VARIAN, Ens. Bertram S., Jr.
VARNADO, Ens. Alvin L.
VERNON, Lt. Robt. M.
VICK, Lt. (jg) Ralph H.
VILLEPIGUE, Ens. John M., Jr.
VINCENT, Lt. Ward R.
VONLEHE, Ens. Robt. L.
VOORHIES, Lt. Cdr. Will C.
VUYLSTEKE, Ens. Robt. E.

WADDELL, WO Chas. A.
WAGER, Lt. (jg) Hubert W.
WAHL, Ens. Hilding I.
WALCZYK, WO Stanley
WALDRON, Lt. Cdr. John C.
WALTERS, Ens. Clifford R.
WARD, WO Oliver
WARD, Ens. Wm. F.
WARDEN, Lt. (jg) John M.
WARE, Lt. Chas. R.
WARE, Lt. (jg) Leonard R.
WARNER, Ens. Chas. M., 3d
WASIL, Ens. Jos.
WATERS, Ens. Kenneth A.
WEAVER, Lt. (jg) Percy A., Jr.
WEBBE, Lt. (jg) Wm. E., 3d
WEBER, Lt. (jg) Fredk. T.
WEBSTER, Lt. (jg) Parker E.
WEIS, Ens. Werner I.
WEISS, Lt. (jg) Wm. R.
WELTE, Lt. Edwin J.
WENE, Ens. Carl L.
WESSON, Lt. (jg) Morgan
WEST, Lt. Wm. P.

WHEELER, Lt. Creighton L.
WHITEHEAD, Ens. Leroy E.
WHITEHURST, Ens. Henry P., Jr.
WHITHAM, WO John E.
WHITMAN, Lt. (jg) Robt. S., Jr.
WILCOX, Ens. Robt. S., 3d
WILDENRADT, Ens. Hugo M.
WILEMAN, Ens. Wm. W.
WILKE, Ens. Jack W.
WILKERSON, Lt. (jg) Jas. M.
WILKINSON, Lt. (jg) Arthur W.
WILCOX, Lt. Geo. C.
WILLIAMS, Lt. Cdr. Knowlton
WILLIAMS, WO Lyle J.
WILLIAMS, Lt. Robt. H.
WILLIAMS, Lt. (jg) Thos. H., Jr.
WILLIAMS, Ens. Wm. W.
WILLIAMS, Ens. Woodrow W.
WILLIAMSON, Lt. Cdr. Thos. F.
WILLIAMSON, Lt. (jg) Wm. C., Jr.
WILLMARTH, Ens. Kenneth
WILLS, WO John M., Jr.
WILSON, Lt. (jg) Harry, Jr.
WILSON, Lt. (jg) Ira W.
WILSON, Lt. John M.
WILSON, Ens. Ralph A.
WILSTAM, Lt. Cdr. Alfred
WINGFIELD, Ens. John D.
WINGFIELD, Ens. Ralph G.
WINTER, Ens. Edwin R.
WINTERS, Lt. Cdr. Robt. C.
WINTLE, Lt. Cdr. Jack W.
WISEMAN, Lt. (jg) Osborne B.
WITTER, Ens. Jean C., Jr.
WITTSCHEIN, Ens. Theo. P., Jr.
WOLFE, WO Herbert W.
WOLLERT, Ens. Derril C.
WOOD, Lt. (jg) Glen D
WOOD, Capt. Leighton
WOODALL, Ens. Harold T.
WOODRUFF, Ens. Jas. G.
WOODSON, Lt. (jg) Jeff D.
WOODWORTH, WO Milford M.
WORTHINGTON, Lt. Edw. H.
WRIGHT, Midn. Donald S.
WYATT, Ens. Clifton F., Jr.
WYFFELS, WO Lawrence E.
WYMOND, Lt. Cdr. John E.

YOUNG, Lt. (jg) Allen J.
YOUNG, Capt. Cassin
YOUNG, Ens. Rogers K.

ZIEHR, Ens. Carl H.
ZITZMAN, WO Wm. F.
ZWIERSCHEKE, Ens. Robt. H.

ENLISTED CASUALTIES—ACTIVE AND INACTIVE

List of Missing in Pacific and Asiatic Areas Between 1 May 1942 and
1 December 1943

As of 30 April 1946

AGUILAR, Jose, S2/c
AQUINO, Domingo, StM1/c
BALLESTEROS, Jose, TM1/c
BUBP, Herbert K., F1/c
CASTRO, Vincenta, ST1/c
COSME, Cenon, NS
DARAG, Juan, NCox.
DEOCAMPO, Calixto, ST3/c
DI MAANO, Placido, Ck3/c
ELAM, John Edwin, AS
FISHER, Linwood J., AS
GENOOZIS, Anthony M., F1/c
GOYONE, Sesario, NS
GRIESE, Ernest August, BM2/c
HODGES, Robert Morris, AS
IMOTAN, Valentin, Bkr1/c
INFANTE, Guillermo, NS

JUANER, Anastacio, NMM2/c
LUNA, Teofilo, Ck2/c
MALIT, Roman, St2/c
MARANON, Perfecto, NY2/c
MARNEY, Harold William, MoMM
MERCADO, Godfredo, StM1/c
MORRILLY, Robt. M., EM3/c
PENA, Gabriel, NS
RAMIREZ, Pedro B., Ck2/c
SAMSON, Dominador, Ck3/c
SIMS, Thomas Edward, S1/c
SUPATAN, Bonifacio, S1/c
TAGANA, Mamerto, Ck3/c
TIM, Leo, Ck3/c
VERTIDO, Mauro, Ck3/c
VILLAMOR, Albert, MM2/c
WESTWOOD, Donald Eugene, AS

List of Dead in Pacific and Asiatic Areas Between 1 May 1942 and
1 December 1943

As of 30 April 1946

ABBOTT, Earl Austin, S1/c
ABBOTT, Victor Harold, CMM
ABEYTA, Albert Delao, S1/c
ABLES, Charles George, S2/c
ABONO, Enrique, NS
ABRAHAM, Louis Isaac, S2/c
ABRAMS, Charles Howard, Jr., CM2/c
ABRAMS, Chester Lee, S3/c
ABRAMS, Donald, SK3/c
ABRAMS, Russell E., Y3/c
ABUGEL, Alexander C., BM1/c
ACHESON, John Matthew, F3/c
ACKERMAN, Philip Wayne, S1/c
ACOCK, William Paulen, AMM3/c

ACOMPANADO, Pascual Serde, StM3/c
ACOSTA, Rudy, ARM2/c
ACREE, Lloyd Edgar, S1/c
ADAIR, Jeff Robt., PhM3/c
ADAIR, William B., Jr., GM2/c
ADAMINI, Paul Daniel, S1/c
ADAMS, Arthur Vincent, M2/c
ADAMS, Harold, S2/c
ADAMS, James Wilbur, ACRM
ADAMS, James Wallace, F1/c
ADAMS, Joe Willie, Jr., GM1/c
ADAMS, John Robin, F1/c
ADAMS, Johnnie B., Jr., S2/c
ADAMS, Joseph Preston, Jr., MoMM

ADAMS, Milledge R., StM3/c
ADAMS, Orville Eugene, S2/c
ADAMS, Otto Frank, F1/c
ADAMS, Sammie Ligie, SC2/c
ADAMSON, Alfred, CFCM
ADAMSON, Harold Arthur, S2/c
ADDOR, Jules Alfred CM2/c
ADEN, Charley Edward, Y1/c
ADKERSON, Horace Alford, S2/c
ADKINSON, Roy Lee, Jr., S2/c
AGLIATA, Philip, F1/c
AGNESE, Domenico Robert, Cox.
AIKEN, Alvin Henry, CMA
AIKEN, James Harold, S1/c
AITCHISON, James Thomas, S2/c
ALBERS, Richard Eugene, NM1/c
ALBERT, Raymond, S1/c
ALBERTS, Gregory L., Jr., S1/c
ALBRECHT, Charlie Martin, MM1/c
ALBRIGHT, Sam R., SM2/c
ALBY, Frank J., N2/C
ALCORDO, Victorino S., StM1/c
ALCORIZA, Bernabe, Ck1/c
ALDEN, Frederick Brogan, S1/c
ALDERMAN, Glenn Jackson, SC2/c
ALDERMAN, Harmon Price, CRMP
ALDERMAN, Raymond Alfred, F3/c
ALDERSON, George Belford, MoMM
ALDRICH, Donald Morris, SC2/c
ALES, Franklin Elmer, MM1/c
ALEXANDER, Frank Elgin, SM3/c
ALFORD, Elwin, AS
ALFORD, Hubert Perishing, MM2/c
ALFORD, Oscar Jep, RM3/c
ALFORD, Vincent, StM2/c
ALISAGO, Benito, St3/c
ALLAN, Murray Glen, F1/c
ALLEN, Claude Harold, Jr., CAPA
ALLEN, Daniel Emery, SM3/c
ALLEN, David Melvin, WT1/c
ALLEN, Dorvis, StM1/c
ALLEN, Frank Charles, EM3/c
ALLEN, Fred Clark, S2/c
ALLEN, George Clayton, SC3/c
ALLEN, James Douglas, MM2/c
ALLEN, Joseph Bernard, S2/c
ALLEN, L. C., StM1/c
ALLEN, Merlin Harold, WT2/c
ALLEN, Woodrow Hugh, AMM1/c
ALLENSWORTH, Arthur Raymo, S1/c
ALLEY, Harold Ivan, CTCA
ALLEY, Leslie George, PhM2/c
ALLISON, Sidney Elroy, GM2/c
ALLRID, Otis Edward, SK3/c
ALMANZA, Oscar, EM3/c

ALMON, Glen Foust, S2/c
ALMOND, Everett Hardin, ARM1/c
ALMOND, Jule Patterson, F3/c
ALMOND, Robert, SF3/c
ALSHUK, Nicholas, AM3/c
ALSTON, Earnest Lee, StM1/c
ALTIERI, John Joseph, Jr., ARM3/c
ALTO, Eino John, EM1/c
ALVERSON, Francis Jos., Cox.
AMACK, Marvin Lee, S2/c
AMANCIO, Manuel M., Jr., GM3/c
AMANN, Howard Joseph, S2/c
AMBROZ, Harry James A., S1/c
AMICK, Donald Irwin, PhM2/c
AMICONE, Albert Angelo, S1/c
AMMONS, Cecil Eugene, AS
ANCTIL, Paul Emile, S2/c
ANDERSEN, Randers Hassa, CBMA
ANDERSON, Alfred Matthew, S1/c
ANDERSON, Ben, F3/c
ANDERSON, Carl Alexander, MM1/c
ANDERSON, Carl R., F2/c
ANDERSON, Chester Wm., S2/c
ANDERSON, Edwin Lavaughn, F3/c
ANDERSON, Eric John, GM3/c
ANDERSON, Francis Eugene, S1/c
ANDERSON, George Ray, F2/c
ANDERSON, George, Jr., StM1/c
ANDERSON, Harold Reuben, Cox.
ANDERSON, Joseph Fuller, F1/c
ANDERSON, John Alfred, EM3/c
ANDERSON, Leonard Davis, EM2/c
ANDERSON, Leonard Leo, S2/c
ANDERSON, Leroy Phillip, S2/c
ANDERSON, Richard Henry, StM2/c
ANDERSON, Robert Emmett, AS
ANDERSON, Sewell D., Jr., S1/c
ANDERSON, Thomas Moore, F1/c
ANDERSON, Venoy Merrill, F3/c
ANDERSON, Wayne Maurice, ARM3/c
ANDERSON, Walter Delehant, EM2/c
ANDERSON, Wyllys Robert, PhM2/c
ANDES, Richard Winters, QM1/c
ANDREN, Robert Francis, F1/c
ANDRES, Trinidad, St1/c
ANDREWS, Bernard William, GM3/c
ANDREWS, Edward Wm., FCM3/c
ANDREWS, John Blake, F1/c
ANDREWS, Mitchell Edwin, S1/c
ANDREWS, Robert, St2/c
ANDREWS, William Arthur, Ptr3/c
ANGELLEN, Walter Berger, Y3/c
ANGLE, Clifford Jackson, S2/c
ANNIS, Beverly, S2/c
ANNIS, Bruce, S2/c

ANSELLO, Tony, S1/c
 ANSHAW, Norbert Leo, FCM2/c
 ANTONOWICZ, John Stanley, F2/c
 ANTRIKIN, Earnest, S2/c
 AFGAR, Robert David, S2/c
 AQUINO, James Nick, S1/c
 ARA, Joseph Francis, F2/c
 ARCARA, Joseph Louis, S1/c
 ARCH, Frank William, S1/c
 ARCHIBALD, Edmund W., S2/c
 AREND, John Kelly, WT2/c
 ARGUILLA, Federico, NCox.
 ARMES, Fred Rown, MM1/c
 ARMITAGE, Bernard Francis, S2/c
 ARMOUR, Floyd, S1/c
 ARMSTRONG, Arthur, CM3/c
 ARMSTRONG, Arthur John, S2/c
 ARMSTRONG, Albert B., F1/c
 ARMSTRONG, Jack Edward, MM2/c
 ARMSTRONG, Robert Benton, B2/c
 ARMSTRONG, Wesley, CRMA
 ARNATH, Eugene, S2/c
 ARNETT, Otis John, Jr., F2/c
 ARNOLD, David Joe, FCM3/c
 ARNOLD, Theodore Samuel, Ptr3/c
 ARNOTT, Charles Herbert, F2/c
 ARONSON, John Phillip, AS
 ARRIGONI, Raymond, CMMF
 ARROZAL, Melquiades, StM1/c
 ARSENAULT, Leo George, S1/c
 ARTABO, Mariano Arcilla, StM3/c
 ARVAN, Herbert Joseph, StM2/c
 ASEJO, Manuel, NS
 ASHBURN, Raymond Virgil, S2/c
 ASHBY, James Thomas, CWTP
 ASHLEY, George Junior, S1/c
 ASHTON, Arthur Leroy, F3/c
 ASKAY, Hugh Woodrow, MM2/c
 ASMUS, Willard L., F2/c
 ASTI, Alexander Patrick, S1/c
 ATEN, Kenneth Wm., WT2/c
 ATHERTON, Harry D., Jr., S2/c
 ATKINSON, Edison Ray, S1/c
 ATKINSON, John L., CEMA
 AUD, Harold Kenneth, EM2/c
 AUGUSTA, Matthew Joseph, S1/c
 AULTMAN, Earl Wesley, Y3/c
 AULTMAN, Robert F., F3/c
 AURILLO, Joseph R., S2/c
 AUSTIN, Arthur Owen, S2/c
 AUSTIN, Fred Andrew, AMM2/c
 AUSTIN, James Hiram, F3/c
 AUTERY, Willie, Jr., GM3/c
 AUTRY, Eddie, Cox.
 AVERHART, Vernon McCoy, Ck3/c

AXE, Charles Cecil, F1/c
 AYER, Tom Easterling, S1/c
 AYLOR, James Woodrow, F3/c
 BAACK, Harry Louis, BM2/c
 BABB, Richard Clemence, S1/c
 BACA, Juan Filimon, S1/c
 BACHMAN, John Morris, S1/c
 BAER, Frank Leroy, RM2/c
 BAER, John Bailey, S2/c
 BAERMAN, Donald G., S1/c
 BAFFO, Victor, CWTB
 BAGBY, Walter Franklin, SF2/c
 BAGGARLY, Benjamin F., CCMP
 BAGGETT, Paul Reginald, S2/c
 BAGGETT, William Edward, GM1/c
 BAGWELL, Charlie A., Jr., AMM2/c
 BAHR, Harold Valentine, S2/c
 BAILEY, Charles W., Jr., S1/c
 BAILEY, Floyd Dean, S2/c
 BAILEY, Hugh Thomas, S2/c
 BAILEY, James Robert, FCM2/c
 BAILEY, John Warren, F1/c
 BAILEY, John Elwood, S1/c
 BAILEY, Marshall Wm., CBMA
 BAILEY, Perry Oliver, EM2/c
 BAILEY, Richard Edward, AS
 BAILEY, Walter Grover, Cox.
 BAIN, Bennie, WT1/c
 BAINBRIDGE, George F., S2/c
 BAIR, Frederick F., Jr., PhM3/c
 BAIRD, Carlless Cherry, AS
 BAIRD, Carl Frantz, S1/c
 BAIRD, Earl Thomas, S1/c
 BAKER, Clarence Edward, S1/c
 BAKER, Clifton Warren, F2/c
 BAKER, Delmar Eugene, F1/c
 BAKER, Frank James, S2/c
 BAKER, Harold Richard, FCM3/c
 BAKER, John Clark, Cox.
 BAKER, Remely, S1/c
 BAKER, Richard H., S1/c
 BAKER, Richard Harold, S1/c
 BAKER, Walter Joseph, Cox.
 BAKOWSKI, John Joseph, GM3/c
 BALAI, John, TM3/c
 BALDNER, George Henry, FCM3/c
 BALDRIDGE, John Harold, CGMA
 BALDWIN, Curtis Arthur, AMM2/c
 BALDWIN, Virgil Kenneth, MM2/c
 BALES, Wesley Craig, F2/c
 BALES, William Manuel, PhM2/c
 BALISTRERI, Mario Earl, S2/c
 BALL, Charles Sterling, PhOM
 BALL, Tom Overington, HA2/c

BALLARD, Charles Lester, F3/c
 BALLARD, Hoyt Bond, F2/c
 BALLARD, Robert John, S1/c
 BALLATORE, Antonio, Cox.
 BALUTES, Charles, C2/c
 BALWIERCZAK, Joseph R., S2/c
 BALZER, Frank, S2/c
 BANCROFT, William Emerson, F1/c
 BANER, Robert Earl, CWTa
 BANES, Paul Edward, CMoM
 BANFIELD, Clyde Louis, F2/c
 BANKOWSKI, John Walter, CSFA
 BANKS, Albert Potter, EM3/c
 BANKS, Frank Andrew, St3/c
 BANNEN, William John, Bkr1/c
 BANNING, Richard Franklin, Cox.
 BARBEE, Murren Arrel, CMMP
 BARBER, Charles Edmund, ACRM
 BARBEREE, Earl Benjamin, CTCA
 BARBOUR, Hubert Lee, S1/c
 BARBOUR, William Kyle, GM3/c
 BARD, Henry Joseph, S1/c
 BARDEN, Wilbur Duane, Cox.
 BARHAM, John William, Cox.
 BARKER, Alfred K., 3d, S2/c
 BARKER, Charles Sherman, S1/c
 BARKER, Dick Colver, Ptr2/c
 BARKER, Fredk. C., Jr., AMM3/c
 BARKER, James Dudley, PhM2
 BARKER, James Rodney, Jr., S1/c
 BARKER, Sheldon Hugh, S2/c
 BARKLEY, Troy C., ARM2/c
 BARLAU, Milton Melvin, CMMA
 BARLOW, Woods Richardson, S1/c
 BARMORE, Martin Leroy, EM3/c
 BARNARD, Robert L. C., RM1/c
 BARNES, Donald Leroy, EM2/c
 BARNES, Frank, S2/c
 BARNES, Glenn Vann, S1/c
 BARNES, Henry Malon, S1/c
 BARNES, Paul James, WT2/c
 BARNES, Phillip Kenneth, S2/c
 BARNES, Robert H., Jr., ARM2/c
 BARNES, Royal Franklin, S2/c
 BARNES, Turner, F1/c
 BARNETT, Charles Edwin, CAPA
 BARNETT, Edwin Ryland, CWTa
 BARNETT, Eugene, MM2/c
 BARNETT, Fred Lee, Cox.
 BARNETT, George Edward, F1/c
 BARNETT, Paul Thomas, PhOM
 BARNETT, Robert Lewis, S2/c
 BARNEY, Bernard, S2/c
 BARON, Norman James, EM3/c
 BARONAS, Stanley Tony, S2/c
 BARR, Joseph A., Jr., RM1/c
 BARR, Robert Leon, PhM2/c
 BARRETT, Donald Patrick, S1/c
 BARRICK, Paul B., S2/c
 BARRINGTON, Lloyd T., AOM3/c
 BARROIS, Uncas B., Jr., SF2/c
 BARRON, Donald Eugene, GM3/c
 BARRON, Joel Daniel, S2/c
 BARROWMAN, Robert, F1/c
 BARRY, Jos. M., RdM2/c
 BARSON, James Charles, FCM3/c
 BARTEK, William John, ARM1/c
 BARTELS, Stanley Alden, S1/c
 BARTHEL, Paul Richard, AS
 BARTLEMUS, Kenneth H., F1/c
 BARTLETT, George Allen, EM1/c
 BARTLETT, William M., AMM2/c
 BARTON, Edgar Warren, F1/c
 BARTON, Robert Anderson, SF2/c
 BARTOSIK, Frank, RM3/c
 BASS, Clyde, CSPA
 BASS, Edward Arthur, S2/c
 BASS, Leland Floyd, S1/c
 BASTIAN, Henry Edward, Ptr3/c
 BATCHELOR, Wm. C., Jr., S1/c
 BATEMAN, Bosie Adylett, S1/c
 BATEMAN, James Edward, MM1/c
 BATES, Frank Wall, ARM2/c
 BATES, Gene Robt., AMM3/c
 BATES, John Hail, RM3/c
 BATES, Wallace Julius, S2/c
 BATTAGLIA, Joseph N., SM1/c
 BATTEN, Edward John, F3/c
 BATTENFIELD, Stuart Clair, F3/c
 BATTERSBY, William Frankl, Y3/c
 BAUBLITZ, Glenn Leroy, S1/c
 BAUCOM, Joseph Lamont, S1/c
 BAUER, August, Jr., F3/c
 BAUER, Edward William, EM3/c
 BAUER, Joseph Paul, Jr., ARM3/c
 BAUER, Lee Anthony, F1/c
 BAUER, Robert Clayton, GM3/c
 BAUGH, William Bryan, F1/c
 BAUGHMAN, Roy Lennard, F2/c
 BAUM, Beryl Brice, GM3/c
 BAUMGARTEN, Thomas E., RM3/c
 BAUMGARTNER, Hiram W., F2/c
 BAXTER, Eugene Edward, PhM1/c
 BAXTER, Olan Conway, S2/c
 BAY, Carleton Holz, S2/c
 BAYER, Herbert James, S2/c
 BAYLESS, Billy Byrd, S2/c
 BAYLON, Robert Raffie, St3/c
 BAZEMORE, Gerald L., RM2/c
 BEACOM, Clarence Peter, Cox.

- BEADLES, Benjamin H., F1/c
 BEAMAN, George Jenks, S2/c
 BEAMON, Fred Dale, S2/c
 BEAN, Donald Ralph, F1/c
 BEAN, Guss, WT1/c
 BEAN, James Buckanan, GM2/c
 BEASLEY, Douglas Lee, RM3/c
 BEASTON, Charles Irvin, WT2/c
 BEATY, Robert Woodruff, S2/c
 BEAUCHAMP, Gerald William, S2/c
 BEAUCHESNE, Paul Marcel, S1/c
 BEAUDOIN, Russell Lloyd, S2/c
 BEAUDRY, Joseph Albert, S1/c
 BEAUMONT, William H., S1/c
 BECHT, Charles Joseph, Jr., S1/c
 BECK, Francis Louis, MM2/c
 BECK, William Burt, AP1/c
 BECK, William J., Jr., S1/c
 BECKENDORF, Orville Leroy, MM1/c
 BECKER, Fred, F2/c
 BECKETT, Arnold Frederick, TM2/c
 BECKON, Murphy, StM1/c
 BECKWITH, Wendell Leroy, F2/c
 BEDARD, Hormidas, CGMP
 BEDARD, Leo Joseph, CMoM
 BEEBE, Ralph Edwin, S1/c
 BEECH, Ernest, Jr., S2/c
 BEECROFT, Henry Lawrence, S1/c
 BEEMAN, Arthur C., CPhM
 BEERS, Thomas Eugene, BM2/c
 BEFF, Robert Elwood, F2/c
 BEBLEY, Patrick Joseph, EM2/c
 BEHLE, John Albert, F2/c
 BEIDLEMAN, Edgar M., Jr., RT2/c
 BEILSTEIN, Theodore C., S1/c
 BEITO, Jess, S2/c
 BEITZ, Carl Owen, S2/c
 BELAIRE, Wesley Charles, S2/c
 BELANGER, Henry Ulric, Jr., S1/c
 BELASCO, Gustave, WT2/c
 BELCHER, Daniel Arthur, S2/c
 BELISLE, Raymond Rene, S2/c
 BELL, Jack Omar, SC3/c
 BELL, Paul Joseph, Jr., S2/c
 BELL, Raymond Ernest, S1/c
 BELL, Sylvester C., Jr., RM3/c
 BELL, Thomas, Jr., S2/c
 BELL, Windfield Wm., StM1/c
 BELL, Winter Payne, S2/c
 BELLARD, Theodore Allen, MM1/c
 BELL, Eugene Frederick, RM3/c
 BELLOW, Max Leonard, WT2/c
 BELO, John Frank, ARM3/c
 BELONGA, Robert Joseph, S2/c
 BELTHUS, Lafern Winston, F3/c
 BENASH, Raymond Aaron, S2/c
 BENDER, Bruce Bertram, PhM3/c
 BENDER, John Michael, S1/c
 BENDER, Joseph Stephen, GM3/c
 BENEGAR, Ivory Henry, CCSA
 BENFIELD, Plemon, S2/c
 BENDEL, John William, MM1/c
 BENKO, Frank, Jr., SC3/c
 BENKO, Michael, S2/c
 BENNER, Calvin W., EM3/c
 BENNETT, Charlie Richard, CEMP
 BENNETT, Dennis Howard, S2/c
 BENNETT, Dewey Douglas, RM3/c
 BENNETT, Donald, EM3/c
 BENNETT, Gene Vernay, ARM3/c
 BENNETT, James Howard, S2/c
 BENNETT, Johnnie Edward, S2/c
 BENNETT, Matthew, MM2/c
 BENNETT, Oscar John, S1/c
 BENNETT, Ralph Stanley, RM3/c
 BENNY, Frederick Jos., S2/c
 BENSON, Emmet Ellary, SC3/c
 BENSON, Robert Gerard, SM3/c
 BENT, John Douglas, Ptri/c
 BENTLEY, Ralph Dalton, CYA
 BENTON, Harry Van, S1/c
 BENTSEN, Fred G., S2/c
 BENTZ, Henry Dale, S1/c
 BENTZ, Joseph Jacob, S1/c
 BERENDT, Albert, MM1/c
 BERESFORD, John Anthony, GM3/c
 BERESIK, Stephen Edward, F3/c
 BERG, David Donald, ARM3/c
 BERG, Ralph William, CGMA
 BERG, Robert William, WT2/c
 BERG, Stanley Paul, S1/c
 BERGE, Rider Warren, AOM1/c
 BERGMANN, Dave, ARM3/c
 BERGQUIST, William Frank, SM1/c
 BERMAN, Alvin Seymour, S2/c
 BERNARD, Austin Louis, F1/c
 BERNARD, Clifford Joseph, S2/c
 BERNARDO, Mabini, NS
 BERNAT, Martin G., Jr., S1/c
 BERNHARDT, Gust., S1/c
 BERRY, Milton Rand, Bkr1/c
 BERRY, Carey Woodson, CMMF
 BERRY, Edward Leroy, CSKP
 BERRY, James Henry, S2/c
 BERRY, Ralph Herbert, CEMA
 BERRY, Theodore Stanley, CWTP
 BERSETH, Elmer Fritjof, S2/c
 BERSIN, Norman, ARM3/c
 BERTOCCHI, Charles, S2/c
 BERTOLET, Harry B., Jr., RM3/c

BESHORE, Edward Arthur, AM2/c
BESSEL, Solomon, M2/c
BETHNER, Michael Edward, F1/c
BETTERTON, Thelmer Calvin, CMM
BETTINGER, Gaston Paul, MM1/c
BETTS, Charles Ray, S2/c
BEVERLY, Brenner Cox, F2/c
BIAGI, Roy John, S1/c
BIBB, Ross Eugene, Jr., ARM3/c
BIBBS, Terance, StM1/c
BICKERT, Elwood Oscar, S2/c
BIDDLE, John Cunningham B., S1/c
BIDWELL, Leslie Warren, F2/c
BIECHMAN, John Charles, S2/c
BIEHLE, Walter Carl, S2/c
BIENKO, Bennie, S1/c
BIERI, Harry Vernon, AFM
BIERNACKI, Stanley A., S2/c
BIGGS, George Edwin, Jr., ARM3/c
BILLUPS, Charles Leon, S2/c
BIONDO, Vincent, S2/c
BIRCH, Edward David, AERM
BIRDSLEY, Richard Ervin, TM2/c
BIRKDALE, Henry Haakon, S1/c
BIRKS, Frank Edward, S1/c
BIRNEY, Samuel Peter, CSA
BISHOP, Gail Adair, S2/c
BISHOP, John James, S1/c
BISHOP, Judson Earl, CYA
BISHOP, Oscar Miles, S1/c
BISHOP, Stephen Edward, S1/c
BITSON, Robert Lewis, S2/c
BIVIN, Vernard Eugene, S1/c
BLACK, Lansing William, CBMA
BLACK, Ray Junior, S2/c
BLACKBURN, Donal Wayne, AS
BLACKBURN, Louis Raymond, S1/c
BLACKMORE, Merlin Dale, F2/c
BLACKWELL, Beverly Paul, MM2/c
BLACKWELL, Joseph Warren, F1/c
BLACKWELL, Thomas C., Jr., GM2/c
BLACKWELL, Vernon Waldo, F2/c
BLAKE, Donald Jay, S2/c
BLANCHARD, Charles Henry, F1/c
BLANCHERI, William Horace, PhM2/c
BLANCK, Frank H., Jr., AMM3/c
BLANK, Harland Gordon, S2/c
BLANK, John E., Jr., ARM1/c
BLANKE, Richard George, F1/c
BLANKENSHIP, Charles Kirb, GM2/c
BLANKENSHIP, Ernest Davis, P2/c
BLANKENSHIP, Arnold, S2/c
BLANTON, Donovan Wayne, ARM3/c
BLASER, Samuel Albert, S2/c
BLASINGAME, Robert P., AOM3/c
BLATTENBERGER, Cletus C., F3/c
BLAU, Donald John, S1/c
BLAY, Charles Carter, S2/c
BLAY, Quinten Anderson, StM2/c
BLAYDOE, James Ursie, Jr., S2/c
BLEASDALE, Dennis Earl, F2/c
BLECHER, Kermit Rastus, BM1/c
BLEDSOE, William Roy, S2/c
BLESSING, William John, CEMP
BLEVINS, Norman West, F2/c
BLINGOE, Michael Voltie, S2/c
BLINSTON, Wesley Hope, RM3/c
BLOCHER, Harold Vance, Cox.
BLOCK, Donald, S1/c
BLOCKHORN, Elvin, Jr., S1/c
BLOH, John Franklin, S2/c
BLOOD, Richard Malcolm, Y3/c
BLUDWORTH, Robert F., Jr., AS
BLUE, Aaeon Jose, StM2/c
BLUE, Don Avery, EM3/c
BLUE, Edward Charles, F3/c
BLUHM, Russell Kent, F1/c
BLUM, Arthur G., EM3/c
BLUNDELL, John Melville, ARM3/c
BLUNT, Douglas Stuart, S1/c
BOATRIGHT, Jack Robert, GM3/c
BOATWRIGHT, Eddie Milton, StM1/c
BOATWRIGHT, Fred, Jr., SC3/c
BOBO, Gerald Alfred, CPhM
BOCKOVER, Harvey Allen, S2/c
BODE, Edward Peter, Jr., ARM3/c
BODIE, William Levi, CEMP
BODINE, James Irvin, S2/c
BODNAR, Lewis John, ARM3/c
BOHANNAN, Franklin Harry, ACMM
BOHANNON, Lyle Francis, S2/c
BOHLANDER, Frank W., Jr., S2/c
BOHN, Jerald William, F1/c
BOHNER, Theodore R., S2/c
BOIVIN, Robert Joseph, SM2/c
BOK, Walter, GM1/c
BOLAN, Fred Christian, F3/c
BOLDING, Arthur James, Ck2/c
BOLEN, Norman, Bug1/c
BOLING, Cyril Max, SK1/c
BOLTER, Clinton Francis, RM2/c
BOLTON, Clyde, FCM3/c
BOLTON, Jack Brixey, F1/c
BOLTON, John Alden, RM1/c
BOLTON, Richard Lloyd, S1/c
BOMBERG, William Edward, F1/c
BOMSTAD, Roger Leland, AMM2/c
BONADIES, Nicholas R., S1/c
BOND, Dwaine G., ML1/c
BOND, Jacob Waldo, SK3/c

BOND, Weyman Watson, F2/c
BONDS, Robert Mason, FCM2/c
BONDURANT, Edward Charles, Ptr3/c
BONE, Jay Dee, S1/c
BONEBRIGHT, Jerold Ed, Cox.
BONNER, Don Cecil, AMM3/c
BONNESS, Charles Joseph, S2/c
BOO, Robert Francis, EM3/c
BOONE, Earl Clark, Jr., AM3/c
BOOTH, Charlie Quinton, S1/c
BOOTH, Charles Lee, BM2/c
BOOTH, Edward F., Jr., AMM1/c
BORDEN, James Alexander, S2/c
BORDERS, William Carl, F2/c
BORDLEY, George Wright, SF2/c
BORGHART, Clarence Henry, F2/c
BORJA, Adriana Castro, St3/c
BOROFF, Darrel William, S1/c
BORTLE, James Theodore, S2/c
BORUCH, Benedict Jacob, AMM3/c
BOSS, Charlie Edward, S2/c
BOSTON, Victor Reid, S2/c
BOSTROM, William Otto, SK2/c
BOSTWICK, Lewis Burton, SF2/c
BOSWELL, Ralph D., Jr., AMM2/c
BOSWORTH, Robert George, Bkr3/c
BOTELHO, Alfred Pacheco, S1/c
BOTHNER, Albert Robert, S2/c
BOUCHER, Newton Clyde, F3/c
BOUCHER, Rudolph Arthur, S2/c
BOUCK, Warren Charles, MM1/c
BOUDREAU, John Donald, S2/c
BOUDREAUX, Charles C., MM2/c
BOULDIN, Homer Robert, FCM3/c
BOURASSA, Emile Lawrence, F1/c
BOUVIA, Chester Lewis, MM1/c
BOVA, Philip Joseph, S2/c
BOWEN, Jack Ledford, S2/c
BOWEN, James Walter, F1/c
BOWERS, Alfred Benjamin, EM2/c
BOWERS, Marlin Dell, AMM1/c
BOWERS, Wade Hampton, WT2/c
BOWIS, Edward Ballard, S2/c
BOWLES, Delbert Richard, S1/c
BOWLIN, Elmer Lee, S1/c
BOWLIN, Garnet Houston, S1/c
BOWLING, Jess Willard, M2/c
BOWMAN, Emerson Howard, StM2/c
BOWMAN, Joseph David, PhM2/c
BOWMAN, Ralph Edward, Jr., PhM1/c
BOYCE, Jack Lewis, S2/c
BOYCE, William Francis, S1/c
BOYD, Fred Kenneth, MM2/c
BOYD, John, S1/c
BOYD, Sylvester H., Jr., Y3/c
BOYD, William G. H., CMMA
BOYER, Albert George, S2/c
BOYER, Benjamin Franklin, Y1/c
BOYER, Doc Lavan, RM2/c
BOYER, Glenn Wiley, SF2/c
BOYETT, Eldridge W., CCMP
BOYETT, W. D., S2/c
BOYLE, John Patrick, S2/c
BOYLE, Joseph Patrick, S1/c
BRAA, Frederick William, MM1/c
BRABHAM, Marvin Lea, S1/c
BRACK, Rooney Lamar, S2/c
BRACK, Theodor, CYA
BRACKEN, Walter Richard, SC2/c
BRADLE, John, S2/c
BRADLEY, Nathern Wilburn, S2/c
BRADLEY, Thomas Joseph, S2/c
BRADNER, Claude, BM2/c
BRADSHAW, Dolph B., Jr., F1/c
BRADSHAW, Harry Frederick, S1/c
BRADSHAW, Martin Joseph, S2/c
BRADSHAW, Willis Tom, S2/c
BRAGDON, Ernest Gaylord, EM3/c
BRAGO, Clyde Hill, PhM3/c
BRAIOVICH, John Dyshown, RM2/c
BRAITHWAITE, James F., ACMA
BRAKEL, Burgess Vance, S2/c
BRAMER, Howard Carl, AMM3/c
BRAMSTEDT, Henry John, S1/c
BRANCHAUD, Fred E., MM1/c
BRANCHEN, William, Jr., CGMA
BRAND, Joseph Albert, F2/c
BRAND, Thomas Fletcher, S1/c
BRANDENBERGER, James H., S1/c
BRANDT, Marcus Francis, EM1/c
BRANDT, Russell Philip, Cox.
BRANHAM, Jack, S1/c
BRANHAM, Lawrence R., S2/c
BRANNAN, Thomas Leo, S1/c
BRANNON, Fred Elzie, S2/c
BRANNON, William Claude, ARM3/c
BRANTLEY, Charles Lee, TM3/c
BRANTLEY, Harold Hughes, AMM2/c
BRAUN, Charles Richard, F1/c
BRAUN, Harold Ervin, F1/c
BRAUN, William Amiel, S1/c
BRAY, Dempster Shell, MM2/c
BRAZIER, Robert Boyd, ARM2/c
BREEDLOVE, Claude Hubert, F2/c
BREEN, Daniel Raymond, RM3/c
BREEN, Michael John, ARM3/c
BREIBY, Eric Arvid, CM3/c
BREITENBACH, Frank Joseph, CWTA
BREMER, Emil Albert, M1/c
BRENDEN, Ernest Morris, S1/c

BRENDLINGER, Ralph E., MM1/c
 BRENNAN, Dale Howard, MM2/c
 BRENNAN, Dominic Leo, S2/c
 BRENNAN, John Joseph, S2/c
 BRENNAN, Ralph John, RM3/c
 BRENNAN, Richard Leo, S2/c
 BRENNAN, Thomas James, CM2/c
 BRENNER, Jack, S2/c
 BRENNER, Walter James, F2/c
 BRESHEARS, Glenn Everett, S2/c
 BRETZ, Richard Joseph, CAPA
 BREWER, Alvin, StM2/c
 BREWER, Floyd Douglas, S1/c
 BRICCO, Donald A., AMM3/c
 BRICK, Frederick Raymond, MM2/c
 BRIEN, Harris John, S1/c
 BRIEN, Theodore Arthur, S2/c
 BRIERE, Wilfred Felix, SF3/c
 BRIGGS, Desmer Wm., MM1/c
 BRIGGS, Orval Pershing, S1/c
 BRIGHT, Kenneth Ray, S2/c
 BRIGHT, Preston, AP1/c
 BRIGHT, Roy Donald, ARM3/c
 BRILEY, Keith Leonard, F1/c
 BRILLA, Anthony Michael, F1/c
 BRILLHART, Curtis R., S2/c
 BRINKER, Jack Leroy, CM3/c
 BRINKERHOFF, Wilbur E., Jr., S1/c
 BRINKLEY, James Norman, S2/c
 BRISBANE, Howard Pascal, PhM3/c
 BRISSON, Kenneth Charles, S2/c
 BRISTOL, Samuel J., Jr., SF1/c
 BRITT, William Louis, S2/c
 BRITTEN, Wesley Malvin, S1/c
 BRITTON, Howard Joshua, S1/c
 BRITTON, Walter Otis, EM3/c
 BROADHEAD, Arthur James, ACMM
 BROCK, Busby Franklin, S1/c
 BROCK, Edmund Reed, CYA
 BROCK, Louis Archie, RM3/c
 BROCKELBANK, Walter F., MM1/c
 BROCKWAY, James Leo, CMMA
 BRODIE, Walter, F2/c
 BRODY, Harry, F2/c
 BROIN, Leonard Martin, BM2/c
 BROM, Léo Frank, CQMA
 BROWNES, Claude Lindley, F2/c
 BROOKHART, Barton A., S1/c
 BROOKS, Benj. T., AS
 BROOKS, Daryl Edward, F2/c
 BROOKS, Francis Doyle, S2/c
 BROOKS, Herbert Melville, S2/c
 BROOKS, Leon Murl, CM2/c
 BROOKS, Robert Hannon, S1/c
 BROOKS, William McKinley, StM1/c

BROOMALL, Samuel Thomas, CMP
 BROSKY, Robt. J., CM3/c
 BROTHERS, Frank W., S1/c
 BROUDER, Robert Edward, RM3/c
 BROUGHTON, David Houston, TM3/c
 BROUILLET, Vern Clarence, S2/c
 BROWDER, Robert Lawson, MM2/c
 BROWDER, William Henry, S2/c
 BROWN, Aaron, StM2/c
 BROWN, Alva Elton, S2/c
 BROWN, Arthur Clyde, TM2/c
 BROWN, Bernard Oscar, F1/c
 BROWN, Charlie William, StM2/c
 BROWN, Donald Howard, FCM1/c
 BROWN, Earl D., Jr., PhM2/c
 BROWN, Earl Donald, S2/c
 BROWN, Eddie Louis, Jr., SC3/c
 BROWN, Ellis R., TM2/c
 BROWN, Eugene, F2/c
 BROWN, Francis Freeman, CRMP
 BROWN, Francis James, S2/c
 BROWN, Frederick Ervin, CEMA
 BROWN, Harold Edgar, MM1/c
 BROWN, Herbert M., Jr., EM3/c
 BROWN, Howard Donald, PhM2/c
 BROWN, Jack Cone, S1/c
 BROWN, James Arnold, Ptr3/c
 BROWN, Joe Stewart, B1/c
 BROWN, John Joseph, CGMA
 BROWN, John Wilbur, CWTP
 BROWN, John Wm., S2/c
 BROWN, Kenneth Eugene, S2/c
 BROWN, Lee Colie, StM1/c
 BROWN, Leonard Wesley, F1/c
 BROWN, Malcolm Walter, S2/c
 BROWN, Max Donner, F2/c
 BROWN, Orville Howard, StM1/c
 BROWN, Ralph Alonza, S2/c
 BROWN, Raymond Charles, F2/c
 BROWN, Raymond Earl, F2/c
 BROWN, Robert Vanburen, SK3/c
 BROWN, Ronald Dean, ARM2/c
 BROWN, William Louis, GM2/c
 BROWNFIELD, Voris V., S1/c
 BROWNING, Arthur Miguel, S1/c
 BROWNLEE, Earl Vernon, S1/c
 BROWNLEE, Raymond Carr, F3/c
 BROYLES, Selmer, StM2/c
 BRUBAKER, Lucian S., QM3/c
 BRUCE, Ellis Perry, AMM3/c
 BRUCKER, Paul Eugene, Ptr3/c
 BRUMFIELD, John Hugh, S1/c
 BRUMLEY, Charles Wm., RM3/c
 BRUNEAU, Howard Alexander, S1/c
 BRUNELL, John Irving, AMM2/c

BRUSCINI, Albert Thomas, PhM2/c
 BRUSO, Donald Raymond, BM2/c
 BRUTSCHER, Ervin Herbert, FCM3/c
 BRYAN, John George, MM2/c
 BRYAN, Kensey Newton, S1/c
 BRYAN, Lee Walton, S2/c
 BRYANT, Clifford Irving, GM2/c
 BRYANT, Donald John, F2/c
 BRYANT, James Arther, S1/c
 BRYANT, Oran Earl, CM3/c
 BRYANT, Raymond Willard, S2/c
 BRYANT, Thomas Crawford, S2/c
 BRYANT, Vennon Laman, EM2/c
 BRYANT, Wilburn Cullen, S2/c
 BRYMAN, Avram Hersh, S2/c
 BRYNGELSON, Glen C., F2/c
 BRYSON, Clarence Willard, S2/c
 BUBB, Ralph Charles, SC3/c
 BUCAYON, Nicanor Meano, StM3/c
 BUCHANAN, Mack, BM2/c
 BUCHMAN, William Francis, HA2/c
 BUCKINGHAM, Richard A., S1/c
 BUCKLEY, Claude Lionel, M1/c
 BUCKNER, John Peyton, S2/c
 BUCKNER, Leonard Hall, S1/c
 BUCY, Raymond Howard, F3/c
 BUDINSKI, Chester Stanley, F1/c
 BUECHLER, Carl, Cox.
 BUELOW, Paul Guthrie, PhM2/c
 BUENAVENTURA, Maximo, Ck1/c
 BUEREN, Ernest August, S1/c
 BUFFINGTON, Lloyd Roy, MM1/c
 BUFORD, Albert Dee, AMM2/c
 BUGG, Simon Attwood, F3/c
 BUGMRA, Albert Lewis, S2/c
 BUHLMAN, Clarence N., S2/c
 BUHREN, James Bernard, GM3/c
 BUITENWERT, Edward F., S2/c
 BULGRIN, Olin Victor, F2/c
 BULL, Henry, StM2/c
 BULLINGTON, Joe, Jr., Cox.
 BULLOCH, Guy Rex, Jr., S2/c
 BULT, Thomas Kyle, QM1/c
 BUMBALL, Stephen, Jr., Y3/c
 BUMP, Daniel Merdeca, S1/c
 BUMPUS, Norman Elwood, ARM3/c
 BUMPUS, Samuel Eugene, SF3/c
 BUNCH, Arthur, Jr., S2/c
 BUNCH, Kenneth Cecil, ARM1/c
 BUNDY, George, GM2/c
 BUNTING, Howard William, S1/c
 BUNTON, Edward Wilbur, St2/c
 BUONASSISI, Michael, TM2/c
 BURAGA, Abelardo, St3/c
 BURCH, Marion Oliver, S1/c
 BURDI, Frank Joseph, F3/c
 BURDICK, Lyle Edward, S2/c
 BURDOCK, Joseph Andrew, S2/c
 BURDON, Robert Barker, CM3/c
 BUREMAN, Harold Leon, SK2/c
 BURGER, Dennis Daniel, CM3/c
 BURGESS, Mark Model, QM3/c
 BURGETT, Johnnie Lois, CMMP
 BURKE, Dennis Charles, RM3/c
 BURKE, Joseph Francis, RM1/c
 BURKE, Walter Gerard, F1/c
 BURKETT, Charles Raymond, S2/c
 BURKETT, Dallor Frank, Jr., TM3/c
 BURLILE, Dale Stanley, F3/c
 BURLINGAME, Archie Clark, S1/c
 BURNETT, Alonzo Alvin, AOM1/c
 BURNETT, Charles Thomas, S1/c
 BURNHAM, Frank P., Jr., QM2/c
 BURNO, Clifton Irving, S2/c
 BURNS, Daniel Leland, S1/c
 BURNS, Edward William, PhM1/c
 BURNS, Frank, S2/c
 BURNS, Frank Robert, S2/c
 BURNS, Raymond Francis, S1/c
 BURR, John Joseph, CMMP
 BURRIS, John Elbert, S2/c
 BURTIN, Verda, S1/c
 BURTON, Robert Everett, Cox.
 BURTOSKY, Arthur, ARM3/c
 BUSBY, James Newberne, S1/c
 BUSBY, Rance Glenn, S2/c
 BUSBY, Walter Francis, GM3/c
 BUSH, Gerald Floyd, SK1/c
 BUSH, James Frederick, MM1/c
 BUSH, Ray Junior, WH2/c
 BUSHNELL, Edgar W., CSKP
 BUSKY, Albert John, GM3/c
 BUSSARD, John Riley, CBMA
 BUSSO, Frank, WT2/c
 BUTCHER, Helmer Fred, S1/c
 BUTLER, Cecil, S2/c
 BUTLER, David Richard, ARM2/c
 BUTLER, Frank Edwin, S2/c
 BUTLER, Harry Russell, S2/c
 BUTLER, John David, StM2/c
 BUTLER, John Harry, CFCA
 BUTLER, Leland Charles, GM3/c
 BUTLER, Milton Lawrence, SM3/c
 BUTLER, Robt. Allen, AMM3/c
 BUTLER, William S., Jr., F3/c
 BUTLER, William Thomas, ARM1/c
 BUTTERFIELD, Fred Currier, S2/c
 BUTTS, Amos Albert, S2/c
 BYARS, Joseph Thomas, MoMM
 BYERS, Hume M., Jr., S2/c

BYERS, Norman Ursus, CYA
 BYERS, Walter K., Jr., Cox.
 BYINGTON, Charles Norman, S2/c
 BYRD, Earl, S1/c
 BYRD, Roosevelt, Ck2/c
 BYRD, William Stanley, MM2/c
 BYRKETT, Charles Rufus, S2/c
 BYRNE, Joseph John, CEMA
 BYRNE, Joseph Edmond, S2/c
 BYRON, Thomas Clarence, BM1/c
 BYUS, Grady G., Jr., MM1/c

CABADING, Pedro, StM2/c
 CABLE, Dallace Devon, AS
 CABRAL, Edward Augusta, ARM3/c
 CADBY, Robert Andrews, Jr., S2/c
 CADDIGAN, Thomas Ernest, S2/c
 CADIEUX, George Henry, S2/c
 CAFFEE, James Linwood, StM1/c
 CAHILL, Adrian Joseph, S2/c
 CAHILL, Joseph Bauby, GM3/c
 CAHILL, William Matthew, S2/c
 CAIG, Fulhencio, MM1/c
 CAIN, Joseph, AOM3/c
 CAIN, Paul Robert, S2/c
 CAIN, Robert Sherely, S1/c
 CAIOLY, Peter, CCSP
 CALABRIA, Sam, Jr., S2/c
 CALCATERRA, Herbert A., MoMM
 CALDARA, William Fred, F2/c
 CALDER, Howard Thomas, WT1/c
 CALDERON, David, NF2/c
 CALDERON, Jose N., Cox.
 CALDWELL, Dewey Chas., F2/c
 CALDWELL, Earl James, CM1/c
 CALDWELL, Francis A., F1/c
 CALDWELL, Francis Edward, RM2/c
 CALER, Edmond Mortimer, S2/c
 CALHOUN, Frank, Ck3/c
 CALKINS, Max Arthur, ARM3/c
 CALLAHAN, Daniel Arthur, EM3/c
 CALLAHAN, James Horace, WT1/c
 CALLEJO, Fortunato, Ck2/c
 CAMBONI, James Peter, S2/c
 CAMBRON, John Nelson, SF1/c
 CAMERON, Alexander Levi, AMM1/c
 CAMERON, Glenn, GM2/c
 CAMERON, Robert Keith, S2/c
 CAMERON, Thomas Henry, GM3/c
 CAMERON, Wm. Dallas, Jr., F3/c
 CAMP, William H., Jr., AOM2/c
 CAMPAGNA, Anthony P., CM1/c
 CAMPBELL, Arthur Carl, S2/c
 CAMPBELL, Charles Dwight, S2/c
 CAMPBELL, Colin Hugh, S2/c

CAMPBELL, Donald Tyson, FCM3/c
 CAMPBELL, Francis John, S1/c
 CAMPBELL, Gordon Malcolm, F1/c
 CAMPBELL, Irvan Joseph, CMMA
 CAMPBELL, James M., S2/c
 CAMPBELL, John Judson, CEMP
 CAMPBELL, Kenneth Lee, AS
 CAMPBELL, Marvin Ingram, F3/c
 CAMPBELL, Nolan Junior, S1/c
 CAMPBELL, Phillip Mangum, AMM2/c
 CAMPBELL, William Felix, S2/c
 CAMPBELL, William Francis, F2/c
 CAMPBELL, William John T., RM1/c
 CAMPBELL, Willis Elmer, S2/c
 CANARD, James Collins, S2/c
 CANDOR, Robert R., Jr., F3/c
 CANNON, James William, SC2/c
 CANNON, Martin, S2/c
 CANO, Ramon B., NS
 CANTRELL, Jas. A., S2/c
 CANTRELL, Samuel, StM2/c
 CAPARINO, Donato A., NS
 CAPISTRAND, Kenneth Jos., Y3/c
 CAPOZZA, Antonio, S2/c
 CAPPS, Alfred James, S2/c
 CARACCILO, Anthony B., F1/c
 CARANDANG, Clemente, Ck1/c
 CARAWAY, James Otis, RM1/c
 CARAWAY, James Toxic, CCStd
 CARDIN, Joseph Roland, PhM2/c
 CARDY, Louis Ray, S2/c
 CAREY, Walter James, WT2/c
 CARIKER, George Kenneth, EM1/c
 CARIMI, John Mario, PhM2/c
 CARLISLE, Thomas Kelsey, S2/c
 CARLSEN, Paul Thomas, GM1/c
 CARLSON, Albert Earl, PM2/c
 CARLSON, Daniel William, CMMP
 CARLSON, John Benjamin, SK2/c
 CARLSON, Neil Alvin, AMM3/c
 CARLTON, Lewis Laverne, S2/c
 CARLTON, William Francis, S2/c
 CARMITCHEL, John Beers, Mus1/c
 CARNES, John Vinson, S2/c
 CARNEY, Rugus Henry, S1/c
 CARON, Normand Joseph, SC2/c
 CARPENTER, Charles Finley, MM2/c
 CARPENTER, George Raymond, S2/c
 CARPENTER, William O., BM2/c
 CARPENTER, William Beeche, GM3/c
 CARPAM, Benjamin Marck, S1/c
 CARR, Clifford James, S2/c
 CARR, Creighton Edward, S2/c
 CARR, John Wesley, Jr., BM2/c
 CARR, Lorraine Golden, S1/c

CARR, Louis Raymond, GM1/c
 CARR, Nelson Leo, AM3/c
 CARR, William Daniel, Cox.
 CARRAN, Jack Beatson, C2/c
 CARRAWAY, George Dixon, CTCA
 CARRICO, Karl Kenneth, WT2/c
 CARRIER, Albert Alonzo, CMMF
 CARRIER, Robert Leroy, ACRM
 CARRILLO, Jesus, S2/c
 CARROLL, Charles L., Jr., SC1/c
 CARROLL, Douglas Eugene, S1/c
 CARROLL, Ernest John, S2/c
 CARROLL, Herbert Rannie, EM2/c
 CARROLL, Peyton Oldum, AMM2/c
 CARROLL, Richard Harry, S2/c
 CARRUTHERS, Elmer I., Jr., CCMP
 CARSON, Vernon Garrett, S2/c
 CARTER, Charles William, AM3/c
 CARTER, Cyrus David, MM2/c
 CARTER, David, StM3/c
 CARTER, Fred, AS
 CARTER, Fred Harding, Y3/c
 CARTER, Fredk. L., Jr., QM3/c
 CARTER, Herman Eldrege, MM2/c
 CARTER, Robert Wormester, StM2/c
 CARTIER, Jacques Jennings, WT2/c
 CARTWRIGHT, Jack Henry, TM3/c
 CARWILE, Lavner Cleo, S1/c
 CARY, Thomas Henry, SF1/c
 CASADO, Angelus Gutierrez, AM3/c
 CASE, John Riley, S2/c
 CASE, Maxwell, Jr., S2/c
 CASE, Robt. W., S1/c
 CASELLA, Mark Anthony C., QM2/c
 CASEY, Homer Washington, StM3/c
 CASEY, Kenneth Edmund, SC2/c
 CASIANO, Marino, Ck1/c
 CASILLAS, Jonas Carmona, S2/c
 CASLEY, Harry Thomas, S1/c
 CASON, Daniel Wilkerson, S1/c
 CASSERLY, Kevin Grattan, S2/c
 CASTALDO, Dominick N., S1/c
 CASTANEDA, Guadalupe, S1/c
 CASTILLO, Cornelio, NCox.
 CASTLEN, Wilbur, MoMM
 CASTRO, Clement, Y2/c
 CASTRO, Felix R., St3/c
 CASTRO, Geo. E., F3/c
 CASTRUCI, Attilio R., MM2/c
 CATALANO, Vincent Chris, F1/c
 CATES, William Finnie, S2/c
 CATRON, Herbert O., S1/c
 CAUGHMAN, Claude Monroe, S2/c
 CAULEY, Jack, S1/c
 CAULK, Charles Leonard, Jr., S2/c
 CAULK, Howard Wright, Jr., S2/c
 CAVA, John, S2/c
 CAVENDER, Jack Frank, CEMA
 CAWOOD, Ray Merrill, S1/c
 CAYGE, William Neal, S1/c
 CAZAUBON, George L., Jr., MoMM
 CEGELLO, Otto Frank, AOM3/c
 CECARIO, Frank Jos., S2/c
 CENICA, Jacinto, MM3/c
 CERANIC, Thomas N. P., S1/c
 CERESNA, Arthur Walter, GM2/c
 CERVANTES, Hector Joseph, S2/c
 CHABOT, Oliver Joseph, F3/c
 CHAFFIN, Alve James, S1/c
 CHAIDO, Peter C., MM2/c
 CHAKARIAN, Kachazooney Wm., S2/c
 CHALUPA, John David, Jr., AEM3/c
 CHAMBERLAIN, Arlo Lavern, MM1/c
 CHAMBERLAND, Harold F., S2/c
 CHAMBERLIN, Rollo D., F1/c
 CHAMBERS, Clifton Neal, Cox.
 CHAMPION, William G., MoMM
 CHANCY, James David, S2/c
 CHANDLER, Albert Charles, S2/c
 CHANDLER, George W., F3/c
 CHANDLER, J. W., CGMP
 CHANGE, Robert Leslie, S2/c
 CHAPIN, Virgil Freeland, WT2/c
 CHAPMAN, Charles W., Jr., S1/c
 CHAPMAN, Henry Thomas, F1/c
 CHAPMAN, John F., Jr., TM3/c
 CHAPMAN, Robert Fred, GM3/c
 CHAPMAN, Vernon Dow, S2/c
 CHARGUALAF, Vicente C., NS
 CHARLTON, Davis Milton, S2/c
 CHASE, Guy Laverne, S2/c
 CHASE, Howard Eugene, S2/c
 CHASE, Webster Horace, F1/c
 CHATELAIN, Hubert Paul, GM1/c
 CHATELL, Harold John, S1/c
 CHATHAM, Wayland Eugene, GM3/c
 CHAVEZ, Moises Climaco, S2/c
 CHAVIS, Sheldon Wesson, WT2/c
 CHEATHAM, James Bruce, HA1/c
 CHEEK, Earl Jackson, SF1/c
 CHEENEY, Bartholomew A., RM1/c
 CHEGUS, Steve, S2/c
 CHENAULT, Gilchrist Frank, F1/c
 CHENEY, Gayle Taylor, F3/c
 CHENEY, William Henry, StM1/c
 CHERBACK, John, S2/c
 CHERMACK, John Adolph, S2/c
 CHERRY, Dorsey Elwayne, PhM2/c
 CHERRY, Frank Gilbert, S2/c
 CHESHIRE, Clarence Edgar, S1/c

CHESHIRE, John James, F2/c
CHESHIRE, Nelson Green, FCM3/c
CHESLEY, Robert Kenneth, F1/c
CHILDERS, Keith L., S1/c
CHIN, Buck Watt, S1/c
CHIRAVALLE, John Augustin, S2/c
CHISHOLM, Edwin Julian, EM2/c
CHMIEL, John Peter, S2/c
CHMILL, Paul, F1/c
CHORAK, Nicholas Thomas, S1/c
CHRISMAN, Glen Alva, PhOM
CHRISTENSEN, Albert Glyde, S1/c
CHRISTENSEN, Charles D., ARM3/c
CHRISTENSEN, Clarence, EM1/c
CHRISTENSEN, John Kenneth, S2/c
CHRISTENSON, Arnold H., ART1/c
CHRISTIAN, David Albert, F3/c
CHRISTIAN, Hurley Edward, F1/c
CHRISTIENSEN, Hans Joseph, F2/c
CHRISTIENSEN, Peter Elmer, S1/c
CHRISTIANSON, Loftus Linw., BM1/c
CHRISTMAN, Otto, CTMA
CHRONISTER, William J., S2/c
CHYZANOWSKI, Michael Jose, ACMM
CHUPRINA, Leon, RM1/c
CHURCH, Walter Raymond, S2/c
CHURCHILL, Clayton Leroy, GM3/c
CLARK, Allen, CYA
CLARK, Arleigh Bryn, Jr., WT2/c
CLARK, Darwin Lawrence, ARM2/c
CLARK, Everett Thomas, AMM3/c
CLARK, Hal, Jr., S2/c
CLARK, Harold, SM2/c
CLARK, Harry Paul, F1/c
CLARK, Jack Monroe, CWTA
CLARK, John Franklin, F1/c
CLARK, John Joseph, AMM2/c
CLARK, Lester Burdette, Cox.
CLARK, Mansel Vernon, S2/c
CLARK, Max Cather, S1/c
CLARK, Melvin Dale, S1/c
CLARK, Milton Wayne, AMM2/c
CLARK, Richard Clarence, S2/c
CLARK, Tomas Zepeda, S2/c
CLARK, Vernon Floyd, SK2/c
CLARK, Walter Everett, MM2/c
CLARK, Wilbur Russell, WT2/c
CLARKE, Harvey Bassett, F2/c
CLARKE, Irwin Ritter, CMMP
CLARKE, Joseph John, SK3/c
CLARY, Alva Leroy, S1/c
CLARY, Edward Earl, ARM3/c
CLASS, Francis Edgar, S2/c
CLAWSON, Garland Omar, SF1/c
CLAWSON, George Rome, Jr., F3/c

CLAYTON, Edward Stewart, S1/c
CLAYTON, Ferne Head, S2/c
CLAYTON, Joseph Dwight, S2/c
CLAYTON, Orville Fredrick, GM3/c
CLEGG, Warren Glenwood, QM3/c
CLEIN, Andrew S., ARM2/c
CLEMENS, Elden Winton, F3/c
CLEMENTS, John William, WT1/c
CLEMENTS, Kenneth B., MoMM
CLEVELAND, George Bowen, SF3/c
CLEVELAND, William L., S2/c
CLEVENBERG, Leonard C., RM1/c
CLIFT, John Stewart, TM2/c
CLINEFELTER, Daniel H., EM2/c
CLOGSTON, Donald B., AOM2/c
CLOMAN, Emerson, F3/c
CLOTFELTER, Chester Wm., MoMM
CLOWERS, George Wm., Jr., HA1/c
CLUTTER, Raymond Charles, BM2/c
CLYDE, Emmette Ham, Bkr3/c
COAN, Richard Francis, ARM3/c
COARTNEY, Ralph Raymond, S2/c
COATES, Charles, CM1/c
COATES, Willie, StM2/c
COBB, Carl Lee, ARM3/c
COBB, James Mallory, F3/c
COBB, Walter Benjamine, Cox.
COBLE, James McDonald, WT2/c
COBURN, Donald Joe, MM2/c
COBURN, Henry C., PhM1/c
COCHRAN, Hal John, AMM2/c
COCHRAN, Paul Robert, AMM3/c
CODY, William James, AMM3/c
COE, Charles Edgar, S1/c
COFER, John Joseph, S1/c
COFFEY, Thomas Ray, ART2/c
COFFMAN, Woodrow Wilson, S1/c
COGDILL, Kenneth Horton, AS
COGGIN, Jas. A., MM1/c
COHEN, Edward, S2/c
COHILL, Joseph Edward, S2/c
COKER, George Willis, BM1/c
COLBURN, Wesley Winship, MM2/c
COLE, Charles Everett, S1/c
COLE, Charles Woodson, PhM3/c
COLE, Homer Gerald, S1/c
COLE, Johnnie Ralph, ARM1/c
COLE, Joseph, S2/c
COLE, Max Herbert, RM3/c
COLE, Robert Menford, S1/c
COLEMAN, Chas. S., MoMM
COLEMAN, Donald Earl, S2/c
COLEMAN, Leroy Ernest, SC1/c
COLEMAN, Royce Earl, S2/c
COLLETT, Harry Duane, F2/c

COLLETTE, Allie, S2/c
 COLLI, Robert Victor O., M1/c
 COLLIER, Elmer Richard, AMM3/c
 COLLIER, Leland Ross, EM3/c
 COLLIFLOWER, Winfred G., AMM1/c
 COLLINS, David Hogan, Jr., S2/c
 COLLINS, James Dorsey, S2/c
 COLLINS, James Taylor, MM2/c
 COLLINS, Marvin Romaine, WT2/c
 COLLINS, Marshall O'Brien, WT2/c
 COLLINS, Michael Francis, F2/c
 COLLINS, Robert Raymond, GM2/c
 COLLINS, Vern Everett, CWTA
 COLLINS, Wm. I., CCMA
 COLOPY, Joseph Herbert, SK3/c
 COLSON, Clarence James, F3/c
 COLSON, Virgil Willis, S2/c
 COLTON, Myron Dale, Bkr2/c
 COMACHO, Bert, S2/c
 COMBS, Charles Kenneth, S2/c
 COMBS, Leroy David, S1/c
 COMBS, Lewis Franklyn, MM1/c
 COMBS, Russell Arnold, BM1/c
 COMPTON, Charles Magnus, CPhM
 COMPTON, Ryland Douglas, S1/c
 CONDE, Francisco, MATT1/c
 CONE, Dedrich Martin, Jr., MM2/c
 CONE, Robert Russell, S2/c
 CONLEY, Galen William, SK2/c
 CONLEY, Thomas Henry, F2/c
 CONLON, George Edward, AMM3/c
 CONN, Frank Jackson, F2/c
 CONNELL, Jack Eldred, S1/c
 CONNELLY, Joseph Michael, S2/c
 CONNER, Charles Francis, BM2/c
 CONNER, Freeman Oscar, ARM3/c
 CONNER, Luther Calvin, WT2/c
 CONNER, Olen Dale, S2/c
 CONNOLLY, Charles F., Cox.
 CONNOLLY, Francis Joseph, S2/c
 CONNOLLY, James Emmett, GM3/c
 CONNOLLY, John William, Y3/c
 CONNOLLY, Robert Francis, S2/c
 CONNOLLY, William Edward, F2/c
 CONRAD, Alley Burton, ARM2/c
 CONROY, William Richard, S2/c
 CONTRERAS, Donald F., S2/c
 CONTRERAS, Jesus, MM2/c
 CONWAY, Robert James, S2/c
 CONWEI, Archy, CWTP
 CONYERS, Harry Kemp, S1/c
 COOK, Archie Kennedy, FCM3/c
 COOK, Francis Paul, BUG2/c
 COOK, George Edward, SF2/c
 COOK, George Henry, S2/c
 COOK, Lester Winnfield, MM1/c
 COOK, Monroe, S2/c
 COOK, Theodore Roosevelt, StM1/c
 COOK, Thomas Harrison, S2/c
 COOK, William Ernest, MM1/c
 COOK, Winston Fenton, TC1/c
 COOKE, Charlie Alton, EM1/c
 COOKE, George Walter, BM2/c
 COOKSEY, Lee Dale, MoMM
 COOLEN, William James, S1/c
 COOLEY, John Paul, MM2/c
 COON, Dempsey Worth, AM1/c
 COON, Oliva, F3/c
 COOPER, Claud Cornelia, GM3/c
 COOPER, Claude David, S2/c
 COOPER, Dale R., PhM3/c
 COOPER, Harry Leon, MM1/c
 COOPER, Henry Clay, CM1/c
 COOPER, Henry Otis, SK1/c
 COOPER, James Monard, S1/c
 COOPER, Wilson Jennings, ARM1/c
 COPAUS, Odis Lee, S2/c
 COPE, Paul Mitchel, S2/c
 COPE, Robert Kash, S1/c
 COPELAND, Jesse Lee, F1/c
 COPENHAVER, Charles Myron, BM2/c
 COPPI, Joe, AOM2/c
 CORBETT, James Jasper, PhM3/c
 CORBETT, Lawrence John, EM3/c
 CORCORAN, Thos. Raymond, S2/c
 CORDLEONE, Joe, F1/c
 CORDOVA, Nicholas Guerra, EM1/c
 COREA, Raymond George, S2/c
 CORMALK, John Alexander, S1/c
 CORMAN, Clifford Leroy, MM1/c
 CORNELISON, Charles Ross, SC2/c
 CORNELIUS, Dennis V., AMM1/c
 CORNONI, Andrew, S1/c
 CORPE, Roland Maurice, HA1/c
 CORRADO, Rudolph Joseph, S2/c
 CORRIERI, Giovanni A., RM3/c
 CORRIGAN, George Wilfred, S2/c
 CORSON, Robert Gordon, RM3/c
 COSBY, Robert Lewis, S1/c
 COSGROVE, Ray Melvin, F2/c
 COSTA, Raymond Donald, EM3/c
 COSTANZA, Anthony B., Jr., F2/c
 COTALING, Louis F., S1/c
 COTE, Robert Lawrence, S1/c
 COTTEN, Clarence John, F1/c
 COTTEN, Duane Caesar, GM3/c
 COTTEN, Wiley Orlando, S2/c
 COTTLE, William Orion, PhM2/c
 COTTOM, Kenneth Eugene, GM2/c
 COTTON, Harry F., CSMA

COUGHLIN, Leo Fred, B2/c
 COULTER, Joseph May, S2/c
 COUNTRYMAN, Eugene Dewitt, Y3/c
 COURTNEY, Thos. Jos., S2/c
 COURTS, Tracey Nolan, S2/c
 COUSE, Earl Irvén, SK3/c
 COVELL, Delmar Wade, S1/c
 COVERLY, Kenneth Willis, EM2/c
 COVINA, Ross Clifford, S2/c
 COWARD, Edward Gott, Jr., FCM3/c
 COWDREY, Arch Edward, SoM3/c
 COWDREY, George Henry, S1/c
 COWDREY, Ray Merton, S2/c
 COX, Delburt Francis, ARM1/c
 COX, Donald S., AS
 COX, Gerald Andrew, S2/c
 COX, John Elihue, CMMP
 COX, John R., PhM2/c
 COX, Louis Edward, CBMA
 COX, Pearlin Grant, S2/c
 COX, Roy Theodore, Jr., CM3/c
 COY, Everett Verel, F2/c
 COY, Lenn Elton, F2/c
 COYLE, James, AMM2/c
 COYLE, Matthew Lewis, S2/c
 COYNE, William Michael, S2/c
 CRABB, John Calvin, Jr., S2/c
 CRABB, Russell Wayne, AOM3/c
 CRACRAFT, Arthur Levi, FCM3/c
 CRAIG, Claire Clark, EM1/c
 CRAIG, David Bruce, RM3/c
 CRAIN, Howard Ely, ARM2/c
 CRAM, Alvin Lee, AS
 CRAMER, Lloyd Edward, AMM3/c
 CRAMER, Louis Grover, MM2/c
 CRAMER, Robert Richard, S1/c
 CRANDAL, Anthony Julian, AS
 CRANE, James Chad, S1/c
 CRANE, Leonard, SK2/c
 CRAVEN, Noel Elwood, S2/c
 CRAWFORD, Billy Brant, F3/c
 CRAWFORD, David Warren, MM1/c
 CRAWFORD, George T., Jr., F1/c
 CRAWFORD, Howard F., S2/c
 CRAWFORD, James Hubert, MM1/c
 CRAWFORD, John Garfield, S1/c
 CRAWFORD, John Robert, F2/c
 CRAWFORD, Robt. E., SF1/c
 CRAWFORD, Robert Lee, StM2/c
 CRAWFORD, Russell Levan, S2/c
 CRAWFORD, William F., Jr., S1/c
 CRAWFORD, William Victor, F1/c
 CRAWLEY, Clifford Lee, CEMA
 CRAWSHAW, Keith, S2/c
 CRAYS, Charles William, S2/c

CREAD, Walter Irving, F2/c
 CREAMER, Joseph Albert, S2/c
 CREASY, Othway David, Jr., ARM3/c
 CREE, Glenn, Jr., F1/c
 CREECH, Lynn Joseph, F3/c
 CREEDEN, Harold Jas., MoMM
 CREEL, William Martin, S2/c
 CREEL, Willie Curtis, S2/c
 CREIGHTON, George F., FCM3/c
 CREMER, Cornelius, CMMA
 CRESOSTOME, Jaime, NS
 CRESPO, Allen Jos., Jr., S1/c
 CRESSWELL, George E., EM2/c
 CREWS, Robert Shelby, EM2/c
 CRIBBIN, Andrew James, S1/c
 CRIBBIN, John Eugene, S2/c
 CRIDDLE, Leland Richard, GM2/c
 CRIDER, Arthur Lee, Jr., MM2/c
 CRINELLA, Albert Bertin, F1/c
 CRIFE, Donald John, CRMA
 CRITCHLEY, Edward Moses, S2/c
 CRIVELLO, Salvatore, GM3/c
 CROFFORD, Grady Lawson, S1/c
 CROFT, Albert Edward, EM2/c
 CROFT, Cleo Gerard, WT2/c
 CROFT, Franklin Harwell, S2/c
 CROMACK, Donald Raymond, ARM3/c
 CROMBIE, Herbert Sumner, WT1/c
 CROMWELL, Anderson B., MM1/c
 CROOK, Warren Holman, SM3/c
 CROOKER, Arthur Howard, MM2/c
 CROSBY, Austin Wheelock, AMM2/c
 CROSBY, Louis Bertram, SM2/c
 CROSBY, William Thomas, S2/c
 CROSSMAN, George John, 3d, ARM2/c
 CROSS, Alexander Billy, S2/c
 CROSS, Clark Butler, WT1/c
 CROSS, John Wood, SM3/c
 CROSS, Lawrence Jackson, CGMA
 CROSS, Lual Junior, F3/c
 CROSS, Ray Milton, TC1/c
 CROSSLIN, Walter Charles, GM3/c
 CROUCH, Loren Bailey, SK2/c
 CROUSE, James Howard, SM1/c
 CROUSE, Richard Allen, S2/c
 CROWE, Lemuel Zebulon, Jr., F2/c
 CROWE, Willard A., QM1/c
 CROWELL, Maurice Richards, EA2/c
 CROWLEY, Rex Blaine, RM3/c
 CROWSON, Virgil Ray, EM2/c
 CROWTHER, Daniel Louis, RM2/c
 CROXEN, Russell Leroy, S2/c
 CRUM, Orrin Lewis, Jr., SK2/c
 CRUM, Raymond Garfield, FCM3/c
 CRUMPTON, James Theodore, AOM1/c

CRUSE, Charles Joseph, S2/c
 CRUZ, Vicente Agualo, StM2/c
 CUBEIRO, Emilio John, F3/c
 CUFF, Irvin Richard, S1/c
 CULBREATH, Andrew Leroy, MM2/c
 CULLINANE, Daniel, CMoM
 CUMISKEY, Philip Alan, Y2/c
 CUMMING, James Woodruff, S2/c
 CUMMINS, Harold Vernon, S2/c
 CUNNINGHAM, John Francis, SK2/c
 CUNNINGHAM, Robert V., SK1/c
 CUPPS, Howard Charles, ARM2/c
 CUPPY, Wilbur Edward, S1/c
 CURRAN, John Timothy, S2/c
 CURRAN, Joseph Thomas, BM1/c
 CURRAY, Maurice Charles, SF2/c
 CURTIS, Chappell Howard, Cox.
 CURTIS, Charles Herbert, WT2/c
 CURTIS, Edwin Palmer, WT2/c
 CURTIS, Harvey Arnold, S2/c
 CURTIS, Henry Harden, Jr., AMM3/c
 CURTIS, Lamar, MM1/c
 CURTIS, Relis, Ck3/c
 CUSICK, Arthur Aloysius, S2/c
 CUTRER, Ray William, S1/c
 CUTRIGHT, Cheslie Claud, MM2/c
 CUVAR, Steve, AMM2/c
 CWCYNAR, Walter John, GM2/c
 CZIRR, John August, CGMP
 CZUPRYNA, Matthew Norman, F1/c

DACKO, Henry, F1/c
 DAGGETT, Louis Lee, S2/c
 DAGOSTINO, Paul David, SM2/c
 DAIGRE, Rivet J., MM2/c
 DAILEY, Jim, CK1/c
 DAILEY, Norman Francis, F1/c
 DALE, Donald Eugene, S1/c
 DALE, Raymond Arthur, ARM2/c
 DALE, Robert, S2/c
 DALLARA, William Andrew, GM3/c
 DALLAS, Robert Hugh, SC2/c
 DALLEY, Wilford Joseph, S2/c
 DALLISSIO, James William, S2/c
 DALTON, Brady Allen, S2/c
 DALTON, Marlin Clyde, S2/c
 DALTON, Thomas Robert, S2/c
 DALYM, John Jos., F3/c
 DAME, John Philip, EM3/c
 DAMELIO, Nick, Jr., S2/c
 DAMON, Curtis Wheeler, S2/c
 DAMON, Donald David, S2/c
 DANFORD, James Howard, S2/c
 DANFORTH, Clifford Elroy, AMM3/c
 DANIEL, Farris, ARM2/c

DANIEL, Virgle Ellis, S1/c
 DANIEL, William Cleston, SM1/c
 DANIELLO, Frank Anthony, S2/c
 DANIELS, Francis E., EM3/c
 DANNER, Maynard Hughes, MM2/c
 DARABAN, George, F3/c
 DARCE, Raymond Joseph, ARM3/c
 DARNELL, Claude Howell, FCM1/c
 DARSEY, Leslie Ray, S1/c
 DARST-DONALD, Albert, S1/c
 DARST, Frank A., GM3/c
 DARUGNA, Louis, F1/c
 DARUSIN, Macario, StM2/c
 DASHUKAWICH, William, EM1/c
 DAUGHA, John, CWTA
 DAVALOS, August, S2/c
 DAVENPORT, Robert Elmer, S2/c
 DAVEY, Wilford Leo, EM3/c
 DAVID, James Frederick, F2/c
 DAVID, Joseph Bertney, F3/c
 DAVIDSON, Charles Frank, AMM1/c
 DAVIDSON, William James, SF1/c
 DAVIDSON, William S., Jr., S1/c
 DAVILLA, Manuel Silva, S2/c
 DAVIS, Arthur, S2/c
 DAVIS, Arthur James, BM1/c
 DAVIS, Arthur William, S1/c
 DAVIS, Charles Orin, S2/c
 DAVIS, Clark Lee, S1/c
 DAVIS, Daniel Joseph, Jr., S2/c
 DAVIS, Donald Avil, TM2/c
 DAVIS, Donald Glenn, F1/c
 DAVIS, Earl William, SM1/c
 DAVIS, Everett Shockley, S2/c
 DAVIS, George Duane, S2/c
 DAVIS, George Frank, F2/c
 DAVIS, George Harry, S2/c
 DAVIS, Grady Lester, S2/c
 DAVIS, Grover Martin, S1/c
 DAVIS, Ivery, StM2/c
 DAVIS, James Bradney, F1/c
 DAVIS, James Buchanon, S2/c
 DAVIS, Jess Orvel, MM1/c
 DAVIS, John Alexander, S2/c
 DAVIS, John Andrew, SoM3/c
 DAVIS, John Eldridge, S2/c
 DAVIS, Joseph Paul, S1/c
 DAVIS, Lawrence Louis, S2/c
 DAVIS, Marion, StM1/c
 DAVIS, Millard, CMP
 DAVIS, Samuel, SK3/c
 DAVIS, Silas Jasper, Jr., S1/c
 DAVIS, Whitney E., Jr., PR3/c
 DAVIS, William Douglas, S2/c
 DAVIS, William Priere, S2/c

DAVIS, William Ray, S2/c
DAVISON, George John, S2/c
DAVOLI, Alfred Bruno, S1/c
DAWKINS, Edward Joseph, S2/c
DAWN, Grant Ulysses, RM3/c
DAWSON, Claude Dailey, F3/c
DAWSON, Claudie Van, BM2/c
DAWSON, Harold Ralph, S2/c
DAWSON, Joseph Michel, S2/c
DAWSON, Merlyn Belmonte, AP1/c
DAWSON, Thomas Curtis, CWTA
DAWSON, Wm. Thomas, EM2/c
DAY, Cyril Avery, AMM1/c
DAY, Donald Stewart, S2/c
DAY, Richard Edward, F2/c
DAY, Shirley Otis, WT2/c
DAYBILL, Mark Robert, CTCA
DAYLONG, Jas. E., MoMM
DEAN, Andrew, StM2/c
DEAN, Edwin Lewis, S2/c
DEAN, Jack J., F1/c
DEAN, Milton Wm., F1/c
DEAN, Wayne Altimus, M1/c
DEANE, Layton Warren, RM2/c
DEASON, George Warren, F1/c
DEATON, Lawrence Dale, S2/c
DEATRICH, Ray Luther, CCStd.
DEBOER, Reuben Francis, S1/c
DEBORD, Stayton Alvin, SM3/c
DECK, Leonard Joseph, SC2/c
DECKER, Alvin Herbert, SF1/c
DECKER, Clyde F., Jr., SF3/c
DECKER, Earl Herman, S1/c
DECKER, William Peter, F2/c
DEDENKO, Alexander Eugene, SK3/c
DEEKS, Joseph Andrew, CM2/c
DEEN, Carl R., Jr., S2/c
DEERING, Edward A., S2/c
DEFOSSE, James Clinton, S2/c
DEFRANCE, John, MM1/c
DEFREES, Hugh J., Jr., S2/c
DEFUENTES, Stanley Joseph, MM1/c
DEGLER, Lester Raymond, S2/c
DEGRAZIA, Albert Peter, S2/c
DEGROAT, Carl Otto, Cox.
DEGUEHERRY, Hans W. A., SK3/c
DEGUTIS, Albert Walter, S2/c
DEHASS, Delbert, F3/c
DEITZ, Thomas Edison, WT2/c
DEJARNETT, James Everett, S1/c
DELACRUZ, Venancio, NS
DELAIN, Frank, S2/c
DELANEY, Bernard Keith, S2/c
DELANEY, Gerald Augustus, F3/c
DELANO, Osber, BM1/c
DELAPENA, Mariano, NSM1/c
DELARAMA, Anacleto, St3/c
DELAY, Ardean Earl, F2/c
DELEO, Edward Anthony, S2/c
DELEON, Daniel Diez, S2/c
DELGADO, Fortunato, F1/c
DELGIUDICE, Peter Paul, S1/c
DELIDLE, Clarence C., S2/c
DELLAROCCA, Edward Joseph, S2/c
DELO, Gordon Kenneth, CMMA
DELONG, Louis Harlan, S1/c
DELONG, Sanford Hurley, F2/c
DELOSREYES, Francisco, St3/c
DEMARCO, Louis Wilson, S2/c
DEMIKIS, Frank Algird, F1/c
DEMIO, John Angelo, S2/c
DEMOEN, Achiel R., CEMP
DEMOREST, Kenneth Eugene, S1/c
DEMPSEY, Edward Francis, F1/c
DENDY, James Franklin, S2/c
DENIS, John William, S2/c
DENNIS, Dicky Henry, S1/c
DENNIS, Edward Guy, Jr., AP1/c
DENNIS, Jeremiah Daniel, MM2/c
DENNIS, Wilmer, S2/c
DENOYER, Emil Wilbur, S2/c
DENSON, Starlie Edgar, S2/c
DENT, George Albert, St3/c
DENTE, Gerard James, BM2/c
DENTON, Claude Ballentine, S1/c
DENTON, Warren Daniel, S1/c
DEPEE, Jesse Raymond, AERM
DEPEE, Lee Truman, S2/c
DEPEW, George, S2/c
DERE, Philip Avery, SC3/c
DERNEHL, Howard George, BM1/c
DEROSIA, Kenneth Wm., S2/c
DERRINGTON, John P., WT2/c
DESINGER, William Delbert, AS
DESJARLAIS, Henry Arthur, S1/c
DESPRES, Virgil Joseph, SM3/c
DESTEFANO, Guy Joseph, CM1/c
DESTOOP, Albert Edward, CTMA
DESTREE, Robert Frank, S2/c
DETELS, Herman, F1/c
DEVANE, Wallace Walter, SF3/c
DEVANEY, Wm. Patrick, Jr., S2/c
DEVER, Lowell Maurice, F2/c
DEVINE, William Joseph, S2/c
DEVIVO, Michael, SF1/c
DEWHURST, Robert Foster, CYP
DEYO, Raymond Dean, S2/c
DHONAU, Harvey Herman, QM2/c
DHONDT, August Maurice, S1/c
DHUVVETTERS, John J., ARM2/c

DIAL, George Lawrence, F3/c
 DIAMOND, James, Jr., F2/c
 DIAMOND, Theodore Lee, S2/c
 DIAS, Peter, CBMA
 DIAZ, Marcelo, St3/c
 DIACCO, Vincent Joseph, S2/c
 DIBBLE, Reid Miller, F2/c
 DICKEN, Marion Upton, S2/c
 DICKENS, Johnny C. Warren, F1/c
 DICKERSON, Kelly Bruce, S1/c
 DICKINSON, G. W., S2/c
 DICKRIEDE, Vincent B., Cox.
 DICKSTEIN, David, CRMA
 DIECKMANN, Albert Wilbur, Cox.
 DIEDERICH, Donald L., EM3/c
 DIEDERICH, Hienz Gunter, MM2/c
 DIEMER, Lester Emery, CFCP
 DIERKING, Raymond Anthony, CEMA
 DIETL, Walter James, BM2/c
 DIETRICH, Lester William, AMM1/c
 DIETZ, John, Y3/c
 DIETZ, Joseph Francis, MM2/c
 DIETZ, Walter Edward, F3/c
 DIETZ, William George, S2/c
 DIGIACOMO, James Vincent, SK3/c
 DIGREGORIO, Carmelo A., GM2/c
 DILLENBURG, Jack, AS
 DIMASI, Angelo Nick, S1/c
 DINEEN, Lucian Timothy, S2/c
 DINGLE, George Raymond, CWTP
 DINNEEN, Robert Royal, B2/c
 DINNOGENZO, Warren, S2/c
 DINOVO, Frank Joseph, Bkr3/c
 DIROMA, Frank L., AMM3/c
 DISMUE, Wilfred Julius, S2/c
 DISNEY, Daniel Harding, S1/c
 DITTOE, Lawrence James, CTCF
 DITTY, Quinten Alvin, MM1/c
 DIXON, Charles Lee, S2/c
 DIXON, Clem Tarrant, St2/c
 DIXON, Ruben David, FCM3/c
 DLOGOKENSKI, Walter Geo., Cox.
 DOBBINS, Albert James, S1/c
 DOBBS, Horace Franklin, CRMP
 DOBBS, Virgil Benton, SK2/c
 DOBRA, John Gabor, S2/c
 DOBYNS, Walter Robert, S2/c
 DOCKERY, George Grant, S2/c
 DOCTERMAN, John Perry, EM1/c
 DODD, Edward Allen, GM1/c
 DODD, William Donald, CM1/c
 DODERO, James Malgloire, M2/c
 DODGE, William Clark, RM3/c
 DODSON, Benjamin R., Jr., ARM3/c
 DOELL, Louis Henry, Jr., RM2/c
 DOLAN, Arthur James, EM3/c
 DOLINICK, George, SoM3/c
 DOLLAR, Robert Stanley, SM3/c
 DOMAEL, Amando, Ck2/c
 DOMBROWSKI, Michael Richa, BM2/c
 DOMELOICZ, Michael, S2/c
 DOMINY, Harold William, AMM3/c
 DONALDSON, Russell Wm., S1/c
 DONELAN, Walter, F2/c
 DONES, Ricardo, NS
 DONNELLY, Darrell Russell, S2/c
 DONNELLY, Roger Henry, S2/c
 DONNER, George Walter, S1/c
 DONOVAN, Woodrow Malcolm, CBMA
 DOOLEY, Thomas Martin, F2/c
 DOOLIN, Albert Eldon, AS
 DOORNBOS, Harry, S1/c
 DORAK, John Andrew, F1/c
 DORER, Warren Peter, S1/c
 DORISTANO, Anthony Joseph, S2/c
 DOROSZCZYK, John Joseph, S2/c
 DORROUGH, Charlie Lee, EM1/c
 DORSEY, Thomas Edward, SF2/c
 DOSHIER, Leo Anderson, CMMA
 DOSS, William Hillery, HA2/c
 DOUBERLEY, Ozell, S1/c
 DOUDIGAN, Robert Charles, F2/c
 DOUGHERTY, Anthony Wm., F1/c
 DOUGHERTY, Edward A., Jr., WT1/c
 DOUGHERTY, George Michael, MoMM
 DOUGHERTY, John R., M1/c
 DOUGLAS, Harold Richard, F3/c
 DOWDEN, Herbert Theodore, F1/c
 DOWDY, Kenneth Lloyd, S2/c
 DOWLING, Paul Charles, F3/c
 DOWNARD, Thomas Harrod, S1/c
 DOWNEY, Edward Thomas, S2/c
 DOWNEY, John William, RM3/c
 DOWNING, Robert Franklin, S2/c
 DOYEL, Donald Bennet, S2/c
 DOYLE, Charles Francis, F1/c
 DOYLE, William Daniel, S2/c
 DOZIER, Paul Pittman, Jr., S2/c
 DOZIER, Spencer Boyd, F3/c
 DRAEMEL, Arlan Carl, F2/c
 DRAKE, Lenox Brandon, Jr., F1/c
 DRAKE, William Clement, S1/c
 DRAPER, Clede Mayo, S2/c
 DRAPER, Donald Leonard, S1/c
 DRAZBA, Peter Anthony, SM2/c
 DREFFS, Justus J., MM1/c
 DRENNAN, Edward John, F1/c
 DRESNER, Gustav Fred, CCMA
 DREWES, Wesley, S2/c
 DREWETT, Robert Edward, Y3/c

DRINANE, Richard Francis, MoMM
DRISCOL, Everett Raymond, CGMA
DRISCOLL, Kevin Emmett, AS
DRISKILL, Malcolm Jessie, S2/c
DRIVER, Morris Cleveland, PhM3/c
DROSSART, Perry William, AMM3/c
DRUMHELLER, Ned Clabern, S2/c
DRUMMOND, Darrell Meyers, QM2/c
DRURY, Claude Kenneth, S2/c
DRURY, Logan Jeffrey, MM1/c
DRYDEN, Jack Orval, PhM3/c
DUBIEL, Stanley John, S2/c
DUBOIS, Dean Louis, AS
DUBOSE, Willie Lee, StM3/c
DUCKWORTH, Thomas, S2/c
DUCUSIN, Antonio Umel, StM3/c
DUDKO, Dimitro, S1/c
DUDLEY, Daniel Edwin, SK3/c
DUDLEY, Roland Q., Jr., S2/c
DUDLEY, Roy Lee, Ck3/c
DUENA, Dominador, NF1/c
DUESING, Anthony Henry, AMM3/c
DUFFEY, Charles Elmer, S1/c
DUFFY, Warren Francis, WT2/c
DUGAS, Sylvain Eugene, CEMA
DUGGINS, Robert Keith, MM2/c
DUKE, Michael, EM1/c
DUKE, Raymond Hamilton, PhM2/c
DUL, Joseph John, S1/c
DULL, Burl William CM3/c
DUMAIS, Armand Emilien, S2/c
DUMOULIN, Dorant Henry, SK1/c
DUMPER, Lawrence Hunt, S1/c
DUNCAN, Joe Edward, S2/c
DUNCAN, Johnny Martin, S2/c
DUNCAN, Robert Thomas, RM2/c
DUNDON, Edward Joseph, S2/c
DUNGAN, Ernest Revis, S2/c
DUNHAM, Roland Sumner, S2/c
DUNISCH, Donald George, F1/c
DUNLAP, Calvin Campbell, S2/c
DUNN, Audress Casey, F2/c
DUNN, Clarence Alvin, SK2/c
DUNN, Edmund Louis, Jr., RM3/c
DUNN, Edward John, S2/c
DUNN, Gilman Clarence, S2/c
DUNN, John Joseph, F3/c
DUNN, Royce, S2/c
DUNN, Vernon, GM2/c
DUNN, Vernon Leland, S1/c
DUNWELL, Paul F., Jr., BM2/c
DUOOS, Lester Wendell, F3/c
DUPRE, Roland Rene, F3/c
DUPREE, McKinley, StM2/c
DUPREE, Russell Joseph, AS

DUPREE, William Joseph, F3/c
DURAN, Andrew, S1/c
DURANT, Howard Elza, Jr., S2/c
DURANT, Kenneth Wm., PhM3/c
DURAWA, Gregory Joseph, ARM3/c
DUREN, Frank Edward, AOM2/c
DURFEE, Paul George, S1/c
DURNER, Jacob C., Jr., ARM2/c
DUROY, Harland Apt, S1/c
DURSKI, Thaddeus James, MM2/c
DUSHANE, Elon George, FCM3/c
DUTKA, Wallace William, S1/c
DUTRA, Paul Anthony, S1/c
DUVAL, Robert James, B2/c
DUXBURY, John Joseph, S2/c
DYER, William Harold, RM3/c
DYNDA, Charles, S1/c
DZIAMBA, Demetrius, F1/c
DZURENKA, Louis, SF2/c

EACKER, Ralph Smith, CFCA
EAGY, Ross Marvin, S1/c
EAMES, Harry Raymond, CMMP
EARL, Joseph Orland, S1/c
EARLING, Earle Gogstod, S1/c
EARNSHAW, George Lincoln, CEMA
EAST, Floyd Bernard, S1/c
EATMON, James Alexander, F1/c
EATON, Donald William, S2/c
EATON, Reese David, Jr., S2/c
EBAUGH, Forest V., S2/c
EBEL, John Andrew, CYA
EBERHARDT, Fred L., MM3/c
EBLER, James, F2/c
ECKERT, William Albert, S1/c
ECTON, William Harvey, Jr., S1/c
EDGAR, Cameron David, ARM3/c
EDGAR, Maynard Harley, EM2/c
EDGE, William Marshall, S1/c
EDGINGTON, Gale Benton, GM1/c
EDINGTON, Glenn Spencer, EM2/c
EDLIN, Wilber Earl, F2/c
EDMONDS, Bert C., AOM1/c
EDMONDSON, Cecil Leroy, S2/c
EDMUNDSON, William Thos., ARM3/c
EDNEY, Roy, S2/c
EDSALL, Robert Eric, S2/c
EDWARDS, Dupree Lee, F3/c
EDWARDS, Edward David, BM2/c
EDWARDS, Eugene Rollin, F2/c
EDWARDS, Francis Edward, S2/c
EDWARDS, George Harvey, Cox.
EDWARDS, Irvin Leslie, F1/c
EDWARDS, James Jr., TM3/c
EDWARDS, John Owen, ARM2/c

EDWARDS, Kenneth Orville, SF3/c
 EDWARDS, Leo Leonard, S1/c
 EDWARDS, Robert Waymon, F1/c
 EFTIMOFF, Stanley Curtis, ARM3/c
 EGGLESTON, Robert Charles, TM3/c
 EHLERS, Wm. G., Cox.
 EICHNER, Stanley Hugh, SM3/c
 EIFERT, Raymond Gibson, S2/c
 EISBERG, William Isadore, S2/c
 EISELE, George Raymond, S2/c
 EISENZIMMER, Frank, Ptr2/c
 EJJAYPE, Paulino, St1/c
 EKLUND, George Edward, SK2/c
 ELAM, Reeford Warren, F1/c
 ELDRIDGE, Jesse Leon, S2/c
 ELGARIO, Esteban, CCKA
 ELLEDGE, Alonzo John, S2/c
 ELLINGSWORTH, Leo F., ARM2/c
 ELLIOTT, Emanuel, RM2/c
 ELLIOTT, Francis Ernest, AM3/c
 ELLIOTT, Harry Eugene, ARM3/c
 ELLIOTT, James Clifton, S2/c
 ELLIOTT, Roland Chas., QM3/c
 ELLIOTT, William Earl, S2/c
 ELLIS, Benjamin Charles, StM1/c
 ELLIS, Fred Allen, Jr., EM3/c
 ELLIS, James Harvey, F3/c
 ELLIS, Lloyd Rosevelt, Ck1/c
 ELLIS, Louis Claud, S1/c
 ELLIS, Tyson Ralph, EM1/c
 ELLIS, Walter Felton, SC3/c
 ELLISON, Albert Clifford, CQMP
 ELLISON, Jesse, S2/c
 ELSSESSER, Robert August, S1/c
 ELSWICK, Talmadge Henson, QM3/c
 ELVIDGE, George, Jr., AMM3/c
 ELVINA, Feliciano, St3/c
 ELY, Robert Charles, S1/c
 EMBRY, Billy D., S2/c
 EMERY, Edward Emil, EM3/c
 EMMENS, Kenneth Jacob, AOM3/c
 EMMONS, Russell Ephraim, S2/c
 EMRICH, Harold Vincent, S2/c
 ENDRES, Dean Clyde, S2/c
 ENGBERG, Gordon Edward, SM2/c
 ENGEL, William Otto, GM3/c
 ENGELBRECHT, Harry Earl, AOM2/c
 ENGHOLM, Russell Kenneth, FCM2/c
 ENGLAND, John Franklin, TM2/c
 ENGLAND, Leo Leroy, GM1/c
 ENGLAND, Rufus Junior, S1/c
 ENGLE, Richard Troutman, S2/c
 ENGLERT, Thomas William, SF2/c
 ENGLISH, Claude Junior, S2/c
 ENGLISH, Leonard Post, Cox.

ENO, William Ernest, EM1/c
 ENOX, Willie Thomas, WT2/c
 ENRIQUEZ, Pedro, NMM2/c
 ENTRIA, Pedro, StM1/c
 ENYART, Owen Benjamin, FCM3/c
 EPPARD, Donald Edw., ARM2/c
 ERICKSON, Carl Virgil, SM2/c
 ERICKSON, Oliver Leslie, F3/c
 ERICKSON, Scott Walter, F2/c
 ERIKSON, Carmen Albert, GM2/c
 ERNE, Bernard Michael, AOM2/c
 ERWIN, Kenneth Edison, CMMMA
 ERWIN, Lawrence Hedrick, MM2/c
 ERWIN, Walter Wendell, S2/c
 ERWIN, William Stokes, F1/c
 ESHELMAN, John William, MM1/c
 ESPEJO, Elpidio, Ck1/c
 ESPOSITO, Alexander John, S2/c
 ESTAVILLO, Mauro, GM1/c
 ESTES, Herbert Fred, FCM2/c
 ESTES, Jas. H., Y1/c
 ESTES, Roland Ashby, EM1/c
 ESTES, Van Henderson, FCM3/c
 ESTIBAL, Felix Limos, StM3/c
 ESTILYDIZ, Ricardo, St1/c
 ESTRADA, Mateo, NF1/c
 ETHRIDGE, George Erskine, SK3/c
 ETHRIDGE, Willie F., S2/c
 ETTER, John Howard, EM3/c
 EUBANK, James N., Jr., SK3/c
 EUSTACE, Edwin James, S2/c
 EUSTACE, Edward Joseph, S2/c
 EVANS, Arthur C., StM2/c
 EVANS, Cleo William, S1/c
 EVANS, Douglas, EM3/c
 EVANS, Edwin Gale, S2/c
 EVANS, Ferdinand Alois, MM2/c
 EVANS, Floyd Hirman, SF2/c
 EVANS, George Bob, SF2/c
 EVANS, Hollis Ruble, S2/c
 EVANS, James Caldwell, F2/c
 EVANS, Raymond Glenn, AM2/c
 EVANS, Robert King, CCMA
 EVANS, Truman Floyd, TM1/c
 EVANS, William, Jr., F1/c
 EVANS, William Henry, SM3/c
 EVANS, Winfred Lorin, CQMA
 EVERETT, Hilton Harding, F1/c
 EVERETT, Joe Victor, F3/c
 EWELL, Curtis, StM1/c
 EWELL, Paul Phillip, Jr., RM3/c
 EWING, Alex Alexander, CMA
 EWING, Harvey Randell, F3/c
 FABER, Thomas George, SK2/c

FABRA, Agapito, St3/c
FACER, Elmo Edwin, S2/c
FACINOLI, Frank John, GM3/c
FAGAN, John Joseph, GM1/c
FAGER, John Joseph, Jr., FCM3/c
FAGG, Charles Raymond, MM1/c
FAHY, John Laird, SF1/c
FAIR, Charles Edison, AOM3/c
FAIRCHILD, Clar. D., Jr., CMMA
FAIRCHILD, Edwin M., S2/c
FALGOUT, George Irvin, S2/c
FALLIS, George D., Jr., EM3/c
FALLON, Raymond Francis, MoMM
FALQUIST, Erven Frank, ARM2/c
FALTYSEY, Edward Jerome, AS
FALUSZCZAK, Tadeusz Josep, S2/c
FALZONE, Anthony John, S2/c
FANGHOR, Gene, GM3/c
FANKHAUSER, Merrell Clyde, F3/c
FANNING, Buster E., S2/c
FANT, Russell Joseph, BM2/c
FARLEY, Jack Dempsey, S2/c
FARLEY, Lafayette F., CM3/c
FARMER, James Murray, S2/c
FARMER, Lloyd Edwin, S2/c
FARRAR, Danny, StM2/c
FARRAR, Kenneth Eugene, StM1/c
FARRELL, Fitch Howell, TM1/c
FARRELL, William Joseph, S2/c
FARRIN, Forrest Fred, TM3/c
FARRIS, Elmer James, MM1/c
FAUCETT, Walter John, F2/c
FAULKNER, Irvin Leroy, F2/c
FAULKNER, Mack Clifton, F3/c
FAYETTE, Louis Paul, F1/c
FAZENDIN, James Wm., EM3/c
FAZIO, Joseph R., Jr., EM3/c
FAZZI, Victor Armiss, F3/c
FEARHEILEY, Otto G., Jr., S2/c
FECHHELM, Walter Albert, TM1/c
FEELY, Jas. J., S2/c
FEGLEY, Wayne Francis, S2/c
FELIX, Irving Arthur, Y1/c
FELL, Joseph Jerome, MoMM
FELL, Stanley Allen, F1/c
FELOSOF, Fermin, Ck2/c
FELTENBERGER, James H., GM3/c
FELTNER, Eliga Curt, S1/c
FENSKE, Roger Harold, S1/c
FENTON, Willard Chapman, TM2/c
FERGUSON, George Bell, SC2/c
FERGUSON, Harley Eldon, CBMA
FERGUSON, Henry Sylvester, FCM2/c
FERGUSON, Hilton Herman, CM1/c
FERGUSON, John Baptist, MM2/c

FERGUSON, Oral Ralph, F2/c
FERGUSON, Robert Alex, F1/c
FERGUSON, Robert Earl, GM2/c
FERGUSON, William Edward, CGMA
FERNANDEZ, Casper Peter, S2/c
FERNANDEZ, Paciano, St3/c
FERNIE, Duncan MacDonald, CCMA
FERRACANE, Anthony Wm., Y2/c
FERRARI, Attilio John, S2/c
FERREIRA, Frank Gomes, CBMA
FERRER, Manuel, Ck1/c
FERRIS, Allen Omar, BM1/c
FERRO, Gerald, SC2/c
FERRUGGIARO, Alfred J., S1/c
FERRY, Daniel James, CEMA
FETKO, Joseph S2/c
FEW, John Reginald, Cox.
FEWELL, Wesley Rudolph, AMM3/c
FICKENWORTH, Ernest C., F3/c
FIECHTL, Benedict L., EM1/c
FIELD, George Arthur, ARM3/c
FIELD, William George, Bkr2/c
FIELDING, Harold, MM2/c
FIELDS, Jasper, StM2/c
FIELDS, Paul Vincent, S1/c
FIEVET, John Thomas, F2/c
FILLEBROWN, Thornton B., CRMA
FINCH, Elmer Lee, GM1/c
FINCHER, Ralph Allen, TM3/c
FINCK, Theodore, S2/c
FINK, Elmer Augustus, S2/c
FINK, Glenn Russell, F1/c
FINLAY, Thomas, Jr., EM2/c
FINN, Paul Emmet, S2/c
FINNegan, Arnold T., SK2/c
FINNELL, French Arnold, S2/c
FINNEY, Joseph, M1/c
FIRTH, Howard, CMMA
FISCHER, Kenneth Donald, BM2/c
FISCHER, Stephen Casper, Bkr1/c
FISCHER, William F., Jr., S1/c
FISHER, Alfred Edward, S2/c
FISHER, Henry Jos., Jr., SM3/c
FISHER, John George, EM1/c
FISHER, Ronald Joseph, ARM2/c
FISK, Wilbur Fredrick, F1/c
FITCH, Gilbert Charles, ARM3/c
FITZGERALD, Thomas Joseph, SK1/c
FITZMIER, James Alfred, S1/c
FITZSIMMONS, Harry O'Neal, S1/c
FITZSIMMONS, John F., S2/c
FLACK, James W., Jr., SM2/c
FLACK, Lewis Guy, AMM3/c
FLACK, Perry Calvin, S1/c
FLANDERS, George William, RDM3/c

FLANDERS, Harold Arthur, BM1/c
 FLATT, Garfield Harland, MM2/c
 FLECK, Harry Lloyd, CMMA
 FLEMING, Fred Gelbreath, S1/c
 FLEMING, James Hurshel, S1/c
 FLEMING, Robert A., F2/c
 FLEMING, Robert H., S1/c
 FLEMING, William Edward, PhM1/c
 FLESHER, Stanley R., S1/c
 FLINT, Chester, S1/c
 FLINT, William Carl, S2/c
 FLISAK, Stanley Anthony, Y2/c
 FLORY, Dale Frederick, WT2/c
 FLOYD, Charles Elliott, CBMP
 FLOYD, Robert McKenney, S1/c
 FLYNN, Albert Denis, CGMA
 FLYNN, Edward Francis, S2/c
 FLYNN, Jack B., BM1/c
 FLYNN, Wilmer Gordon, CM3/c
 FOGG, Forest Denver, SF2/c
 FOGO, Thomas Robert, F3/c
 FOLEY, John Willing, FCM3/c
 FOLEY, William James, S2/c
 FOLK, Donald Eugene, EM2/c
 FOLKEDAHL, Charles Bernar, Cox.
 FOLTYN, Walter, AS
 FOLVAG, Luverne Morris, F1/c
 FONDA, Francis Arthur, S2/c
 FONDREN, Charles E., Jr., WT2/c
 FONTAINE, Armand G., S2/c
 FONTENOT, Woodrow Andrew, RM3/c
 FONTONELLA, Joseph, S1/c
 FORBES, William Kenneth, RM3/c
 FORCE, Fred F., GM3/c
 FORD, Leon Christenson, F3/c
 FORD, Paul E., F3/c
 FORDYCE, Thomas Alfred, ARM2/c
 FOREMAN, Leo Francis, MM2/c
 FOREMAN, William Charles, CRMP
 FORSTOFFER, John, S1/c
 FORSYTH, George Samuel, CMMP
 FORSYTH, William James, CMMP
 FORTNER, Roscoe Leland, SK3/c
 FORTUNE, John W., Jr., WT2/c
 FORWARD, Jack D., EM3/c
 FOSE, Robert Remy, S1/c
 FOSKEY, Thurman Clarence, S2/c
 FOSTER, Burton R., S2/c
 FOSTER, Eugene Lloyd, S2/c
 FOSTER, Howard James, F2/c
 FOSTER, Merle Leroy, F1/c
 FOSTER, William Kempton, F1/c
 FOUNTAINE, William Paul, S1/c
 FOUST, James Odell, RM3/c
 FOWLER, David Byron, S2/c
 FOWLER, Frederick Wallace, F1/c
 FOWLER, James Franklin, B1/c
 FOWLER, Robert Willet, BM2/c
 FOWLER, Roy Daniel, AMM2/c
 FOX, Arthur Robert, F3/c
 FOX, Clifford, FCM3/c
 FOX, Elmer Clarence, S1/c
 FOX, Furman, GM2/c
 FOX, Harold Johnson, Cox.
 FOX, Leston C., GM3/c
 FOX, Maurice Donald, MM2/c
 FOY, Donald James, S2/c
 FOYTIN, Henry Stephen, CSFA
 FRALICK, Stephen Eugene, S1/c
 FRAMENT, Paul Stanley, PhM3/c
 FRANCE, Andrew Jackson, AMM1/c
 FRANCE, Marcel Joseph, WT2/c
 FRANCESCA, Albert John, SC2/c
 FRANCHERE, Evariste, S1/c
 FRANCIS, Terrance Michael, Ck3/c
 FRANCK, Leon Henry, S1/c
 FRANCOVICH, Albert Anthon, AMM1/c
 FRANKEL, Julius, MM1/c
 FRANKFORT, Lloyd Shue, S2/c
 FRANKLIN, Carl Jeffrey, S2/c
 FRANKLIN, Howard, S1/c
 FRANKLIN, Robt. Frank, AMM1/c
 FRANKLIN, Windsor Ernest, S1/c
 FRANKS, Jess Leroy, Jr., S2/c
 FRANKS, William Paul, F1/c
 FRANTZ, Warren Gamaliel, F1/c
 FRASCA, Anthony Vincent, S2/c
 FRASER, Douglas Joseph, F3/c
 FRASER, Harold Wayne, EM2/c
 FRASURE, Hershell D., S2/c
 FRAWLEY, James J., Jr., S2/c
 FRAYER, Chester Henry, MM2/c
 FRAZIER, Jack Rollins, F2/c
 FRAZIER, John Joseph, S2/c
 FREDERICK, Harold Max, S1/c
 FREDERICK, Robert Geo., S1/c
 FREDERICK, Wilson B., ARM3/c
 FREDIEU, Ovide Anthony, MM2/c
 FREDRICKSON, Carl Victor, CGMP
 FREDRICKSON, Robert Lee, SK3/c
 FREEHAN, Paul Webster, S2/c
 FREELS, Tilman Ivo, RM2/c
 FREEMAN, Lewis E., Jr., S2/c
 FREERKSEN, Floyd Lyle, S2/c
 FRENCH, Albert Sydney, CWT
 FRENCH, Eugene Debs, AMM2/c
 FRENCH, Fred, STM1/c
 FRENCH, Harold Dolphin, CQMP
 FRENCH, Jerome Edward, S1/c
 FRENCH, Loyd Joseph, S2/c

FRESHWATER, Euane Francis, CBMA
 FREUND, James Thomas, S1/c
 FREY, Edward, Jr., SC3/c
 FRICK, Carl W., GM3/c
 FRIDAY, Otto Rudolph C., Jr., S2/c
 FRISBIE, Harold Arthur, FCM3/c
 FRITTS, Robert Lewis, F1/c
 FRITZ, William Curtis, S2/c
 FRIZZEL, Charles William, RT1/c
 FROHNHAFER, Heman Austin, S2/c
 FROMONG, Albert DeForest, S1/c
 FROST, Kenneth Thomas, S2/c
 FROST, Zigmund Romeo, S2/c
 FRUIT, Albert David, MM1/c
 FRYE, Marion, CBMP
 FUGATE, Paul, MM2/c
 FULGHAM, Pat Fox, CAPA
 FULLER, Charles Edward, S1/c
 FULLER, Orlan E., SM2/c
 FULLER, Raymond Budworth, SC3/c
 FURLONG, Thos. E., Jr., ARM3/c
 FURMAN, Burton J., SK3/c
 FUSSELMAN, Harvey G., F1/c
 FUTERKO, Michael, S2/c
 FUZER, Peter, S1/c

GABEL, Clarence, AMM3/c
 GABRUNAS, Philip J., CMom
 GAEDECKE, Fred Cheney, S1/c
 GAERTNER, Eugene Thomas, FCM3/c
 GAETA, Gerald Samuel, SF3-c
 GAGE, James Ferron, PhM3/c
 GAGNON, Almanzor Arthur, S2/c
 GAIDO, Bruno Peter, AMM1/c
 GAITHER, Leonard, S1/c
 GALAGAN, Carl Francis, SC3/c
 GALBRAITH, James Wm., F1/c
 GALE, Jas. M., AMM3/c
 GALEY, Keith Charles, S1/c
 GALIARDI, Raymond Tulio, FCM2/c
 GALINDO, Trinidad, S2/c
 GALLAGHER, Daniel Vincent, S2/c
 GALLAGHER, George A., S2/c
 GALLAGHER, John Joseph, F1/c
 GALLAGHER, Raymond Walter, S2/c
 GALLAGHER, Thomas Bernard, S2/c
 GALLO, Lawrence Vincent, F1/c
 GALLOB, Stanley, S1/c
 GALUSKI, Henry, S2/c
 GALVAN, Ferdinand Joseph, S2/c
 GAMBILL, John Davis, S2/c
 GAMBRELL, Charles Thomas, S1/c
 GAMBRILL, Wm. P., S1/c
 GANA, Mariano, NS
 GANDY, Andrew J., Jr., S2/c

GANDY, Leonard Jean, S1/c
 GANLEY, Thomas Carmac, Y3/c
 GANNON, Otis Charles, ARM2/c
 GANSTINE, Virgil Arthur, S2/c
 GANT, Avon James, StM1/c
 GARBINSKY, Michael Joseph, F1/c
 GARCIA, Emeterio, NS
 GARCIA, Leonard, MM2/c
 GARDING, Gilbert Bernard, S2/c
 GARDNER, Cecil Eldon, F2/c
 GARDNER, Ralph, S2/c
 GARDNER, Russel, S2/c
 GAREAU, Ernest Vincent, S2/c
 GARLAND, Loren Edward, WT1/c
 GARLOFF, James Maurice, MM2/c
 GARNER, Donald George, F2/c
 GARNER, Paul Allen, StM3/c
 GARNER, Vernon Peter, EM1/c
 GARREN, J. B., F1/c
 GARRETT, Clifford Taylor, Cox.
 GARRETT, Henry Cecil, S1/c
 GARRIDO, Vincente C., SC1/c
 GARRISON, Horace William, AOM3/c
 GARVER, Gerald James, S1/c
 GARZA, Vicente, Jr., S1/c
 GASCON, Geronimo, NMM3/c
 GASTELUM, William, S2/c
 GASTON, Orville Eldon, GM3/c
 GATES, Donald Arthur, S2/c
 GATES, James Garfield, ARM3/c
 GATES, Merrill, Jr., S2/c
 GATTIS, Marvin Lee, GM3/c
 GAULT, Duke David, CMMF
 GAULTNEY, Leonard Wm., MM1/c
 GAVET, Robert, S1/c
 GAVIN, John O., WT1/c
 GAVIN, Martin Joseph, StM2/c
 GAY, Wm. B., MM1/c
 GAYLE, Robert Curtis, Cox.
 GAYLORD, Delvan Clair, EM2/c
 GEARY, Albert Speers, S2/c
 GEE, Robert Averill, GM3/c
 GEER, James E., TM1/c
 GEESMAN, Donald Jean, Cox.
 GEHRIG, Frederick Hutt, GM3/c
 GEHRINGER, Merlin J., S2/c
 GELERA, Saturnino, St3/c
 GELINAS, Joseph A. R., WT1/c
 GENDRON, Donald Edward, S1/c
 GENDRON, Joseph Louis, EM3/c
 GENICKS, Joseph Franklin, S2/c
 GENSINGER, John Reed, S2/c
 GEORGE, Eugene Frank, S2/c
 GEORGE, James Lee, EM2/c
 GEORGE, Paul Frederick, F2/c

GEORGE, Wilbren Earl, S2/c
 GERACI, Jos. J., S2/c
 GERAETS, James John, S1/c
 GERLE, George Thomas, S1/c
 GERLINGS, John, ARM3/c
 GERONIMO, Edward Anthony, Y1/c
 GERTZ, John Herman, S1/c
 GERWICK, Donald Porter, MM2/c
 GESELL, Walter Alfred, S1/c
 GESSINGER, Robert Ray, S2/c
 GEST, Francis Joseph, S2/c
 GETHING, John Wm., S2/c
 GETTLE, James Monroe, AS
 GETTLER, Edward, S2/c
 GEUDER, Roland Ernest, ARM1/c
 GHAN, Gwyn, PhM3/c
 GIACOFCCI, Baltassar Jos., SK3/c
 GIANOCCA, Julian, S1/c
 GIBB, William, ARM2/c
 GIBBS, Lawrence, Jr., EM3/c
 GIBBS, Nathaniel, STM3/c
 GIBSON, Clayton Leon, S2/c
 GIBSON, Rupert G., S1/c
 GIBSON, Samuel McNinch, CFCA
 GIEBLER, Benton William, PhM1/c
 GIESEN, Leo Sigmund, EM3/c
 GIFFORD, Eugene Norman, S2/c
 GILBEAU, Wilfred James, F3/c
 GILBERT, David Leo, S2/c
 GILBERT, Robt. J., S2/c
 GILBERT, Robt. J., TM2/c
 GILBERT, Twyman Alfred, GM2/c
 GILBRIDE, Andrew Leo, CMMA
 GILCHRIST, Arthur Julius, S1/c
 GILHULY, James F., F1/c
 GILLEN, John Laurence, S1/c
 GILLEN, Joseph Thomas, S2/c
 GILLIAM, Jesse J., SK3/c
 GILLIS, Alexander Hugh, MM2/c
 GILMAN, Earl Wilton, RM2/c
 GILMAN, Merrill Ray, CMMA
 GILMORE, Chas. C., CRMP
 GILMORE, Jimmy, S2/c
 GILMORE, Purvis Wayne, S2/c
 GILMORE, Raymond P., PhM2/c
 GILSON, Edward Elwood, FCM2/c
 GIMENEZ, Pedro, S1/c
 GINDER, George James, S1/c
 GINER, Edward Manuel, St2/c
 GINNAVAN, William Jiles, S2/c
 GINSBERG, Robert, CTMP
 GIONCARDI, Ralph Joseph, SC3/c
 GISNER, Robert James, TM2/c
 GISON, Norberto Fortaliza, CSTA
 GIVENS, Dempsey Oniel, ACMP
 GLADDEN, Samuel Reginald, CRMA
 GLASE, Charles Richard, BM2/c
 GLASS, Earl Jenks, S2/c
 GLASS, James Arnold, Y3/c
 GLASS, Lawrence Carlton, S1/c
 GLEASON, Charles Wm., S2/c
 GLENN, Thomas Broderick, S1/c
 GLENN, Wilburn Forrest, ARM2/c
 GLORCH, Henry Howard, MM1/c
 GLOVER, Charles Francis, M1/c
 GLOVER, Chas. Steward, S1/c
 GLOVER, James Edward, S1/c
 GLOVER, William John, ARM2/c
 GLOVER, Wilmer Thomas, AOM3/c
 GOBBLE, Carl Smith, Jr., MoMM
 GOBER, Joseph Richard, MM1/c
 GOCHÉ, Elmer Leroy, EM3/c
 GODECKER, Hubert Thomas, BM2/c
 GODFREY, Donald F., S1/c
 GOETTLE, Edward Karl, SF3/c
 GOFF, George Wesley, F3/c
 GOGGLIN, Albert, S2/c
 GOIN, Robert Edward, S2/c
 GOLAY, Lawrence Ibaltross, S2/c
 GOLDMAN, Herman Eugene, Y3/c
 GOLDYCH, John, TM2/c
 GOLLER, Charles James, RM2/c
 GOLSON, Ernest William, S1/c
 GOMEZ, Mauricio, NF2/c
 GONIA, Hugh Tracy, S1/c
 GONYEA, Harry Davis, WT1/c
 GONZALES, Augustin, S1/c
 GONZALES, Estanislao E., Y2/c
 GOOCH, Wilson Coleman, F1/c
 GOODEN, Edward Fuller, S2/c
 GOODLOE, Raymond Sheldon, MM1/c
 GOODMAN, Carl Irving, EM2/c
 GOODMAN, George Edwin, Jr., EM3/c
 GOOLSBY, Donald Earl, S1/c
 GOORABIAN, Geo., S1/c
 GOOVERS, George, Jr., AMM3/c
 GORDEN, Kenneth Calvin, ARM3/c
 GORDON, Charles Arthur, S1/c
 GORDON, Elgin Warren, Cox.
 GORDON, William Oscar, CWTA
 GORE, Sherman, S2/c
 GORMAN, John Patrick, S2/c
 GORSHENEN, Nicholas N., S2/c
 GOSHORN, Jason Lee, S2/c
 GOSS, Olander, STM3/c
 GOSSAGE, Robert Bruce, S1/c
 GOULD, Howard Stanton, SK3/c
 GRACE, Frank Leo, S2/c
 GRACEY, Howard Thomas, CMMP
 GRACEY, Robert Kennedy, F1/c

GRADY, Adolph B., S1/c
 GRADY, Richard Joseph, S2/c
 GRAGG, Dellerd K., RM2/c
 GRAHAM, Alden Douglas, S1/c
 GRAHAM, Eugene Victor, S2/c
 GRAHAM, Freelon Maurice, PhM1/c
 GRAHAM, Gerald Otis, GM1/c
 GRAHAM, Merritt Dayton, CTMP
 GRAHAM, Richard G., Y3/c
 GRAHAM, Robert Harry, EM1/c
 GRAHAM, William Jacob, S1/c
 GRAHAM, William Robert, Y2/c
 GRAICHEN, Edmund, CMMP
 GRAMC, Joseph Frank, F3/c
 GRANT, Charles Carl, CCSA
 GRANT, Ellis Daniel, AOM3/c
 GRANT, Thomas Rockwell, S1/c
 GRAUL, Clarence E., AS
 GRAVE, Vernon Alvin, S2/c
 GRAVES, DeWitt Osborn, GM3/c
 GRAVES, Estle Jennings, CEMP
 GRAVES, Oscar Romeo, S1/c
 GRAY, Richard Oliver, S2/c
 GRAY, Robert Francis, S2/c
 GRAY, Robert Henry, Jr., CGMA
 GRAY, W. E. Ruel, S1/c
 GRAY, William John, EM3/c
 GRAY, William Everett, GM3/c
 GRAY, Willie Eugene, S2/c
 GREEN, A. D., StM2/c
 GREEN, Eddie, StM1/c
 GREEN, George, S2/c
 GREEN, Harle Herman, S1/c
 GREEN, John Quincy, S2/c
 GREEN, John Robert, TM1/c
 GREEN, Morgan Durwood, GM2/c
 GREEN, Thomas L., Jr., S2/c
 GREENE, Clarence Macon, AS
 GREENHAW, Will Bailey, S2/c
 GREENHILL, Marion Frances, GM3/c
 GREENLEE, Galen, MM2/c
 GREENWELL, William Elmer, CMMP
 GREER, Charles Fred, FCM3/c
 GREER, Herbert Austin, TM3/c
 GREER, James Asbury, EM1/c
 GREGG, John Henry, BM2/c
 GREGORCZUK, Edward M., F2/c
 GREGORY, George Anthony, MM2/c
 GREGORY, Robert Francis, SM2/c
 GREGORY, Stanley Emmett, SC3/c
 GREGSTON, Brevis Manuel, S1/c
 GREMILLION, Roy Charles, MM2/c
 GRENAT, Charles Tilden, ARM1/c
 GRESHAM, James Howard, SoM3/c
 GREWCOX, Charles Elbert, F1/c
 GRIBOO, Andrew, Jr., S2/c
 GRIESENBECK, Wm. Arthur, AMM3/c
 GRIFFIN, Maryland, St3/c
 GRIFFIN, Ralph, S2/c
 GRIFFITH, Donald Monroe, AMM3/c
 GRIFFITH, Herbert Miller, EM3/c
 GRIFFITH, Perry Ivan, SC2/c
 GRIFFITH, Russell Joseph, F2/c
 GRIFFITHS, Leslie Joseph, S2/c
 GRIMSLEY, Cecil Earl, MM2/c
 GRIMSLEY, Clifford Daniel, CCST
 GRISWOLD, William James, CBMP
 GRONAU, Harold George, SF3/c
 GROOM, Juey, Ck3/c
 GROSS, Adolf Robert, SF2/c
 GROSS, Francis Henry, F1/c
 GROSULAK, Peter D., MM1/c
 GROVE, George Hugh, TM1/c
 GROVES, Geoffrey Allen, EM2/c
 GRUBB, William Osbourne, S2/c
 GRUDZIEN, Ted M., ARM3/c
 GRUMBACH, Max Joseph, SF3/c
 GRUNDER, John Dale, S1/c
 GRYCKY, John Andrew, AS
 GUADAGNA, Alfred B., F1/c
 GUARENTE, Gustave Raymond, MM2/c
 GUAY, George Ernest, S1/c
 GUBENIA, Fredk. Jos., S2/c
 GUDERIAN, Elmer Lee, MM2/c
 GUDGELL, John D., AMM3/c
 GUENTHER, Warren Kay, RM1/c
 GUESS, J. B., S1/c
 GUIDA, Bernard Michael, S2/c
 GUILLOT, Alex B., F1/c
 GULAS, Jos. P., MM2/c
 GULEZIAN, John, RM3/c
 GUNN, Ralph Eugene, M1/c
 GUNTER, Joe, Jr., StM1/c
 GUSTAFSON, Carroll Edward, RM3/c
 GUSTAFSON, John Augustus, GM1/c
 GUSTAFSON, Milton Harvey, S1/c
 GUSTAFSON, Swen, CGMP
 GUSTI, Robert Leo, MM2/c
 GUTHIEL, William F., Cox.
 GUTHKE, Thomas Albert, SF2/c
 GUTHREY, Truett Mayo, EM1/c
 GUTHRIE, Dale Winston, F3/c
 GUTHRIE, William George, AS
 GUTIERREZ, Luis, S2/c
 GUY, Jas. A., S2/c
 GUYNUP, Chester Arthur, CYA
 GUYON, William George, MM2/c
 GUZMAN, Julio Mendiola, StM2/c
 GWINN, Asa Willie, WT2/c
 GYORFI, Albert John, AP3/c

HAASER, Francis Louis, FCM1/c
 HACKER, Homer H., Jr., CMMA
 HACKLER, John William, GM3/c
 HACKWORTH, Wm. Conrad, F1/c
 HAERTIG, William Marion, WT1/c
 HAFNER, Jack B., S1/c
 HAGAN, Harry, Jr., AM3/c
 HAGELGANS, Walter L., S2/c
 HAHN, Elmer Frederick, F1/c
 HAHN, Jack James, F2/c
 HAHN, Richard Paul, S2/c
 HAIGHT, James Harrison, Jr., S1/c
 HAILER, Charles Barry, S2/c
 HAIRSTON, Claude Wilson, AMM3/c
 HALABURDA, Edward Joseph, S2/c
 HALBERT, Bentley Moon, SoM3/c
 HALCOMB, Roy Boneparte, RM3/c
 HALDEMAN, Arthur Wm., CCMA
 HALE, J. A., Jr., PhM3/c
 HALE, Leland Standish, SF2/c
 HALE, Robert Huntington, F2/c
 HALE, Tom McMoy, S2/c
 HALEY, Frank John, S2/c
 HALEY, Henry Harlan, AOM2/c
 HALL, Billy Ben, SK2/c
 HALL, Bridgeman George, RM2/c
 HALL, Charles Emory, F3/c
 HALL, Dee, S2/c
 HALL, Earl A., Jr., S2/c
 HALL, Elby Loyd, MM2/c
 HALL, Ervin L., S1/c
 HALL, Harvey Clement, PhM2/c
 HALL, Homer Robert, Jr., S2/c
 HALL, James Morris, Jr., MoMM
 HALL, Kenneth Edward, S2/c
 HALL, Leon, ARM2/c
 HALL, Victor Bernard, Ptr2/c
 HALL, William Stewart, S2/c
 HALLGREN, Edwin Harold, S2/c
 HALLIGAN, Edward James, BM1/c
 HALLISEY, William Patrick, WT2/c
 HALPIN, Joseph Ambrose, CM1/c
 HALTOM, Beamon Eugene, S2/c
 HALVERSON, Robert Jos., PhM2/c
 HAMAR, Richard O., PhM2/c
 HAMBY, Chester Eugene, S1/c
 HAMES, William, S1/c
 HAMILTON, Charles Harold, ARM2/c
 HAMILTON, Charles Leslie, TM3/c
 HAMILTON, Lane, Jr., Cox.
 HAMILTON, Mack Herman, S2/c
 HAMILTON, Richard Joseph, F2/c
 HAMMACK, Henry Robert, GM2/c
 HAMMEAL, Earl Theodore, AS
 HAMMOND, Eldon Edwin, S2/c
 HAMMOND, Oscar Hunter, CWTA
 HAMMONS, Robert Lee, ARM2/c
 HAMPTON, Charles Richard, AMM2/c
 HAMPTON, Marshall Fredk., S2/c
 HAMRICK, Charles Albert, S2/c
 HANCOCK, Harold Daniel, SF3/c
 HANCOCK, John Thomas, F1/c
 HAND, Harold Holmes, S2/c
 HANDY, Lindell Light, S2/c
 HANES, Paul Andrew, Bkr3/c
 HANIFAN, John Thomas, F1/c
 HANIS, George Leroy, S1/c
 HANKS, John Frank, S1/c
 HANLON, Geo. J., CBMA
 HANLON, Louis John, AMM1/c
 HANNA, Robert Glen, PhM2/c
 HANNIFF, Kenneth Earl, MM1/c
 HANSEN, Clarence Wesley, GM3/c
 HANSEN, Francis Claude, GM3/c
 HANSEN, Harold Walter, TM3/c
 HANSEN, Henrick R. J., Cox.
 HANSEN, John Paul, GM2/c
 HANSEN, Louis Dale, RM3/c
 HANSEN, Martin Lavern, S1/c
 HANSEN, Paul Roy, F2/c
 HANSEN, Quentin Wilbur, F2/c
 HANSEN, Ralph R., S1/c
 HANSEN, Richard Mathew, ARM3/c
 HANSEN, Tommy Fritz, S2/c
 HANSEN, James Wesley, BM1/c
 HANSON, Carsten John, S2/c
 HANSON, Ralph Edward, S1/c
 HANSON, Wendell Herbert, SM2/c
 HARBIN, Earl Charles, CMMF
 HARBOLD, Lewis Henry, F3/c
 HARBOR, Walter, AMM3/c
 HARDENSTINE, Howard C., F2/c
 HARDIE, Joe Lee, StM2/c
 HARDIE, Peter David, GM3/c
 HARDWICK, Jas. Wm., S2/c
 HARDWICK, Timothy Dwight, F3/c
 HARDY, Dewey Lee, B1/c
 HARDY, John E., PhM3/c
 HARDY, Joseph Glenwright, EM1/c
 HARDY, Lester Bernard, F2/c
 HARDY, Robert Burns, MM2/c
 HARFORD, Rollo Dee, Cox.
 HARKNESS, James, Jr., QM1/c
 HARLEY, Hartley Wm., WT2/c
 HARLEY, John Albert, PhM3/c
 HARLOWE, Willard Bledsoe, TM2/c
 HARM, Harry Hollis, S1/c
 HARMAN, John Henry, F3/c
 HARMON, Frank Seibert, S2/c
 HARMON, Leonard Roy, StM1/c

HARNISCHFEGER, Frank John, F1/c
HARP, John Wm., F3/c
HARPER, Jas. Q., TM3/c
HARPER, Jonathan, StM1/c
HARR, Howard Russell, S1/c
HARREL, Francis Joseph, CYA
HARRELL, Robert Charles, F2/c
HARRELSON, Horace Fred, Jr., S1/c
HARRIMAN, Myron Palmer, BM1/c
HARRINGTON, John Leslie, S2/c
HARRINGTON, Joseph Henry, S2/c
HARRIS, Cleon Arthur, F1/c
HARRIS, Ernest C., Jr., GM3/c
HARRIS, Franklin R., QM1/c
HARRIS, Henry C., SM2/c
HARRIS, Henry Joe, F1/c
HARRIS, John Lawrence, RM3/c
HARRIS, Robert Linwood, Ck3/c
HARRIS, Robert Claude, MM1/c
HARRIS, Robert Keith, FCM3/c
HARRIS, Roland Clarence, S1/c
HARRIS, Wendell Leon, S2/c
HARRIS, William Anthony, F2/c
HARRISON, Arthur F., F1/c
HARRISON, Elton David, SK3/c
HARRISON, Fred Dryden, S1/c
HARRISON, George Perry, S1/c
HARRISON, Herbert Leroy, FCM1/c
HARRISON, Morse Grant, ARM3/c
HARSCH, Leonard Francis, EM3/c
HART, Daniel John, S2/c
HART, Dolphus Filmore, Jr., SK2/c
HART, Jack Gordon, AMM3/c
HART, K. Byron, S2/c
HART, Theodore, StM3/c
HART, Thomas Harold, S2/c
HART, William Lester, AMM2/c
HARTER, Jens Wikum, S2/c
HARTFORD, Leon Winslow, Y2/c
HARTJE, Lamar H., M1/c
HARTLINE, Robert Roy, F3/c
HARTMAN, Albert, S2/c
HARTMAN, Otis Henry, F1/c
HARTNETT, Emmett Eugene, F1/c
HARVEY, Harold Milburn, S1/c
HARVEY, James Robert, GM3/c
HARVEY, John Clarence, F3/c
HARVEY, Otto Eugene, Jr., S2/c
HARVEY, Ralph Elmer, S2/c
HASCHAK, Michael, S2/c
HASSELL, Herbert, StM1/c
HASELOFF, John Kane, SM3/c
HASKELL, Robert Nelson, S2/c
HASKETT, Quinton Theodore, MM2/c
HASSELL, Charles Robert, EM1/c
HASTINGS, Richard Henry, S1/c
HATCH, Howard Marshall, S1/c
HATEM, Albert Anthony, F2/c
HATHAWAY, Albert Edward, CQMP
HATHAWAY, John Harvey, AMM2/c
HATTENBACH, Robert Eugene, S2/c
HAUBER, George Kenneth, SC1/c
HAUG, Thor Egil, F1/c
HAUGEN, Albin Marvin, MM1/c
HAUGHERY, Thomas Budde, CM3/c
HAUPT, Robert Lawrence, S2/c
HAUSZ, Joseph, Jr., S2/c
HAVEMAN, John Raymond, Y3/c
HAVEY, Maurice C., Cox.
HAWES, Charles Albert, F1/c
HAWKINS, Daniel Hugh, AMM2/c
HAWKINS, James Cleveland, Ptr3/c
HAWKINS, James Miller, SoM3/c
HAWKINS, Sidney Percy, F2/c
HAWLEY, John Ralph, PhM2/c
HAWLLEY, Edw. B., EM1/c
HAWS, Laird Jay, S2/c
HAWTHORNE, Walter Francis, S1/c
HAY, Wallace Marion, MM2/c
HAYDEN, Harold Davis, Cox.
HAYES, Charles Stanley, S2/c
HAYES, Joseph Andrew, MM2/c
HAYES, William Patrick, S2/c
HAYLES, John T., Jr., F1/c
HAYNES, Elliott Davis, GM2/c
HAYNES, Tucker, CWTP
HAYS, Richard S., Jr., RM3/c
HAZARD, Edward Stewart, F2/c
HAZELTON, Ellis Frank, PhM1/c
HAZZARD, Richard William, ARM3/c
HEADINGTON, James B., F2/c
HEARD, William Richard, CRMP
HEATH, Benjamin Cook, S1/c
HEATH, Charles Lawrence, S2/c
HEATH, Richard Gordon, AMM3/c
HEBEL, Bernard Ferdand, F2/c
HEBERT, Jennings Placide, MoMM
HEBERT, Warren P., S2/c
HEBERT, William John, AM3/c
HECKEL, John Francis, AS
HECKENDORN, George R., F1/c
HEDDINGS, Bernard Joseph, M1/c
HEFFRON, Samuel Ray, CSA
HEGG, Ole Erwin, F2/c
HEIDEN, Richard Oscar, F1/c
HEIFNER, Howard Francis, F1/c
HEILIG, Frank S., Jr., S2/c
HEINE, Erwin August, SoM3/c
HEINLEIN, Theodore F., S2/c
HEINZINGER, Edward James, S1/c

HEITZMAN, Raymond G., PhoM
 HELD, Walter C., Jr., RM2/c
 HELDOORN, Johannas C., AMM1/c
 HELFRICH, John Edward, S2/c
 HELLENSMITH, Ernest Glenn, EM3/c
 HELLER, John August, CCStd
 HELM, Leslie John, PhM3/c
 HELT, Jay William, AS
 HELTON, Joseph Collie, Jr., S1/c
 HELVESTON, Otis Lamar, S2/c
 HEMPHILL, Richard E., CMMA
 HENDER, Robert Ralph, RM3/c
 HENDERSON, Alfred Delano, St3/c
 HENDERSON, Hollice B., MoMM
 HENDERSON, James C., Jr., StM2/c
 HENDERSON, James Webster, S2/c
 HENDERSON, Leonard T., Jr., EM2/c
 HENDERSON, Leroy Ernest, StM2/c
 HENDERSON, Melvin Martin, S2/c
 HENDERSON, Ray W., CEMP
 HENDERSON, Thomas E., Jr., AOM3/c
 HENDERSON, William Craig, AMM2/c
 HENDERSON, William H., Jr., StM1/c
 HENDERSON, Willie L., StM1/c
 HENDRICKS, Jesse I., S2/c
 HENDRICKS, Loyd Coleman, MM2/c
 HENDRICKSON, Gilbert D., S1/c
 HENDRIX, Simon Thomas, F1/c
 HENDRIX, Walter P., Jr., S2/c
 HENLEY, Theron Ethree, AMM1/c
 HENLEY, Thomas Edward, Cox.
 HENNESSEY, James Joseph, S2/c
 HENNESSY, Robert Patrick, S2/c
 HENNING, Daniel Valentine, MM1/c
 HENNING, Harry Edward, TM1/c
 HENNING, Mark Abel, MM1/c
 HENNINGTON, Richard J., SC2/c
 HENRICHON, Donald Chas. T., CM1/c
 HENRY, Joel Quinn, S2/c
 HENRY, Wallace G., CM3/c
 HENSARLING, Ercel Eugene, S2/c
 HENSLEY, Embree A., FCM3/c
 HERBERT, Sidney Hurell, S2/c
 HERBST, Vincent, S2/c
 HERKER, Paul Clair, F3/c
 HERMAN, Ludwig Lawrence, CMMP
 HERMANNS, John Walter, S2/c
 HERMANSKY, Robert Louis, AP1/c
 HERMES, Erwin Christopher, AS
 HEROLD, Andrew C., Jr., SK2/c
 HERR, Charles Edmund, S2/c
 HERR, Ordien Fenmore, ARM2/c
 HERRERA, Gaudencio, NCox.
 HERRINGTON, John Wesley, S2/c
 HERRMANN, Clarence Albert, S2/c
 HERRON, Roger Vincent, SoM2/c
 HERRON, Walter Lee, S2/c
 HERSHEY, Laverhn Eugene, S2/c
 HESS, Ernest Alfred, FCM3/c
 HESS, George Benton, F2/c
 HESS, Max James, S1/c
 HESER, Willard Anthony, S2/c
 HESTER, Theodore, StM2/c
 HETRICK, Guy Irvin, MM1/c
 HEUSZEL, Lewis Guinther, S2/c
 HEWITT, Edward Fay, WT1/c
 HEWITT, Gilbert Marcus, MM2/c
 HEWITT, Hollis, StM2/c
 HEYDON, Gerald David, CQMA
 HEYWOOD, Kenneth Thomas, S1/c
 HIATT, Leland Meredith, S2/c
 HIATT, Vernon Carter, GM2/c
 HICKEY, Joseph James, S2/c
 HICKEY, Joseph Thomas, F3/c
 HICKS, Earl, Jr., EM2/c
 HICKS, Ellsworth John, WT1/c
 HICKS, George Henry, S2/c
 HICKS, James Griffin, BM1/c
 HIETT, Alvin P., CMMA
 HIGGINS, Harold Noxon, CMMP
 HIGGINS, Robert Harold, AS
 HIGGINS, Robert Lesley, EM3/c
 HIGHLAND, John Charles, Jr., Cox.
 HIGHT, Wilfred Holden, S2/c
 HILBERT, Ernest Lenard, AOM3/c
 HILDEBRAND, John K., PhM1/c
 HILICKI, Francis Carl, F1/c
 HILL, Byron Lurl, S2/c
 HILL, Clarence Edwin, S2/c
 HILL, Eugene Edward, F1/c
 HILL, Everett Clyde, ARM2/c
 HILL, Floyd Carlton, S2/c
 HILL, Gordon Anthony, S2/c
 HILL, Hayden Nathaniel, QM2/c
 HILL, Merle Martin, RM3/c
 HILL, Owen Richard, TM2/c
 HILL, Richard, S2/c
 HILL, Roderick Thomas, Y2/c
 HILL, Samuel Arkush, S2/c
 HILL, Thomas Eliza, SF3/c
 HILL, William Bruce, F3/c
 HILTON, Boyd Cartwright, S2/c
 HILTON, Lynn, AS
 HINDES, James Benjamin, S2/c
 HINDS, George Edgar, S2/c
 HINE, Norman E., Jr., S2/c
 HINES, Donald Applegate, SF3/c
 HINES, Edwin, Cox.
 HINKLE, Theodore T., SC1/c
 HINSHAW, Knoble Gayle, S1/c

HINSON, Clarence, S1/c
HINTON, James R., Jr., Ck3/c
HOOT, Harmon Roach, S1/c
HIPPI, William Benton, F1/c
HIRSCH, Ivan Michael, S1/c
HIRSCHBERG, Louis, FC2/c
HIRT, Joseph, SF3/c
HIRZY, Joseph Frank, F3/c
HISSEM, Herbert L., Jr., F3/c
HITCHINGS, Lyle Orlin, F2/c
HITESMAN, Ned Ralph, S2/c
HITTLE, Robt. G., SC3/c
HOBERG, Lawrence Ormer, CM1/c
HODGE, Burnell Bonner, CM3/c
HODGES, James Oliver, F1/c
HODGES, Jesse Ray, Jr., SC3/c
HODGES, Kermit Ward, M1/c
HODGKINS, Ray K., Jr., S2/c
HODNETT, Aubrey Russell, MoMM
HOEYE, Dale Robert, S2/c
HOFER, Berthold Oscar, FCM3/c
HOFF, Alan Jay, F3/c
HOFFMAN, Ben, GM3/c
HOFFMAN, Henry Reubin, S2/c
HOFFMANN, Conway, S2/c
HOFHEINS, Marion Lee, AMM3/c
HOFSTRA, George Jesse, S2/c
HOGAJ, Paul George, F2/c
HOGAN, Harold Dan, PhoM
HOGAN, Robert Rudolph, S2/c
HOGAN, Vernon Stroud, GM3/c
HOGAN, William Francis, S2/c
HOGARD, Fred Thomas, CSMA
HOGG, Earl Robert, S2/c
HOLBROOK, Ernest, Jr., S2/c
HOLCOMB, Allen Dale, S2/c
HOLCOMB, Clarence, BM2/c
HOLCOMBE, Eunice Burnette, CPhM
HOLDEN, Charles Robert, ARM2/c
HOLDEN, Glen Lester, ARM2/c
HOLDEN, Guy Eugene, S2/c
HOLDEN, Marion Alonzo, S2/c
HOLETON, Frank Ellsworth, GM2/c
HOLLAND, Archie Toombs, MM1/c
HOLLAND, Erwin R., MoMM
HOLLAND, George Robert, S2/c
HOLLAND, Leroy Claud, S1/c
HOLLAND, Patrick, TM2/c
HOLLAND, Roy Curtis, S1/c
HOLLAND, Vernon Leroy, SK2/c
HOLLIDAY, Louis Thomas, MM1/c
HOLLINGSWORTH, Thayis Fer., S2/c
HOLLINGSWORTH, Walter L., S1/c
HOLLISTER, Oris Raymond, ARM2/c
HOLLISTER, William Howard, S2/c
HOLLOWAY, Floyd Kelly, F1/c
HOLMAN, Robert Dexter, SC1/c
HOLMAN, Veryl Raymond, AMM3/c
HOLMBERG, Arthur, S2/c
HOLMES, Francis N., WT2/c
HOLMES, James Alfred, F2/c
HOLMES, John Martin, CMMF
HOLSTE, Fredrick William, S1/c
HOLT, J. C. Melvin, S2/c
HOLT, James Sam, SF2/c
HOLTKAMP, Erwin Willie, S2/c
HOOD, Johnnie Paul, S1/c
HOOKS, William Mickins, SK2/c
HOOPS, Joseph William, S2/c
HOOTS, Elvin Herman, S2/c
HOFF, Otto Frederick E., MM1/c
HOPKIN, Elmer Little, PhM3/c
HOPKINS, Wallace Walton, CAPA
HORAK, Wm., MM1/c
HORAN, Charles Edward, S2/c
HOREJS, Louis, SF3/c
HORGES, Edmund Alexander, S1/c
HORN, Cecil Eugen, F2/c
HORNICK, Edward Henry, S1/c
HORNUNG, Edward Frank, S2/c
HORTON, Frank Edward, GM3/c
HORTON, James Vernon, F2/c
HORTON, Robert Berry, F1/c
HOSACK, Ralph, TM1/c
HOSIER, Walter Wm., SC2/c
HOSKINS, Raymond Corlet, GM3/c
HOUGHIN, James Harden, S2/c
HOUGH, Grover Herbert, S2/c
HOUGHTON, Robert Harry, S2/c
HOULT, James Wm., S2/c
HOUSE, Edward, AS
HOUSE, Edwin Homer, Jr., AMM2/c
HOUSEMAN, Eugene Maurice, S2/c
HOUSEMAN, Theodore, SC2/c
HOUSEHOLDER, Sanford O., CBGM
HOUSTON, Claude Augustus, F3/c
HOVENKAMP, Mark Arthur, EM2/c
HOVORKA, Joseph, F1/c
HOWARD, Alvin Virgil, S2/c
HOWARD, David Carroll, Cox.
HOWARD, Douglas Randolph, AM2/c
HOWARD, Eddie, StM2/c
HOWARD, George Maurice, CBMP
HOWARD, Ira Clarence, CM2/c
HOWARD, Ira Milton, S2/c
HOWARD, James Edward, TM3/c
HOWARD, James Euell, SK3/c
HOWARD, James Kale, S2/c
HOWARD, John Granville, PhM3/c
HOWARD, Robert Stockton, SC2/c

HOWE, John Louis, S2/c
 HOWE, Robert Langston, S2/c
 HOWELL, Albert Jefferson, F3/c
 HOWELL, Fredrick Christop, Cox.
 HOWELL, Robert Lee, S1/c
 HOWELL, Wm. A., Jr., RM3/c
 HOWK, Gilbert Ray, S2/c
 HOWLAND, Carl B., Jr., S2/c
 HOWLAND, Gordon Leslie, AMM2/c
 HOXWORTH, Theodore W., S1/c
 HOYO, Karl Thomas, F1/c
 HOYT, James Arthur, CSKP
 HOYT, James Donald, MM1/c
 HUBBELL, Richard Wilson, S1/c
 HUBER, Frank Eugene, EM2/c
 HUDAK, Michael John, WT1/c
 HUDDLESTON, Ralph Daniel, CTMA
 HUDGEONS, Leo Elber, S2/c
 HUDLIN, Spincer Willie, StM1/c
 HUDSON, Basil Henry, S2/c
 HUDSON, Dale Kermit, S1/c
 HUDSON, John Cecil, F3/c
 HUDSON, Norman, Jr., Ck3/c
 HUEBSCH, Joseph Henry, AMM3/c
 HUEY, Evert Judson, EM1/c
 HUFF, Arthur, Jr., StM2/c
 HUFFMAN, Billy Keith, S1/c
 HUGGINS, Conrad Wayne, S1/c
 HUGHES, Allen Hoke, S2/c
 HUGHES, John, GM3/c
 HUGHES, Roland Laird, ARM3/c
 HUGHES, Roy Edward, S2/c
 HUGHES, Wallace Leland, Cox.
 HUGHES, Walter, StM2/c
 HUGHES, William E. M., S2/c
 HUGHES, William Edward, PhM2/c
 HUGHES, William Hayden, SK3/c
 HUIJAR, Edwin Joseph, AS
 HULL, Wilfred Jay, S2/c
 HULSE, Earl Robert, ARM3/c
 HUNDLEY, Marvin Kermit, S1/c
 HUNSINGER, Wilbur Clare, RM3/c
 HUNSTEIN, Carl John, F1/c
 HUNT, Bernard John, S2/c
 HUNT, George James, S2/c
 HUNT, Robert Elwyn, F1/c
 HUNT, Walter Robert, S2/c
 HUNTER, George M., S1/c
 HUNTER, Harvey Sigwal, S1/c
 HUNTER, James Elmo, CMMMA
 HUNTER, John Stevenson, TM1/c
 HUNTER, Paul Roger, S1/c
 HUNTER, Robert Thomas, MM2/c
 HUNTER, Thomas Clinton, MoMM
 HUNTER, William David, MM2/c

HUNTINGTON, Robert K., ARM3/c
 HUNTOON, Frederick Leroy, F2/c
 HUNTSMAN, David Gratten, S2/c
 HUNZEKER, Arthur Edward, AS
 HURBAN, Frank Joseph, S2/c
 HURST, Marchell Ray, MM1/c
 HUSHMAN, George Wave, MM2/c
 HUSZTY, Emil William, AP1/c
 HUTCHINGS, Norman W., WT2/c
 HUTCHINS, Johnnie David, S1/c
 HUTCHINSON, Bill M., S2/c
 HUTCHINSON, Charles Roy, TM3/c
 HUTCHISON, Edward J., S1/c
 HUTMAN, Harry Gosner, CQMP
 HUXTABLE, Geo. F., CSKP
 HYDE, Don Ellsworth, S2/c
 HYNES, Norman, Jr., StM1/c
 HYLER, Charles Thomas E., Cox.
 HYNARD, Emery Charles, F3/c

ICE, John Lee, S1/c
 IESSI, Frank Patsy, RM3/c
 IGNATIUS, Harry Anthony, S1/c
 IHDE, Lloyd Bert, S1/c
 ILL, George Raymond, S1/c
 ILLUM, Wesley Jens, S1/c
 IMHOFF, Richard Keith, S2/c
 INGRAM, Ernest D., QM2/c
 INGRAM, Frank, S2/c
 INGRAM, James Lee, ARM3/c
 INGRAM, Vero Merle, S1/c
 INGRAM, Wilmer Wm., BM1/c
 INKS, Glenn Woodrow, SK2/c
 INSKEEP, Thad Harold, S1/c
 IRELAN, Raymond Everett, SK2/c
 IRONS, Henry Augustus, F2/c
 IRVIN, John Robert, EM2/c
 IRVING, Robert Harrison, ARM2/c
 IRWIN, George Edward, EM2/c
 ISAIA, Ernest Alameda, AMM2/c
 ISBELL, Charlie Belton, Jr., Bkr3/c
 IVEN, George Nickolis, S2/c
 IVERSON, James Andrew, F1/c
 IVES, Clarence Hubert, S2/c

JABLONSKI, Alfred John, S1/c
 JACKER, James Andrew, MM1/c
 JACKSON, Arthur Daniel, MM2/c
 JACKSON, Aubrey Stancil, RM3/c
 JACKSON, Charles Allen, StM1/c
 JACKSON, Eugene, S1/c
 JACKSON, George Arthur, S2/c
 JACKSON, George Ray, CTMP
 JACKSON, Herbert E., S2/c
 JACKSON, Lawrence Sisroe, StM2/c

JACKSON, Lester Dale, S1/c
JACKSON, Oliver Pleasant, AMM1/c
JACKSON, Otto Kenneth, F2/c
JACKSON, Robert Wayne, S1/c
JACKSON, Sidney L., S1/c
JACOBS, Alfred Deitrick, AS
JACOBS, Arthur E., Jr., S2/c
JACOBS, Carl Willard, AOM3/c
JACOBS, Frank, S2/c
JACOBS, Willie, StM2/c
JADWISIAK, Stanley W., Y2/c
JAGGER, Ziba Jefferson, WT1/c
JAKWAY, Andrew Blair, Jr., S2/c
JAMES, Arthur, StM2/c
JAMES, Edw. R., EM2/c
JAMES, Myles Claycomb, ARM2/c
JAMES, Richeleau Xertes, S1/c
JAMES, Solomon, StM1/c
JAMESON, Herman David, CCStd
JAMIESON, Francis Roland, F1/c
JAMIESON, Glenn Albert, AMM1/c
JAMISON, Jack Clayton, AS
JAMROS, Joseph John, S2/c
JANES, Winston Collins, F1/c
JANICK, Chester Frank, RdM3/c
JANICKI, Edward, MM2/c
JANICKI, Teddy Eugene, SF3/c
JANKE, John Charles, S2/c
JANNEY, Edwin Bristol, S2/c
JANOSCO, Nicholas, PR3/c
JANOSKO, George John, Y2/c
JANSEN, Cornelius R., F1/c
JANUARY, James Kelton, SC3/c
JANUARY, Thomas Junior, StM2/c
JANZEKOVICH, Leo, S2/c
JAPP, Edwin Henry, S2/c
JAQUES, Ray Leon, Y3/c
JARAMILLO, Luis Carlos, AMM3/c
JASON, Albert Stanley, BM2/c
JAWISH, August John, S2/c
JAYNES, Chadd Wesley, SK2/c
JAYSON, David, RM2/c
JECK, Frederick Charles, S1/c
JEFFERSON, Benjamin F., StM2/c
JEFFERSON, Calvin James, StM2/c
JEFFREYS, Romie Lloyd, CMMA
JEMISON, Eugene, StM2/c
JENISON, Eugene Richard, AS
JENKIN, Herbert Lane, RM3/c
JENKINS, Carl Melvin, Cox.
JENKINS, Clair Raymond, S1/c
JENKINS, George, StM3/c
JENKINS, Harold Swisher, AS
JENKINS, Jay William, RM3/c
JENKINS, Leroy Malcolm, S1/c

JENNINGS, Columbus T., Jr., S2/c
JENNINGS, Hollis Earl, Cox.
JENNINGS, Raleigh Baxter, CSFA
JENNINGS, Robert Paul, S1/c
JENSEN, Herluf Valdemar, SF2/c
JENSEN, Martin Samuel, Bug1/c
JENSEN, Theodore, CTMA
JENSEN, Willard C., MM2/c
JESSEE, Richard Marlow, S2/c
JESSUP, William Grant, S1/c
JETER, Austin Paul, TM3/c
JEZ, John Thomas, F3/c
JIMENEZ, Bernardo Leopold, S2/c
JOBB, Richard Patrick, PhM3/c
JOERGER, Oscar Alois, AOM3/c
JOHNS, Albert, F1/c
JOHNS, Harold Wesley, MM2/c
JOHNSON, Alfred, S1/c
JOHNSON, Alva Benjamin, SK3/c
JOHNSON, Arthur, Bkr3/c
JOHNSON, Burlen G., GM2/c
JOHNSON, Carl Arnold, EM1/c
JOHNSON, Carlton G., PhM1/c
JOHNSON, Charles Ernest, EM2/c
JOHNSON, Clayton Ordin, MM2/c
JOHNSON, Crockett Clyde, F3/c
JOHNSON, Delmar Joseph, F2/c
JOHNSON, Donald Albert, S2/c
JOHNSON, Earle Cross, MM1/c
JOHNSON, Edw. I., SK3/c
JOHNSON, Emil, SC1/c
JOHNSON, Ernest Claude, S2/c
JOHNSON, Ernest Ralph, WT1/c
JOHNSON, George Perry, S2/c
JOHNSON, Glenn Junior, PhM2/c
JOHNSON, Gordon E., MoMM
JOHNSON, Gunnar Elmer, F2/c
JOHNSON, Harry Christian, S2/c
JOHNSON, Harlan Wayne, S2/c
JOHNSON, Harold Alec, S2/c
JOHNSON, Henry Cecil, Jr., BM2/c
JOHNSON, Herman M., StM2/c
JOHNSON, Horace Luther, EM2/c
JOHNSON, Irving E., MM2/c
JOHNSON, James Hooks, S1/c
JOHNSON, James T., StM2/c
JOHNSON, Jack Herman, CM3/c
JOHNSON, Jessie Allen, GM3/c
JOHNSON, Jimmie, Ck2/c
JOHNSON, John Hilmer, S1/c
JOHNSON, John Jacob, S2/c
JOHNSON, Lawrence Deverne, EM3/c
JOHNSON, Lemoine Keith, CSFA
JOHNSON, Leon Henning, Y2/c
JOHNSON, Melvin Walfred, RM2/c

JOHNSON, Ned Burton, S1/c
 JOHNSON, Ole Daniel, CMoM
 JOHNSON, Parham Screeton, ARM2/c
 JOHNSON, Ray Gerhard, F3/c
 JOHNSON, Ralph E., SC2/c
 JOHNSON, Ralph Eugene, BM2/c
 JOHNSON, Raymond Lewis, S2/c
 JOHNSON, Raymond Russell, S2/c
 JOHNSON, Richard Willis, QM2/c
 JOHNSON, Robert, S2/c
 JOHNSON, Robt. E., CBMP
 JOHNSON, Robert Edwin, FCM3/c
 JOHNSON, Robert Joseph, MM2/c
 JOHNSON, Thomas Melvin, S1/c
 JOHNSON, Thomas Russell, S1/c
 JOHNSTON, Clarence B., MM1/c
 JOHNSTON, Dudley Willis, S1/c
 JOHNSTON, Gerald Clyde, S2/c
 JOHNSTON, Ira Wesley, AS
 JOHNSTON, James Edward, F2/c
 JOHNSTON, James Monroe, S1/c
 JOHNSTONE, James, SK3/c
 JOHNSTON, Hurshel Wayne, S2/c
 JOINER, Charles Homer, GM2/c
 JOLLEY, Donald C., Sp3/c
 JONDREAU, Clifford Phydin, CM2/c
 JONES, Benjamin Clark, Jr., S2/c
 JONES, Bert, Jr., S1/c
 JONES, Charles Walter, S1/c
 JONES, Clifford Earl, TM1/c
 JONES, Clifton Cleo, S2/c
 JONES, Edgar Richard, AMM3/c
 JONES, Edward Newman, S1/c
 JONES, Frank J., CRMP
 JONES, George Ernest, StM2/c
 JONES, Glynnndon Maurice, S1/c
 JONES, Harry L., EM2/c
 JONES, Irvin Eugene, S2/c
 JONES, James Everette, S2/c
 JONES, James William, StM1/c
 JONES, Jeather, Ck1/c
 JONES, John Ellsworth, Jr., RM3/c
 JONES, John Wm., AOM1/c
 JONES, Leonard Clinton, S2/c
 JONES, Luther W., CAer
 JONES, Marshall William, B2/c
 JONES, Marvin Randolph, StM3/c
 JONES, Robert Paul, AMM3/c
 JONES, Thomas Booker, StM1/c
 JONES, Walter Thomas, F3/c
 JONES, Wendell Vaughn, S1/c
 JONES, Wiley, Ck3/c
 JONES, Willie Everett, S2/c
 JONES, William Lee, EM3/c
 JONES, Wm. B., S2/c

JONES, Winfield Scott, Jr., F1/c
 JONES, Zebbie, SF3/c
 JORDAN, Anthony J., S2/c
 JORDAN, Mitchell Leland, EM3/c
 JORDAN, Myron Glennie, CBMP
 JORDAN, Paul Irwin, AMM2/c
 JORDAN, Peter Frank, C2/c
 JORDAN, Thomas Ross, S1/c
 JORDAN, Wilbur Louis, S2/c
 JORDON, Ralph Loyd, RM2/c
 JORGENSEN, Raymond C., F2/c
 JOSEFICK, Stephen George, AS
 JOSEN, William Adler, AMM1/c
 JOURNEY, Melvin George, Jr., S1/c
 JOY, Daniel Albert, PhM2/c
 JOYCE, Donald Dale, S2/c
 JOYCE, Hadden, S1/c
 JOYNES, Charles Randolph, WT2/c
 JUNKINS, Bill Bernard, Y2/c
 JUNOT, John William, AS
 JUROVICH, Chas. F., EM1/c
 JUSCZYK, Sylvester Jacob, RM3/c
 JUST, Paul, BM2/c
 KAATZ, Albert Henry, S2/c
 KACIN, Wadislav, GM2/c
 KAHLER, Leroy August, AS
 KAISER, Lloyd, F1/c
 KALEMBA, Frank Michael, F1/c
 KALINICH, Charles, Jr., S1/c
 KALISZ, Edwin Jacob, QM3/c
 KANE, Bernard Joseph, S1/c
 KANE, Jesse Wallace, S2/c
 KANE, Thomas, Jr., F3/c
 KANE, William John, SK3/c
 KANGAS, Leonard Isreal, SK3/c
 KANOCZ, Steve, EM3/c
 KAPP, George W., Jr., Cox.
 KAPPES, Joseph Michael, MM1/c
 KARNEY, Joseph John, ARM3/c
 KARROL, Joseph John, RM2/c
 KASAKOW, David Simon, S1/c
 KASSELMAN, John Anthony, S1/c
 KAST, Edward Warner, BM2/c
 KASTELIK, Chester Joseph, S2/c
 KATES, Frank Staples, S1/c
 KATHAN, Fred E., PhM1/c
 KAUFFMAN, Elmer Henry, Cox.
 KAY, Henry Herbert, CM2/c
 KAYRAS, Waino Werner, EM2/c
 KAZMIERSKI, Edwin Stanley, GM3/c
 KAZULIS, William Peter, ARM3/c.
 KEANE, John Joseph, S1/c
 KEANEY, Lee Edward John, S1/c
 KEARNEY, Harley Albert, SM1/c

KEATING, James Jos., S2/c
KEYC, William Andrew, EM3/c
KEEGAN, Francis Edward, CYP
KEEGAN, Frank Henry, Jr., BM2/c
KEEN, John Edward, S1/c
KEEN, John Samuel, EM1/c
KEENE, John Ashley, Jr., MoMM
KEENE, Thomas Bradley, GM1/c
KEENER, Russell Eldon, CM1/c
KEITH, Elmer, S2/c
KEITH-ELLIS, Judson, Jr., S2/c
KELBAUGH, Mahlon John, S2/c
KELBER, Julius Joseph, BM1/c
KELIPIO, Abraham, RM2/c
KELLEHER, Daniel W., Jr., S2/c
KELLEY, Wilbert Fletcher, F3/c
KELLOGG, Harvey Guy, RM1/c
KELLS-HUGH, Andrew, Jr., S2/c
KELLY, Charles Raymond, BM2/c
KELLY, Edward Thomas, S1/c
KELLY, Francis Eugene, F3/c
KELLY, George Harry, S1/c
KELLY, James Walker, StM1/c
KELLY, Leo James, S2/c
KELLY, Lester, MM1/c
KELLY, Percy Howard, Bkr3/c
KELLY, Raymond Harold, SC3/c
KELLY, Willie Francis, Ck3/c
KELTOS, Edward Jos., S2/c
KEMMERER, Claude Morris, SK1/c
KEMP, John A., SF1/c
KEMPA, George Edward, SM3/c
KEMPTON, James C., Jr., ARM1/c
KENDIG, John Richard, MM1/c
KENDLEHART, James Lewis, MM1/c
KENNAUGH, Gilbert Thos., GM1/c
KENNEDY, Harry Sylvester, S2/c
KENNEDY, Herbert, S2/c
KENNEDY, John James, EM3/c
KENNEDY, Marion Kenneth, S2/c
KENNEDY, Sylvester J., Jr., MoMM
KENNEMER, Harry Daniel, WT2/c
KENNEY, Bernard John, RM1/c
KENNEY, James Homer, Jr., AMM3/c
KENNINGTON, Robt. Bryant, F2/c
KENNON, Jerome W., AMM2/c
KEOUGH, Harry, CWT
KEPPLE, Robert Craig, S2/c
KEPPLER, Reinhardt John, BM1/c
KERCHEFF, Stepan Jess, S2/c
KERMIN, Milo, S2/c
KERN, Reinhardt William, S2/c
KERR, Walter B., AMM1/c
KESLER, Gerald Leonard, BM2/c
KETMAN, Robt. E., Jr., S1/c

KEY, James Wilfred, ARM3/c
KEZICH, Joseph Anthony, AOM2/c
KICZAK, Nicholas, F1/c
KIDD, James William, SC3/c
KIDD, Jay Dee, S1/c
KIDWELL, Logan William, WT2/c
KIEFER, Robert Frank, S2/c
KIENZIE, George H., Jr., S2/c
KIESER, Robert William, RM3/c
KIGHT, William Francis, F2/c
KIJEK, Benjamin Stanley, S1/c
KILBRIDE, Thos. George, S1/c
KILE, Russell Winland, F1/c
KILE, Wayne Dale, GM2/c
KILLIAN, Harvey, F2/c
KILLIMAYER, Joseph Michael, MM1/c
KILLION, Lyman J., S1/c
KIMBLE, Robert Joseph, MM1/c
KIMBREL, Berlyn Marconi, TM1/c
KIMMEL, William Arthur, WT1/c
KINCHSULAR, James J., Jr., RM3/c
KING, Albert Oliver, WT2/c
KING, Charles Junior, S1/c
KING, Edward Windsor, CTMP
KING, Elmer Gordon, CSFA
KING, Eugene Jordan, S2/c
KING, Francis Michael, F1/c
KING, Frank Sherman, WT2/c
KING, Horace Edward, F1/c
KING, Isaac Cissroy, CPhM
KING, J. B., S2/c
KING, James Bruce, S1/c
KING, John D., AS
KING, John McElree, EM1/c
KING, Robert John, F2/c
KINGDON, Wilmer, F2/c
KINLEY, Morris Richard, S1/c
KINNEY, Kenneth Harold, RM3/c
KINSLER, Floyd Fay, CAPA
KIRALY, Steven Joseph, F1/c
KIRBY, Houston Lee, CMMP
KIRBY, Howard, Jr., StM2/c
KIRK, Marcus Clair, MM1/c
KIRK, William Albert, WT2/c
KIRKBRIDE, Albert Henry, RM3/c
KIRKHAM, John Lee, F2/c
KIRKLAND, Henry John, S1/c
KIRKPATRICK, Jack, S2/c
KISTLER, Edward Glen, S2/c
KITREDGE, Edward Francis, S1/c
KJOLHEDE, Gerhard Marvin, B1/c
KLEINSMITH, Charles, CWTA
KLEMCKE, Robert Lee, S2/c
KLEPACKI, Alphonse B., SC3/c
KLETT, Lloyd E., Jr., MM2/c

KLINE, Floyd Munro, S2/c
 KLINE, Frank Lyons, RM2/c
 KLINE, Gerald Francis, S1/c
 KLINGENBERG, Robert Hayes, F1/c
 KLINGENSMITH, Wm. Patrick, S2/c
 KLISHCH, Peter Stanley, S2/c
 KLOENE, Herbert Herman, BM2/c
 KLOEPPPEL, Peter Kotsch, CWT
 KLUDJIAN, Henry Harry, S2/c
 KLUEH, Jerome Jacob, WT2/c
 KLUS, Stanley Joseph, S2/c
 KNAPP, James Alvin, S2/c
 KNAPP, Phillip David, S1/c
 KNAPP, Rex James, WT1/c
 KNAPP, Robert Thomas, QM1/c
 KNAFTON, Fred Allen, S2/c
 KNECHTGES, John Darwin, AS
 KNERR, Charles Robert, SF1/c
 KNIGELEY, Herbert K., Bkr1/c
 KNIGHT, Chester Howard, S2/c
 KNIGHT, Harry Vernon, AOM2/c
 KNIGHT, Kenneth Edward, RM3/c
 KNOP, Aaron Arthur, S1/c
 KNOTTS, Joseph Marion, SM3/c
 KNOUS, Herschel Stuart, CSA
 KNOWLES, Deyon Frantz, S1/c
 KNOWLES, Edward E., Jr., S2/c
 KNOWLES, Ralph William, SF1/c
 KNOWLTON, William Edward, S1/c
 KNOY, Eugene Buster, F3/c
 KNUDSON, Milton Lox, S1/c
 KNUTH, Donald, S2/c
 KNUTSON, Lowel Howard, RM3/c
 KOBIERSKI, Henry J., Cox.
 KOBLISH, Jos. F., WT1/c
 KOBRAN, Metro, S1/c
 KOCEVAR, William Anthony, AMM1/c
 KOCH, Benjamin Maynard, SK2/c
 KOCH, Samuel Stewart, Y2/c
 KOCHER, David Donald, SK3/c
 KOCI, Edward Joseph, F1/c
 KOCKLER, Lawrence R., TM1/c
 KOELLING, Vernon L., Mus2/c
 KOEN, Willard Russell, Jr., S2/c
 KOENIG, George F., S2/c
 KOEPER, Edward Louis, S2/c
 KOESTER, Hobart Elmer, SC2/c
 KOKOSKA, Stanley, S2/c
 KOLDE, Emil Alex, MoMM
 KOLESS, Lloyd George, FCM2/c
 KOLIDA, Leon Edward, WT2/c
 KOLLAR, Joseph Steven, Jr., AM3/c
 KOLSCHOWSKY, Donald John, S2/c
 KOLSTAD, Omar Julian, AS
 KONDZELA, Lawrence F., S1/c
 KONECNY, John Jacob, CGMA
 KONVICKA, Frank D., CBMP
 KOOLS, Joseph Benjiman, Y3/c
 KOONTZ, Bob Howard, SK3/c
 KOONTZ, Floyd Leonard, CAPP
 KOPCHOK, Paul, PhM2/c
 KOPICKO, Joseph, ARM2/c
 KOPISCHKA, Carl Brent, S1/c
 KOPROSKI, Ljwarence Joseph, S2/c
 KORMAN, Frank, FCM3/c
 KORNEGAY, William Samuel, St3/c
 KORTLANG, Charles J., BM2/c
 KOSBOB, James Clark, S2/c
 KOSCIELAK, John Stanley, CM2/c
 KOSIK, Joseph, AS
 Koss, Clifford Nelson, S2/c
 KOSSINA, Raymond Gregory, S2/c
 KOSTELNIK, John Regis, Jr., B2/c
 KOSTRUBA, Michael George, Bkr2/c
 KOURY, Sam Raymond, RM1/c
 KOVACS, Peter, Jr., S2/c
 KOVAL, Bernard T., AS
 KOVAL, John, F1/c
 KOVANDA, Joseph Adolph, CMMA
 KOWAL, Mathew, AS
 KOWALCZEWSKI, Victor, F2/c
 KOWALSKI, Charles Gregory, S2/c
 KOWALSKI, Walter, MM1/c
 KRAEMER, Ernest Dillon, S1/c
 KRAFT, Lewis Elmer, S2/c
 KRAL, Michael Thomas, S1/c
 KRAKOWER, Robert Norton, F2/c
 KRALL, Albert Joseph, S2/c
 KRAMER, John Albert, GM3/c
 KRAPOHL, Henry William, WT2/c
 KRAUSE, John Horace, MM2/c
 KREILICK, Kenneth Leland, S2/c
 KREILING, Harold Rayjean, S1/c
 KRETH, William Edward, Y1/c
 KRETSCHMAN, Oscar Fred, S1/c
 KREWINKEL, William J., S2/c
 KRIENER, Bob Bernard, SK3/c
 KRINSKY, George Leo, EM1/c
 KROEGER, Dale Wallace, S1/c
 KRONQUIST, Harold Eric, CFCP
 KROPF, Richard Stanley, S1/c
 KROTZER, Bill Eugene, AS
 KRUKOWSKI, Chester S., Bkr3/c
 KRUMP, Michael L., CMMP
 KRUPINSKI, Walter F., S2/c
 KUBERSKI, Henry Norman, S2/c
 KUCERA, Alois Kenneth, Cox.
 KUCHAR, John, F2/c
 KUCHER, Michael, Jr., EM3/c
 KUEHN, Verle Albert, MM1/c

KUETER, Cletus Merlin, MM2/c
 KUHN, Harvey Lee, SK1/c
 KUHN, Kenneth John, S2/c
 KUHN, Sylvester Richard, MM1/c
 KUHNEL, Clarence Sylvester, F1/c
 KULA, John Mike, S1/c
 KULA, Matthew Albert, SC1/c
 KULESH, Michael, TM2/c
 KUNKA, Steve, S1/c
 KUNKE, Czeslaus J., GM2/c
 KUNTZ, John Henry, F2/c
 KUYAWA, Stephen, WT2/c
 KWAPINSKI, Stanley E., Jr., PhM3/c
 KYDE, William Robert, ARM1/c
 KYLE, Carl Lloyd, WT2/c
 KYLE, Richard Carl, S1/c
 KYNERD, Marvin Earl, S2/c

 LABAGO, Saturnino, St1/c
 LABEDZ, Edward Walter, S1/c
 LABERGE, Oliver Jos., AS
 LABIT, Mervin Paul, S2/c
 LABOC, Thomas Joseph, BM1/c
 LABONTE, Donald Jos., S2/c
 LABOR, Steve John, AS
 LABRAYERE, Norbert Mark, BM2/c
 LACAFF, William John, S1/c
 LACH, Edwin, MM1/c
 LACHAPELLE, Henry Donat, F2/c
 LACKEY, John Delmar, ARM2/c
 LACY, Elbert Finley, SM1/c
 LADEMAN, Jerome E., SM3/c
 LADINES, Bonifacio, MM2/c
 LADNIER, Clarence Walter, S2/c
 LADWIK, Edward, ARM2/c
 LAFONTAINE, Robert Edw., AS
 LAGO, Brigidio, MM2/c
 LAHEY, Leonard Edward, S2/c
 LAIL, Thomas H., Jr., AS
 LAING, William Bernard, AP1/c
 LAJKOWICZ, Anthony Joseph, GM3/c
 LAKE, Marion Orvel, S2/c
 LAKE, Robert Clifford, AMM3/c
 LALE, Elmer Paul, HA1/c
 LAMB, Cecil Elmer, S2/c
 LAMB, Clarence Odell, FCM3/c
 LAMB, Donald Earl, RM3/c
 LAMB, James Earl, S1/c
 LAMBERT, Cecil Grant, SC3/c
 LAMBERT, Willie Bufard, WT2/c
 LAMBERTI, Joseph, EM3/c
 LAMBESIS, Clarence George, CSKA
 LAMBETH, John William, S2/c
 LAMKE, Charles Albert, GM2/c
 LAMOTHE, Edward Adreane, S2/c
 LAMOTTE, Frederick H. S., S2/c
 LAMPING, Michael Frank, F2/c
 LAMSON, Joyce Wayne, S1/c
 LANGZAK, Chester Joseph, F2/c
 LAND, Harold Clifford, AS
 LANDFALD, Robert Bernard, S2/c
 LANDIS, Clyde Blair, S1/c
 LANDIS, Edward Ritter, S2/c
 LANDIS, Robert Earl, GM2/c
 LANDRY, Fred, S2/c
 LANDSBURG, William James, S2/c
 LANE, Edward Joseph, Y2/c
 LANE, Gordon Bernard, F3/c
 LANE, Harold Lloyd, S1/c
 LANE, Hobert, Jr., S1/c
 LANE, James Horace, Jr., SoM3/c
 LANE, James Kennedy, S2/c
 LANE, John Udell, RM2/c
 LANE, Lewis Lee, F1/c
 LANE, Martin Elmer, S1/c
 LANG, Clyde Nelson, MM1/c
 LANG, Elmore Charles J., SC1/c
 LANGE, Elmer Eugene, S2/c
 LANGLEY, Archie Clinton, S2/c
 LANGLEY, Lord, S2/c
 LANGLEY, Luther Odell, WT2/c
 LANNING, Charles Mark, B1/c
 LANSING, William Henry, AMM1/c
 LAPAUGH, Willis Darrell, S1/c
 LAPORTE, Frank Paul, F1/c
 LAPORTE, Leo Francis, SK1/c
 LAPPIN, Delbert Jesse, S1/c
 LARICCIA, Anthony Joseph, SF3/c
 LARKIN, Cyril Joseph, CGMP
 LARRABEE, Harold Gilbert, CTMP
 LARRABEE, Mathew Coleman, F3/c
 LARRISON, Walter L., Jr., S2/c
 LARSEN, James Jay, S2/c
 LARSON, Arthur Coleman, FCM3/c
 LARSON, Arthur Earl, MM1/c
 LARSON, Carl Frederick, CMMA
 LARSON, Joseph Ernest, F1/c
 LARSON, Kenneth Flint, FCM3/c
 LARSON, Laurence Everett, CMA
 LARSON, Llewellyn Liene, S1/c
 LARSON, Vernon Alvin, MM1/c
 LARUE, Alfred Willard, S1/c
 LARUE, Latham Lofton, S2/c
 LASSITER, Arthur Elsey, S2/c
 LATHAM, Clarence B., CPhM
 LATINO, Michael Eugene, SC2/c
 LATTI, Rob Roy, CQMA
 LAUGHLIN, Jerald, S2/c
 LAUXMAN, Herbert John, RM3/c
 LAVALLE, Joseph Arthur, S2/c

LAVEY, Lawrence John, Cox.
 LAVINO, Frank, WT1/c
 LAWE, William Clare, AM3/c
 LAWICKI, Ben Paul, S2/c
 LAWRENCE, Anthony James, S2/c
 LAWTON, Allen Wallace, S1/c
 LAWTON, Clifford J., F1/c
 LAY, Lawrence Paul, Jr., AOM3/c
 LAYMON, Cecil Herbert, CWTA
 LAZAGA, Juan, StM1/c
 LEACH, Demas Wesley, S2/c
 LEACHMAN, Thos. E., Jr., S1/c
 LEAHY, James Joseph, S2/c
 LEAKE, Roy Jerome, EM3/c
 LEAL, Juan, Jr., SC3/c
 LEBEAU, Lionel Ernest, MM2/c
 LEBLANC, Edward Stephen, F1/c
 LEBLANC, Emile Romeo, S2/c
 LEBLANG, Raymond, F1/c
 LECOMPTE, Kenneth Y., CYA
 LEDDEN, Herbert Henderson, S2/c
 LEDDY, Paul James, S1/c
 LEDFORD, David Earl, S2/c
 LEDFORD, John A., SoM3/c
 LEDFORD, Moore Julius, Y1/c
 LEDMAN, James, MM2/c
 LEE, Albert Murry, AMM1/c
 LEE, Daniel Stuart, S1/c
 LEE, Earl George, S2/c
 LEE, Earl H., S1/c
 LEE, Ira Lincoln, S2/c
 LEE, James Butler, STM1/c
 LEE, James Edward, GM3/c
 LEE, James Luther, Jr., PhM3/c
 LEE, James Walter, S2/c
 LEE, James William, S1/c
 LEE, John Edward, S2/c
 LEE, Lester Nelson, S2/c
 LEE, Max Thompson, Cox.
 LEE, Raymond Burrell, ARM3/c
 LEE, Richard Joseph, EM2/c
 LEE, Robert Edward, S2/c
 LEE, Robert Edward, S2/c
 LEE, Wallace Gardner, S1/c
 LEE, William Wesley, AMM3/c
 LEGENDRE, Junius Joseph, AS
 LEGER, Henry Edley, S2/c
 LEGGETT, Robert Wm., S1/c
 LEGRANT, Charles Clinton, AS
 LEHMAN, Woodrow Wilson, EM1/c
 LEHNEN, Edward John, MM1/c
 LEHNEN, Ray D., ARM3/c
 LEHR, Marvin Jack, HA1/c
 LEIBRANDT, Carleton, ART2/c
 LEIGH, Robert Blair, S1/c
 LEIGHT, Andrew Hamilton, Y2/c
 LEIGHTON, John Crozier, F1/c
 LEIGHTY, Harold Laverne, PhM2/c
 LEIMAN, Elliott, S1/c
 LEITZ, Donald Edward, AOM3/c
 LEITZKE, Andrew John, F1/c
 LEJEUNE, Pierre C., Jr., F3/c
 LEMER, Leo Benjamin, EM1/c
 LEMOURE, Edward Richard, SK3/c
 LENNARTZ, Carl Michael, S2/c
 LEONARD, James, S2/c
 LEONARD, Joseph Bernard, AOM3/c
 LEONARD, Ralph Carroll, GM3/c
 LEONARDINI, John Emanuel, SC2/c
 LERMUSIAUX, Jimmie Joe, SC2/c
 LESKO, George, HA2/c
 LESNAU, Jacob Francis, CMMP
 LESNESKI, Martin Edward, SC3/c
 LESSARD, Girard Joseph, S1/c
 LESSARD, Henry William, S2/c
 LESSIE, Carl Algird, CYP
 LESTER, Jesse Augustus, PhM2/c
 LESTER, Linton Stevens, WT1/c
 LESURF, Clifford Stanley, MM1/c
 LESZICKA, Joseph Michael, RM3/c
 LETTOW, Charles Austin, Cox.
 LEVACY, Frank, Jr., S2/c
 LEVIN, Samuel Edward, SK1/c
 LEVY, Harold Walter, S2/c
 LEWANDOWSKI, Arthur A., ML2/c
 LEWIS, Charles Robert, SC3/c
 LEWIS, Earl George, S1/c
 LEWIS, Julian Harding, F1/c
 LEWIS, Lloyd Warren, Y1/c
 LEWIS, Marquis Earl, F1/c
 LEWIS, Parmer Nealson, TC1/c
 LEWIS, Richard James, S1/c
 LEWIS, Richard Warren, S1/c
 LEWIS, William Herbert, CMMA
 LEYSON, Simeon, TM1/c
 L'HEUREUX, Edwin Eugene, MM1/c
 LIBBY, Abe, S2/c
 LIBBY, Calvin Ernest, EM1/c
 LIBBY, Murel Dale, EM1/c
 LIBBY, Robert Leroy, SF3/c
 LIBERTINO, Joseph, S2/c
 LICK, Jess William, AOM2/c
 LIDDLE, William P., Jr., PhM3/c
 LIDGERDING, William Chas., RM2/c
 LIETH, Martin George, S1/c
 LIGAMMARI, Anthony B., MM1/c
 LIGUZ, Frank Stephen, RM3/c
 LILLY, Bud Gervas, WT1/c
 LIMER, Charles Robert, CWTP
 LINCOLN, Dodge Audrey, AP1/c

LINDBERG, Henry Norman, S1/c
LINDBERG, Ray Frank, MoMM
LINDELL, Olavi George, EM3/c
LINDERGREN, Robert Roger, F2/c
LINDGREN, Arthur Richard, RM3/c
LINDNER, Robert Alanson, SK3/c
LINDQUIST, Winfield Wm., GM3/c
LINDSAY, Robert Creed, PhM1/c
LINDSLEY, Albert J., S1/c
LINEAR, Walter, Jr., StM1/c
LINN, Wilbur B., S1/c
LINTHICUM, James Arthur, HA1/c
LINZMEYER, Chas. D., ACOM
LIPHAM, Thurston Monroe, S2/c
LIPOWSKI, Benjamin, S1/c
LIPPERT, Lawrence Joseph, SC2/c
LIPSCOMB, Delmar Church, PhM2/c
LISAK, John Julius, B2/c
LISTER, Walter Olan, RM3/c
LITTLE, Castle James, F3/c
LITTLE, James Lloyd, SF2/c
LITTLE, Roy Robley, S1/c
LITTLEFIELD, Harold F., ARM2/c
LITTLEFIELD, Lauren E., AMM1/c
LITTLEPAGE, George Bruce, S1/c
LITTLER, William Eugene, ARM2/c
LIVINGSTON, Clarence E., S2/c
LIVINGSTON, David F., S1/c
LIVINGSTON, Kenneth Allen, F2/c
LIVINGSTON, Raymond F., CM2/c
LIVINGSTON, Shirley S., F1/c
LIVINGSTONE, Wilbor R., S2/c
LLANES, Simeon, Cox.
LLOPIS, Angel Berns, CMMP
LLOYD, Edward James, SM1/c
Lo NAN CHOW, StM1/c
LOCK, Kenneth James, AMM2/c
LOCKARD, Joseph Robert, S2/c
LOCKE, Earle Norman, StM1/c
LOCKE, William Howard, ARM2/c
LOCKHART, Samuel Lincoln, StM1/c
LOCKHART, Virgil Robert, B1/c
LOCKWENZ, Frederick Paul, S2/c
LOCKWOOD, George Vincent, F3/c
LOCKWOOD, Will Allen, C1/c
LOE, Sidney Arthur, MM2/c
LOFTIS, James Orman, CGMA
LOGGAN, Paul Abram, AMM1/c
LOIACONO, Salvatore Thos., S2/c
LOISELLE, Alexander J., F1/c
LOKEY, Allen Zane, Jr., B2/c
LONDEREE, Sidney H., Jr., S1/c
LONDON, James Robert, S2/c
LONG, Bernard Wayne, CGMA
LONG, Charles Henry, F1/c

LONG, Harvey William, S2/c
LONG, Jack Bobbie, AMM2/c
LONG, John D., AM2/c
LONG, John Quitman, F3/c
LONG, Montie Oliver, GM3/c
LONG, Robert Leslie, ARM2/c
LONG, Thomas Elmer, CPHM
LONG, William Francis, S2/c
LONG, William James, S1/c
LONG, Wm. John, S2/c
LOOMER, Forest Charles, S2/c
LOOMIS, Maurice Ellsworth, S2/c
LOPEZ, Lucas Manuel, S2/c
LORBIETZKI, Joseph Paul, Cox.
LORENZ, Allen John, MM1/c
LORENZANA, Alfredo, CK2/c
LOREY, Samuel Lee, S1/c
LORMIS, Robt. Lee, S2/c
LOTT, Garland, S2/c
LOUCK, Kenneth Wayne, CM3/c
LOUCKS, Robert Lawrence, AS
LOUDERMILK, Robert L., AM3/c
LOUGH, Lawrence Glynn, S1/c
LOUGHLIN, Thomas Phillip, TM2/c
LOUGHMAN, William C., S2/c
LOUGHNANE, John Joseph, S2/c
LOUGHRY, Luther Hall, RT1/c
LOUMBAS, Leo Angelo, S2/c
LOVE, Duncan K., Jr., FCM1/c
LOVEJOY, Francis Edward, Y1/c
LOVELACE, Raymond Ralph, CM1/c
LOVERING, Oscar Stephen, AM3/c
LOWE, Harry James, Jr., GM3/c
LOWE, Orison Theodore, MM2/c
LOWERY, B. D., S1/c
LOWERY, Thomas Wallace, RM3/c
LOY, Jackson Kieth, GM3/c
LOY, Russell Edward, Jr., S1/c
LOZIER, Omer Victor, SC3/c
LUBEKER, Robert Van, SoM3/c
LUCAS, Henry Allen, ARM1/c
LUCIANI, Peter, S1/c
LUCYSZYN, Andrew William, F1/c
LUEHR, Edward Emil, S2/c
LUETH, Walter, CMMA
LUKASEVICH, Tony, S2/c
LUKASZEWICZ, Walter S., CMMP
LUKE, Walter, RM1/c
LUKEN, Robert Walker, F1/c
LUKENS, Edward Alan, S1/c
LUMIS, Elmer Francis, EM1/c
LUND, Arnold Raymond, MM1/c
LUND, Robert Thomas, F1/c
LUNDIE, Jack Leroy, Cox.
LUNDY, Harold C., Jr., ARM1/c

LUNSFORD, Samuel, Jr., EM2/c
 LUSA, Peter Paul, EM3/c
 LUSK, Sanford Shelbern, S1/c
 LUTER, James L., Jr., S2/c
 LUVICH, Raymond, S1/c
 LUYSTER, John Frederick, EM1/c
 LYBARGER, George Austin, BM1/c
 LYNCH, Clyde Bertia, WT1/c
 LYNCH, Francis Frederick, TM3/c
 LYNCH, Francis Joseph, F2/c
 LYNCH, Marcellus Ignatius, S2/c
 LYNCH, Paul Joseph, S2/c
 LYNCH, Raymond Paul, CWTA
 LYNN, Estus Lee, SF3/c
 LYON, Benjamin M., Jr., RM1/c
 LYON, Edward Allen, FCM1/c
 LYON, James Wallace, F1/c
 LYON, Thomas Frank, F3/c
 LYONS, Randolph J., Jr., StM2/c
 LYSAKOWICZ, Walter Paul, S2/c

 MAGASINAG, Macario, St1/c
 MACCALMONT, James Bruce, SoM3/c
 MACDONALD, Frederick W., SF2/c
 MACDONALD, Gordon Dexter, S1/c
 MACDONALD, John James, CMMA
 MACDONALD, Leslie Walter, S2/c
 MACDOUGALL, Eugene Rodger, Y2/c
 MACDOUGALL, James A., Jr., Cox.
 MACEK, John Paul, F2/c
 MACINTOSH, James Robert, WT1/c
 MACK, Adolph Wm., Jr., WT1/c
 MACK, David, Ck3/c
 MACK, Harold John, GM2/c
 MACK, Joseph Edward, AMM3/c
 MACK, Robert Irving, Cox.
 MACKAY, Malcolm Murdo, S3/c
 MACKENZIE, James B., Jr., GM3/c
 MACKIE, Donald D., EM1/c
 MACKURA, Frank George, F1/c
 MACMANIMAN, Edward R., MM1/c
 MACNAUGHTON, Donald M., CYA
 MACNEAR, Stanley Aiken, S1/c
 MACNEIL, George Irving, S1/c
 MACNEIL, Richard M., S1/c
 MADDEN, Donald Thomas, S2/c
 MADDOCK, John Paul, SC3/c
 MADDOX, Clinton Newton, CM3/c
 MADDOX, Richard Earl, S2/c
 MADIGAN, Francis John, S2/c
 MADIGAN, James Joseph, S2/c
 MADISON, Herbert, Ck3/c
 MADSEN, Alan Aage, S2/c
 MAESTRO, Eugenio, MM1/c
 MAFFEI, Amelio, ARM1/c

MAFFETT, Weyman Junior, F2/c
 MAGAN, Jack Francis, GM3/c
 MAGBANUA, Lorenzo, NQM2/c
 MAGEE, Jerome Richard, ARM3/c
 MAGEE, Robert Louis, S1/c
 MAGENHEIM, Fred Mandel, GM2/c
 MAGGIO, Samuel, CM2/c
 MAGILL, William Watson, S1/c
 MAGNUSON, Ralph Herman, MM2/c
 MAGOON, John Alfred, Y1/c
 MAGUIRE, Stanley W., EM2/c
 MAHANEY, Garrett T., F2/c
 MAHER, William Joseph, Jr., S2/c
 MAHON, Albert Thomas, WT2/c
 MAIDEN, Marion Glen, CGMP
 MAILER, William Granville, S1/c
 MAIN, Earl Kenneth, AMM3/c
 MAITRE, George Edward, S2/c
 MAJCHER, Matthew Joseph, AMM2/c
 MAJCHROWSKI, Raymond Bole, S1/c
 MAJEWSKI, Henry Mitchell, S1/c
 MALACHOWSKI, Stanley, EM3/c
 MALAZO, Jose, Ck3/c
 MALENOSKY, Frank David, S1/c
 MALKOWITZ, Michael, WT2/c
 MALLARE, Gregorio, Ck3/c
 MALLETT, James Edward, EM3/c
 MALLOCH, Leon Raymond, S1/c
 MALLOY, Jack Douglas, BM2/c
 MALONE, Vernon, S2/c
 MALONEY, Frank Edward, SC2/c
 MALONEY, Herbert Leo, SK1/c
 MALONEY, William Anthony, S2/c
 MALOSTI, Eugene Edward, F3/c
 MALOV, Thomas Joel, CWTP
 MALTERNER, Willard Jess, TM2/c
 MALYSIOWSKI, Joseph, RM3/c
 MANDEVILLE, Joseph Emile, S2/c
 MANGANELLI, Fiaravanti, SC1/c
 MANGRUM, Robert Porter, StM1/c
 MANGUM, Cecil L., PhM2/c
 MANIBUSAN, Jesus Laguana, St3/c
 MANION, Tommy, Jr., S1/c
 MANKUS, Boleslaus A., S2/c
 MANLEY, Martin Edw., ARM3/c
 MANN, Earl Wm. Hans, F1/c
 MANNA, Joseph, S1/c
 MANNING, Gerald Alton, AMM3/c
 MANNING, Jay Darrell, AMM3/c
 MANOR, Carl Wilson, F1/c
 MANRY, Winston Taylor, S2/c
 MANTOOTH, Loyd Ray, F2/c
 MARBURY, Allen Gaston, S2/c
 MARCHAND, Raymond Otis, ARM3/c
 MARCOTTE, Thomas Norman, CEMP

MARCUS, Grover W., RM3/c
MARCY, Gordon Wayne, S2/c
MAREAN, Granville L., MM1/c
MARGARIDO, Arthur Silvia, ARM1/c
MARKIN, Loran Robert, F2/c
MARKOVETZ, Francis, Bkr1/c
MARKS, William Stacy, S1/c
MARLETT, Clarence M., Jr., ARM3/c
MARQUEZ, Guillermo, Ck3/c
MARRON, John Martin, AMM3/c
MARSDEN, Nelson Adolf, S1/c
MARSH, Hubert Edwin, SM1/c
MARSH, James Arthur, CWTP
MARSH, Robert Edsel, MM1/c
MARSHALL, Henry Alfred, F1/c
MARSHALL, James Leroy, S2/c
MARSHMAN, William Daniel, CQMA
MARSTON, William Henry, CCMA
MARTE, Alfonso, Ck1/c
MARTEL, Renald T., S2/c
MARTELL, Robert Henry, S1/c
MARTELLE, George J., Jr., F1/c
MARTENS, Arnoe Henry, WT2/c
MARTIN, Aaron Weaver, SF1/c
MARTIN, Carson Raymond, CMoM
MARTIN, Clyde Custer, S2/c
MARTIN, Earl Francis, EM1/c
MARTIN, Earl Wolfner, SK3/c
MARTIN, Edward Andrew, S2/c
MARTIN, Frank Anthony, BM1/c
MARTIN, Frank Leon, AS
MARTIN, George Laughlin, MM1/c
MARTIN, Glen Lenard, SC3/c
MARTIN, Hollis, ARM1/c
MARTIN, James Anderson, S1/c
MARTIN, John Joseph, F2/c
MARTIN, John Joseph, AMM1/c
MARTIN, John Paul, CCSA
MARTIN, John T., Jr., AS
MARTIN, John T., Jr., SC3/c
MARTIN, Joseph Cooper, S2/c
MARTIN, Joseph David, Jr., RM3/c
MARTIN, Leo Joseph, F2/c
MARTIN, Lloyd G., Jr., FCM2/c
MARTIN, Merlin G., FC3/c
MARTIN, Michael Francis, CWTP
MARTIN, Paul B., F1/c
MARTIN, Rodrick James, S1/c
MARTIN, Seeley Douglas, S1/c
MARTIN, Shuble William, S1/c
MARTIN, Thomas Edward, EM1/c
MARTIN, Vernon Russell E., GM2/c
MARTIN, William H., Jr., Y2/c
MARTIN, William M., Jr., ARM3/c
MARTIN, Willie B., S1/c

MARTINELLI, Chas. A., AMM2/c
MARTINEZ, Cirilo, Ck2/c
MARTS, Alvin Lee, F2/c
MARTY, Fred L., Jr., ARM2/c
MARVIN, Neil Eugene, RM1/c
MARX, George H., Jr., S2/c
MARZAN, Domingo, Ck3/c
MASCARELLA, Seymore George, Cox.
MASCIARELLI, Nicholas John, EM3/c
MASON, Albert Dewitt, F3/c
MASON, Herbert A., S1/c
MASON, Robert Walker, S1/c
MASS, Thomas Nathaniel, StM2/c
MASSENGILL, Harold Willis, S1/c
MASSEY, Cecil F., BM1/c
MASSEY, Russell Bruce, FCM1/c
MASTERS, Franklin Ray, MM1/c
MASTERS, John Jos., Jr., CMoM
MATEJA, Ladislav Robert, ARM2/c
MATHENA, Robert Rissler, SF1/c
MATHERLEY, Edward James, S2/c
MATHES, Robert Allen, ARM2/c
MATHESON, Robert Fisher, BM1/c
MATHEWS, Forest Cortlan, WT1/c
MATHEWS, Thomas L., Jr., AMM2/c
MATHEWS, Virgil Vernon, F3/c
MATHISON, Ryder, EM1/c
MATLAK, Jos. Ignatz, CM3/c
MATLOCK, Tonny Henry, AMM3/c
MATRO, Nicholas Frank, S2/c
MATTESON, Arthur Levi, S2/c
MATTHEWS, Cecil Earl, AMM1/c
MATTHEWS, Clarence M., F3/c
MATTHEWS, David Alvin, F2/c
MATTHEWS, Hoyt Garward, TM3/c
MATTHEWS, Ivan Joel, RM2/c
MATTHEWS, Lester, S2/c
MATTHEWS, Louis Daniel, S1/c
MATTHEWS, Maurice Emory, StM1/c
MATTICE, Roy Gordon, AS
MATTINGLY, Philip, S2/c
MATTISON, Elvin Elliot, StM3/c
MATTISON, John Isaac, Ck3/c
MATTISON, Robert Warren, SK3/c
MATTIX, Robert Keith, S1/c
MATZDORF, Darrel Francis, F3/c
MAURICE, Walter Homer, GM3/c
MAVIS, George Carroll, F3/c
MAXWELL, Lloyd Berry, AP1/c
MAXWELL, William Douglas, S1/c
MAY, Talmadge Grege, EM3/c
MAY, Vincent Ronald, S1/c
MAYBERRY, Archie, StM3/c
MAYBERRY, Grady Henry, S1/c
MAYEA, Gilbert, AS

MAYER, Norman Albert, S2/c
 MAYFIELD, Eugene Minton, SC1/c
 MAYNARD, Jay Edward, S1/c
 MAYO, Frederick L., Jr., RM1/c
 MAZAIIKA, Julius George, S2/c
 McADAMS, Robert, CM2/c
 McAFEE, Henry, StM3/c
 McALEER, James Francis, S2/c
 McALLISTER, Glenn Cruse, AS
 McALLISTER, Troy Winston, AOM3/c
 McANDREW, Raymond Bernard, MM1/c
 McANN, Donald Roy, GM1/c
 McANNEY, Victor Elton, BK1/c
 McARDLE, Edward Aloysius, Mus1/c
 McBRIDE, Charles Jos., S2/c
 McBRIDE, Jack Lafayette, S2/c
 McBRIDE, Richard Paul, S1/c
 McBRIDE, Wm. Lawson, S1/c
 McCALISTER, William F., Jr., RM3/c
 McCALLUM, Wayne Harmer, GM3/c
 McCANN, Arthur Lee, Jr., MM2/c
 McCANN, Robert Frederick, GM2/c
 McCARLEY, Turner Edward, MM1/c
 McCARTHY, Charles Philip, WT1/c
 McCARTHY, Francis Xavier, S1/c
 McCARTHY, John J., Jr., S2/c
 McCARTHY, Thomas Jos., AS
 McCLAIN, Denzil David, S1/c
 McCLELLAN, Jack Lamar, GM3/c
 McCLUNG, Robert Henry, MM1/c
 McClURE, Robert Van, SF3/c
 McCLUSKEY, Charles F., SF1/c
 McCLUSKEY, Lewis Issac, S1/c
 McCOLLUM, Alfred Edward, F1/c
 McCOLLUM, Alphaus Zeno, S2/c
 McCOMB, Fred, WT1/c
 McCOMISKEY, William R., MM2/c
 McCONCHIE, James Carson, CCSStd
 McCONNELL, Joseph Richard, S2/c
 McCORD, Langford Scott, S1/c
 McCORD, Paul C., MM1/c
 McCORMACK, Nicholas Jos., S1/c
 McCORMACK, Robert Joseph, S2/c
 McCORMICK, Charles Nelson, S2/c
 McCORMICK, Flake Vernon, AS
 McCORMICK, Robert W., S2/c
 McCoy, Charles Edward, GM3/c
 McCoy, Joe Harold, HA1/c
 McCoy, Matt Mason, AerM
 McCoy, Wm. H., S2/c
 McCRACKEN, Ralph Eugene, TM2/c
 McCRAINEY, Marion Gordon, TM3/c
 McCRAV, Robert Frank, SF1/c
 McCREARY, Frank E., MM1/c
 McCREEDY, Orin C., WT2/c
 McCrORY, Hubert Lee, SC3/c
 McCUE, Ellsworth Albert, GM3/c
 McCULLOUGH, Harvey Claude, S2/c
 McCULLOUGH, John Robert, S1/c
 McCULLOUGH, Phillip, BK3/c
 McCUTCHEON, Richard G., TM3/c
 McDANIEL, James Benjamin, TM1/c
 McDERMOTT, Thomas P. M., S2/c
 McDONALD, Anthony T., Jr., S2/c
 McDONALD, Earl Thomas, CEMA
 McDONALD, Francis Xavier, S2/c
 McDONALD, Gary Luther, FCM2/c
 McDONALD, John Charles, S1/c
 McDONALD, John Francis, F3/c
 McDONALD, Theo Charley, F1/c
 McDONOUGH, Leo Anthony, SF1/c
 McDONOUGH, Martin Francis, S2/c
 McDUGAL, Francis Earl, S2/c
 McDOWELL, Kenneth George, AMM2/c
 McDOWELL, Willie R., StM3/c
 McELDUFF, Thomas J., BM1/c
 McELROY, Leslie Eugene, AOM1/c
 McELROY, Rex Edgar, EM2/c
 McELVAINE, Mack Alvine, StM2/c
 McEVERS, Harry Blanchard, EM1/c
 McEWAN, Earl Herbert, S2/c
 McFADDEN, William H., 3d, S2/c
 McFALL, Johnny Wilkins, AOM2/c
 McFARLAND, John Arthur, S1/c
 McFARLAND, William, QM3/c
 McGAHAN, Bernard Thomas, SK3/c
 McGHEE, John Paul, GM3/c
 McGINLEY, Francis P., S2/c
 McGINN, Chas. W., S2/c
 McGINNIS, Everett Monroe, S2/c
 McGOURK, Patrick William, CM2/c
 McGOVERN, Earl James, MM2/c
 McGOVERN, Francis Jos., CWTP
 McGOVERN, John Michael, AMM2/c
 McGOWAN, John Francis, S2/c
 McGOWAN, Joseph T., Jr., S2/c
 McGOWAN, Stephen Joseph, S1/c
 McGRATH, James Francis, EM3/c
 McGRATH, Thomas James, S2/c
 McGRAW, Carl Clinton, Jr., F2/c
 McGREE, Thomas Odle, HA1/c
 MCGREGOR, George H., Jr., S2/c
 McGREW, Harvey G., PhM2/c
 McGUFFIN, Wm. W., PhM2/c
 McHUGH, Martin Patrick, S2/c
 McILHON, Bernard James, MM1/c
 McINTIRE, Raymond K., CTMA/c
 McINTOSH, James, S2/c
 McINTOSH, Robert Maes, S1/c
 McKAY, Louis Franklin, AS

McKEE, Albert, CMMF
McKEE, John Aloysius, GM1/c
McKEE, John James, S2/c
McKEIGHAN, Walter James, S2/c
McKENDRICK, John Charles, S2/c
McKENNA, James Patrick, S2/c
McKEOWN, Wilbur Henry, EM3/c
McKERNAN, Louis Frank, SF1/c
McKESSON, Elmer Isaac, RM3/c
McKIM, Eldon C., S1/c
McKINLAY, William F., S1/c
McKINNEY, Edward E., S2/c
McKINNEY, Kenneth Ernest, EM2/c
McKINNEY, Liston Sherill, MM2/c
McLAIN, J. Lynn, S2/c
McLAIN, Robert Mathew, CEMA
McLAREN, William M., S1/c
McLAUGHLIN, Edward Donald, SM2/c
McLAUGHLIN, Warren H., F1/c
McLEAN, Edward, Cox.
McLEAN, George E., CFCA
McLEAN, Jack Milton, F3/c
McLEAN, Ronald Edward, AerM
McLEARY, Michael Allen, F2/c
McLELLAN, Charles Arthur, EM2/c
McLEOD, Clair Richard, S2/c
McLEOD, Norman Hartford, S1/c
McLESKEY, Harry Neal, F2/c
McLOONE, James Allen, S1/c
McMAHON, Kenneth Eugene, S2/c
McMANEMON, Frank Michael, SM3/c
McMANN, Milton Lewis, S2/c
McMILLAN, Charles James, BM2/c
McMILLAN, Harrison E., S1/c
McNAIR, Robert Lee, F1/c
McNALLAN, Charles L., Jr., RM3/c
McNALLY, Edward George, S2/c
McNEAL, Gordon Forest, EM3/c
McNEEL, Robert Lenord, S1/c
McNEIL, William Claude, S2/c
McNULTY, John Edward, S1/c
McNUTT, Thomas L., StM1/c
McPHERSON, Stuart R., F2/c
McQUADE, Donald Francis, Cox.
McQUE, Henry Joseph, WT2/c
McSPADDEN, John William, GM2/c
McTAVISH, John F., S1/c
McVAY, Hugh Edgar, EM2/c
McWHORTER, Hubert Edbert, AM3/c
McWILLIAMS, Harold S., Jr., EM2/c
MEAD, James Hilra, F2/c
MEADOWS, William J., Jr., GM2/c
MEARKLE, Perry Franklin, GM3/c
MEDEIROS, Howard, S2/c
MEDINA, Jose Manuel, AS
MEDOW, Ray Eugene, S2/c
MEDVETZ, John, SF3/c
MEEHAN, Francis Cornelius, MM1/c
MEEHAN, Thomas Joseph, S2/c
MEEKER, William G., Jr., S2/c
MEEKS, Joseph Sherman, AS
MEHLMAN, Robert Reid, F3/c
MEHLTRETTER, John Wm., EM3/c
MEIRICK, Herbert Jerome, AMM3/c
MEITHOF, Charles Henry, F1/c
MEKRUT, Fred Frank, S2/c
MELTON, Henry Hartwell, EM1/c
MELTON, Roy, S2/c
MENARD, Homer Paul, TC1/c
MENDELSON, David, SF1/c
MENDES, Americo Joseph, F1/c
MENDIOLA, Francisco N., StM2/c
MENDOZA, Anastacio, MM2/c
MENESSES, Pedro, St1/c
MENGLE, Oliver Knight, S1/c
MENTZER, John Hooper, S1/c
MERCER, Harvey, ARM3/c
MERCHANT, James Felix, S2/c
MERCHANT, Robert Andrew, SC3/c
MERCIER, William Leon, SK3/c
MERCURIO, Dominic B., S1/c
MERINGOLO, Ferdinand F., S1/c
MERKLE, Ferdinand Joseph, S1/c
MERNICK, Chas. Thos., SM3/c
MERRIFIELD, Howard Henry, S2/c
MERRILL, Chas. J., MM3/c
MERRILL, Foster Earle, Jr., BM1/c
MERRILL, Henry Omar, MM1/c
MERRIMAN, Keith Harlan, FCM2/c
MERRIMAN, Thomas Lee, S1/c
MERRITT, Henry, F3/c
MESSENGER, Charles W., ACMA
MESSINGER, George Wm., S2/c
MESTICHELLI, Philip J., S1/c
METZGER, Jake, S2/c
MEUERS, Arnold Theodore, Ptr2/c
MEYER, Elmer Arthur, S2/c
MEYER, Henry John, S2/c
MEYER, Lawrence Christefo, S2/c
MEYER, Virgil Dean, AS
MEYERS, Paul Cutler, AOM3/c
MIARA, Louis Bartholomew, EM3/c
MICHAEL, Clair Edward, MM1/c
MICHAEL, Stanley Patrick, S1/c
MICHALSKI, John Walter, GM2/c
MICHAUD, Alfred Joseph, S2/c
MICHAUX, Edward, Cox.
MICHELY, Fred P., Jr., MM2/c
MICKALONIS, Anthony Peter, S2/c
MIDDAUGH, Hugh Albert, RM3/c

MIDGETT, Darius T., MM3/c
 MIDYETTE, Lewis Bracy, FCM2/c
 MIELKE, John Joseph, S1/c
 MIETTINEN, Eino August, AOM3/c
 MIKULA, John, Jr., SK3/c
 MILAM, George Junior, S2/c
 MILARDO, Sebastian T., MM2/c
 MILBOURN, Jess, FCM3/c
 MILES, George Edward, S1/c
 MILES, Newton Fredrick, S1/c
 MILES, Robert Bruce, AP1/c
 MILES, Robert James, S1/c
 MILLER, Arthur Edward, S2/c
 MILLER, Arthur Howard, TM3/c
 MILLER, Arthur Lee, AP1/c
 MILLER, Charles Edward, S1/c
 MILLER, Chas. E., TM3/c
 MILLER, Clarence R. P., AS
 MILLER, David Chase, ARM2/c
 MILLER, Earl Jesse, F3/c
 MILLER, Edgar McClure, F1/c
 MILLER, Edward Richard, WT2/c
 MILLER, Ernest Carl, F2/c
 MILLER, Frank Edward, Cox.
 MILLER, Frank Jacob, S1/c
 MILLER, George Bryan, ACOM
 MILLER, George Harold, MM2/c
 MILLER, Glen Allen, F1/c
 MILLER, Glendle Lee, BM2/c
 MILLER, Hal Edward, S1/c
 MILLER, Harold John, S2/c
 MILLER, Hubert Wm., WT1/c
 MILLER, James A., F2/c
 MILLER, James Lavon, S1/c
 MILLER, John Henry, SC2/c
 MILLER, John Joseph, Jr., EM3/c
 MILLER, John L., AS
 MILLER, Joseph Patrick, S2/c
 MILLER, Jules Nicholas, F1/c
 MILLER, Paul Forrest, SK1/c
 MILLER, Ralph Edmond, EM1/c
 MILLER, Raymond, S2/c
 MILLER, Richard Carroll, Y3/c
 MILLER, Richard Lee, S1/c
 MILLER, Robert Edward, Cox.
 MILLER, Robert Francis, F2/c
 MILLER, Stephen Joseph, SF2/c
 MILLER, Thomas Rudolph, S2/c
 MILLER, Walter James, S2/c
 MILLER, Whitman Senter, GM1/c
 MILLETT, Weaver J., SM2/c
 MILLINGTON, Joseph M., 3d, S1/c
 MILLION, Donald Alfred, AP1/c
 MILLIREN, Russell, MM1/c
 MILLS, Clifford Elton, ARM3/c

MILLS, Donald Paul, S2/c
 MILLS, Howard Dolland, BM1/c
 MILLS, James Bert, ACPM
 MILLS, Theodore Harding, StM2/c
 MIMS, Randall Ray, S1/c
 MINARD, Keith Earl, PhM3/c
 MINEAR, Byron Ambrose, SK2/c
 MINER, Donald Norman, S1/c
 MINES, Wilbert Earl, St2/c
 MINNECI, Charles, F1/c
 MINOR, Alvia Lee, S2/c
 MINOR, Herman Clyde, S1/c
 MISH, George Hess, Jr., S2/c
 MITCHELL, Albert Carl, MM2/c
 MITCHELL, Elvin E., GM1/c
 MITCHELL, Harold, F2/c
 MITCHELL, Henry Maclaren, AMM1/c
 MITCHELL, Vimmy McKlies, StM2/c
 MITCHELL, Wm. James, BM2/c
 MIX, Harvard Sperry, RT2/c
 MIX, Raymond Frederick, AMM2/c
 MIXON, Thomas Clay, S2/c
 MIXON, William, S1/c
 MODEN, Stanley Theodore, MM2/c
 MOELLER, Robt. E., S1/c
 MOETZ, George, S1/c
 MOFFETT, Joseph Chas., AMM3/c
 MOGIELSKI, Frank Michael, S1/c
 MOIR, John J., CTCA
 MOIR, Robert Lee, Jr., SoM3/c
 MOLINJ, Mamerto, StM1/c
 MONAHAN, Charles Abner, GM3/c
 MONDI, Anthony Mike, F2/c
 MONGE, Angel, St3/c
 MONIZ, Manuel, Jr., AMM3/c
 MONK, Herbert W., F1/c
 MONK, Thos. A., SC3/c
 MONTANARI, Eugene James, S1/c
 MONTANO, Christopher F., Ptr3/c
 MONTCLAIR, Francis J., MoMM
 MONTGOMERY, Charles B., M1/c
 MONTGOMERY, Dave Hubert, SoM3/c
 MONTGOMERY, Dewey Patton, S1/c
 MONTGOMERY, George Wm., SC1/c
 MONTGOMERY, James W., S1/c
 MONTTOYA, Mariano, StM1/c
 MOODY, William Howard, GM3/c
 MOON, Edward Eldridge, CTMP
 MOON, Robert Wayne, CYA
 MOON, Roy Norman, S2/c
 MOONEY, James Henry, F2/c
 MOONEY, James Joseph, S1/c
 MOORE, Albert Ray, StM2/c
 MOORE, Billy Gordon, S2/c
 MOORE, Chas. A., F2/c

MOORE, Charles Lee, ARM3/c
MOORE, Clifford Carl, S1/c
MOORE, Colon Shelby, S1/c
MOORE, Edwin Eugene, TM3/c
MOORE, Elijah Winston, MM1/c
MOORE, Ernest Roy, F3/c
MOORE, Francis Henry, CM3/c
MOORE, Harold Edward, S2/c
MOORE, Harold Martin, SF2/c
MOORE, Harold Raymond, S1/c
MOORE, Herbert Roy, FCM1/c
MOORE, Howard Daniel, SC2/c
MOORE, Jack Henry, MoMM
MOORE, James Adolphus, GM1/c
MOORE, James Albert, F2/c
MOORE, James Walker, GM2/c
MOORE, James William, Ck3/c
MOORE, Leonard Eugene, S2/c
MOORE, Marion, PhM3/c
MOORE, Raymond William, S2/c
MOORE, Richard Ewing, F2/c
MOORE, Richard Thomas, S2/c
MOORE, Robert James, F2/c
MOORE, Robert Lee, CYP
MOORE, Rufus E., Jr., Ck3/c
MOORE, Sidney Bryant, EM3/c
MOORE, Thomas Alan, MM1/c
MOORE, Walter Allen, RM1/c
MOORE, William Ira, MM2/c
MOORE, Willie, Jr., STM1/c
MORAN, Charles Richard, AOM3/c
MORAN, Gordon, Jr., MM2/c
MORAN, John David, F3/c
MORAN, Phillip Channing, S2/c
MORAN, Thomas Joseph, S2/c
MORANO, Jean James, S1/c
MOREARTY, Edward Francis, Bkr2/c
MOREAU, Raymond George, MM1/c
MORELLI, Patrick James, S2/c
MORETON, Arnold F., EM1/c
MOREY, Kenneth James, S1/c
MORGAN, Charles Arnold, RM3/c
MORGAN, Charles Delvin, SF2/c
MORGAN, David Benjamin, GM3/c
MORGAN, Fred Owensby, MM1/c
MORGAN, Harold L., Jr., GM2/c
MORGAN, Henry Morris, S2/c
MORGAN, Jack Morton, S1/c
MORGAN, Jesse Junior, S1/c
MORGAN, Ray Wornig, S1/c
MORGAN, Willard Austin, ACMM
MORGAN, William Sherman, S2/c
MORLEY, Keith Harold, S2/c
MORO, George George, S2/c
MORRELL, Donald Victor, CMMMA
MORRELL, Keith N., SK3/c
MORRIS, Alfred Monroe, F2/c
MORRIS, Carl Livingston, EM1/c
MORRIS, Charles Edward, RM3/c
MORRIS, Eugene Fenton, S2/c
MORRIS, Fred Joseph, SM1/c
MORRIS, Harold Julian, ACRM
MORRIS, Herman Moser, S2/c
MORRIS, John N., Jr., S2/c
MORRIS, Lyle Harlan, SK1/c
MORRIS, Raymond Carl, S1/c
MORRIS, Ronald Bernard, Cox.
MORRIS, Vernon Robert, S2/c
MORRISON, Edward Walter, ARM3/c
MORRISSEY, James Aloysius, AOM3/c
MORROW, Anthony Lester, S1/c
MORROW, Eugene Carroll, PhM3/c
MORROW, John Clyde, FCM3/c
MORROW, John Lawrence, AP2/c
MORSE, Edward Clarence, CMMP
MORTON, Arnold, F1/c
MORTON, Donald Leroy, AS
MORTON, Hubert Allen, CEMP
MORTON, Seldon Edward, S2/c
MOSBRUCKER, John R., HA1/c
MOSCO, Joseph James, S2/c
MOSER, Raymond Lee, S1/c
MOSHER, Robert Arthur, S1/c
MOSSE, Earl, Jr., S1/c
MOSSEY, Albert David, S1/c
MOSSHOLDER, Loyd Walter, WT2/c
MOSTELLER, Lyle Leslie, S2/c
MOTT, Benjamin Clay, GM1/c
MOTT, Joe Leland, S2/c
MOULTON, J. Earl, TM1/c
MOUSER, Dwight Walter, TM1/c
MOUSER, Willie, SF3/c
MOXIE, Alexander Louis, ARM3/c
MOZEVECH, Alphonse Martin, RM3/c
MOZGAWA, Edmund Joseph, S2/c
MUDD, George Pat, CBMA
MUDGE, Arthur George, RM1/c
MUGGY, Denzel Eddy, CCStd
MUEHLBACH, Harry Edward, S1/c
MULCAHY, Joseph Francis, CWTA
MULDOON, George Arthur, S2/c
MULFORD, Jessie Rone, CWTP
MULHAIR, James Jos., F3/c
MULKEY, Vernon Hayward, PhM1/c
MULLALY, Leo Gordon, F3/c
MULLANE, Daniel James, S1/c
MULLEN, Edward W., Jr., Y3/c
MULLER, John Conrad, EM3/c
MULLIGAN, Harold Arthur, S1/c
MULRY, John Edward, F3/c

MUMAN, Randall McClelland, S2/c
 MUNDAY, Russell Berkley, RM1/c
 MUNGER, Glenn Marshall, GM3/c
 MUNGER, Leonard D., S2/c
 MUNN, Anderson M., EM3/c
 MUNSON, Kenneth Vincent, S1/c
 MUNTEAN, Samuel Andrew, RM3/c
 MURDOCK, Donald Alexander, F1/c
 MURPHY, Henry Albert, S1/c
 MURPHY, John Andrew, S2/c
 MURPHY, John Henry, Jr., GM3/c
 MURPHY, Lawrence, BM1/c
 MURPHY, Owen Sylvester, Jr., FCM3/c
 MURPHY, Ray Kaufman, S1/c
 MURPHY, Thomas Jesse, PhM2/c
 MURPHY, William Kenneth, GM1/c
 MURRAY, Albert Francis, F2/c
 MURRAY, Charles Lee, AMM1/c
 MURRAY, David B., S2/c
 MURRAY, Elmon T., SM3/c
 MURRAY, Jasper A., Jr., S1/c
 MURRAY, John Edward, BM1/c
 MURRAY, Verner Gerald, CM3/c
 MURTAUGH, Edward, S2/c
 MUSGRAVE, Francis D., Jr., S1/c
 MUSGROVE, James Richard, F3/c
 MUSHINSKI, Edwin John, RM2/c
 MUSIELSKI, Harold Francis, S2/c
 MUSTO, Jas. W., S2/c
 MYER, Warren Hasting, MM2/c
 MYERS, Amos Douglas, F2/c
 MYERS, David Oliver, F1/c
 MYERS, Edward Andrew, SC2/c
 MYERS, Ellis Clark, S2/c
 MYERS, Floyd, Jr., RM2/c
 MYERS, Glenn Owen, CQMP
 MYERS, Harold, S1/c
 MYERS, James W., WT1/c
 MYERS, Orval James, S1/c
 MYLAN, Robert Vincent, FCM3/c
 MYLER, Dave Thomas, SK2/c
 MYLER, James Melvin, CSMA
 MYRICK, Clarence C., Jr., S1/c
 MYRICK, Joseph Arthur, S2/c

 NABORS, Paul, S1/c
 NADISON, Stephen, Jr., AM1/c
 NAGEL, Adolph Victor, F1/c
 NAGLER, Leonard C., CMMMA
 NAMESANSKY, Edward Ernest, RM3/c
 NAMEETH, Charles, CM3/c
 NAONE, Dan L., F1/c
 NAPIER, Arba Edward, CTMP
 NAPIER, Nicholas Richard, S1/c
 NAPLAVA, Charles, TM3/c

 NASH, Johnnie Clayton, S1/c
 NASON, James Nickleson, S1/c
 NATIONS, Allen Quarterman, SM1/c
 NATZKE, Leonard Frank, S2/c
 NAUGLE, John Wesley, CRMP
 NAULT, Raymond Ovila, RM3/c
 NAUMANN, Elmer Frank, CSKP
 NAVE, Frank Thomas, MoMM
 NAZARSKI, Albert John, EM2/c
 NEAL, Robert, S2/c
 NEALE, Dixie Thompson, CT1/c
 NEALON, Joseph Leo, Y1/c
 NEDEAU, Frederic Louis, S2/c
 NEELD, Carlyle Fredrick, S2/c
 NEELY, Charles Alexander, Cox.
 NEELY, Robert Cornelius, PhM3/c
 NEHER, Robert Joseph, S2/c
 NEIDER, Harold Paul, S2/c
 NEIHART, Cloyd Wayne, F1/c
 NEITSCH, Marvin Robert, S1/c
 NELSON, Bruce Edward, RM3/c
 NELSON, Charlie, StM2/c
 NELSON, Daniel, F2/c
 NELSON, Edward Andrew, S1/c
 NELSON, Frederick Ray, MM1/c
 NELSON, Harry Edward, S2/c
 NELSON, Harry Wm., Jr., ARM1/c
 NELSON, Ingwald Nels, SF2/c
 NELSON, Max Richard, S2/c
 NELSON, Phillip Hamilton, S2/c
 NELSON, Randall Ray, S2/c
 NELSON, Robert Alexander, S1/c
 NELSON, Stanley Larry, GM3/c
 NELSON, William Frederick, S2/c
 NEMEC, Joseph Valentine, MM1/c
 NENNIG, Cyril Peter, Y2/c
 NERAT, William John, S1/c
 NESTOR, Joseph Francis, RM3/c
 NETO, Modesto, CCKA
 NETTLETON, Bruce Almond, S2/c
 NEU, Russell Eugene, MM2/c
 NEUMAN, Robert Herman, AMM2/c
 NEUMANN, Robert Frederick, CM3/c
 NEVILLE, John Joseph, B1/c
 NEWBERRY, John Alfred, EM2/c
 NEWBOLD, Thomas Swann, AMM3/c
 NEWBY, John Clarence, Cox.
 NEWCOMB, Arthur G., RM1/c
 NEWCOMB, Hiram Adair, S2/c
 NEWELL, Gale Philip, PhM2/c
 NEWMAN, Alfred Henry, S2/c
 NEWMAN, Jeff Edward, S1/c
 NEWSOME, Edward Earl, BM2/c
 NEWTON, Orville Yuths, S1/c
 NEWTON, Wilbur L., RM1/c

NICHOLAS, Alfred M., Jr., S2/c
 NICHOLS, Burton Keeth, S2/c
 NICHOLS, John Richard, S1/c
 NICHOLS, Wade, F1/c
 NICHOLSON, Peter Albert, S2/c
 NICKSON, David Merlin, SF2/c
 NIELSEN, Donald Laverne, AMM3/c
 NIELSON, Hal Arnold, S2/c
 NIGG, Edward Lorenz, S1/c
 NILES, Ralph Chester, F2/c
 NILSON, George Wm., S1/c
 NINNEMANN, Harold Eugene, CM2/c
 NITZ, Theodore, SK1/c
 NJAA, Kermit Elvin, FCM3/c
 NOBAL, Nicholas, S1/c
 NOBBS, Harrison S-hilling, ACRM
 NOBLE, Hezie, CK2/c
 NOBLES, John Wesley, MoMM
 NOEL, Donald Edmond, S1/c
 NOFTSGER, Ernest Howard, GM2/c
 NOGAS, Eugene, S2/c
 NOLL, Joseph Anthony, S2/c
 NORBY, Clarence J., Jr., AMM3/c
 NORELL, Dick Carter, EM2/c
 NORMAN, Frank Edward, StM2/c
 NORMAN, John Willis, QM3/c
 NORMAND, Lawrence Paul, WT1/c
 NORMANDIE, Arthur Norman, S1/c
 NORRIS, Joseph Edward, B2/c
 NORRIS, Nathan Robert, CCSA
 NORRIS, Norman Earl, F1/c
 NORRIS, Thames F., MM2/c
 NORTH, Burnette Hines, S1/c
 NORTH, George M., Jr., Y3/c
 NORTON, Robert Anthony, BM2/c
 NOVAK, Victor William, S2/c
 NOVOTNY, Frank Adolph, F1/c
 NOWAK, Eugene Leroy, SM3/c
 NOWAK, Robert Chester, F2/c
 NUEVAORLANDA, Federico, NCox.
 NUNES, William Warren, S2/c
 NUTT, Harold Lester, S2/c
 NUTT, Jas. E., Jr., ARM2/c
 NUTTER, Julius, StM2/c
 NYE, Walter Daniel, AMM3/c
 NYSTROM, Paul Richard, GM2/c

OAKDEN, George, Bkr3/c
 OBARR, Byron Denman, F2/c
 O'BRIEN, Leo Peter, MM1/c
 O'BRIEN, Leo William, GM3/c
 O'BRIEN, Raymond Hanley, MM2/c
 O'BRIEN, Thomas Francis, FCM2/c
 O'CONNELL, William D., Jr., CSA
 O'CONNOR, Daniel Joseph, S1/c

O'CONNOR, James Joseph, ARM3/c
 OCOB, Dimas, CK1/c
 ODEGARD, Thurman Jerome, CM3/c
 ODELL, Charles Henry, S2/c
 ODELL, Erwin Lee, AMM3/c
 ODELL, Grover Cecil, S1/c
 ODELL, James Ralph, S1/c
 ODELL, Leon Melvin, SK3/c
 ODOM, Carl Eugene, S2/c
 ODOM, Wilson Willard, AS
 O'DONNELL, George Thomas, EM2/c
 O'DONNELL, Jack Thomas, FCM1/c
 O'DONNELL, John Joseph, S2/c
 O'DONNELL, Richard Edward, S1/c
 O'DUM, Joseph Roy, F1/c
 OEHLER, Victor William, S2/c
 O'FARRELL, Wm. Hubert, RM3/c
 OGBURN, Lloyd Eugene, GM3/c
 OGDEN, William Stephen, MM2/c
 OGILVIE, Donald George, MM2/c
 OHLER, William George, CEMA
 OHMER, Thomas William, F2/c
 O'KEEFE, Eugene Francis, F3/c
 OLARTE, Ananias, NF2/c
 OLDACRE, Chester Ald, StM1/c
 OLDAKOWSKI, Charles John, FCM3/c
 OLELS, Roy Mervin, F3/c
 OLIEN, Warren George, ARM3/c
 OLIN, Clifford Alton, AOM1/c
 OLIPHANT, Jack, MM1/c
 OLIVE, Oliver Richard, S2/c
 OLIVER, Edwin William, ACMM
 OLLER, Lester Ray, MM2/c
 OLM, John Robert, S2/c
 OLSZEWSKI, Vincent P. S., F3/c
 O'MALLEY, John J., AS
 OMAN, Charles Lee, F3/c
 O'MOORE, Pearce Daniel, RM3/c
 OMOH, Robt. E., S1/c
 O'NEAL, Willie, StM1/c
 O'NEIL, Harold Edward, F1/c
 O'NEIL, Stephen Michael, S2/c
 OPDENCAMP, William, FCM2/c
 ORAM, Orloff, F1/c
 ORCHARD, Paul Anthony, S2/c
 O'REILLY, Patrick Jos., Jr., S1/c
 ORGERON, Lyonal Joseph, AOM3/c
 ORIAS, Michael, SC1/c
 ORIN, Charles Hart, CMMA
 ORLANDO, Anthony, GM2/c
 ORNER, Fred, S2/c
 ORR, Manley Stribling, EM2/c
 ORR, Robert E., Jr., S2/c
 ORSIE, Charles John, CRMP
 ORTIS, Thomas Marion, F3/c

ORTON, Raymond, MM1/c
 ORZECZOWSKI, Leo, GM1/c
 OSBORN, Albert Muir, S2/c
 OSBORN, Arthur Raymond, RM2/c
 OSBORN, Edward Scott, CCMP
 OSBORNE, Charles Joseph, MM2/c
 OSBORNE, Franklin R., StM1/c
 OSBORNE, Richard D., AS
 OSBORNE, Wiley Rufus B., GM3/c
 OSBORNE, William H., AMM1/c
 O'SHEA, John Francis, S2/c
 OSTERGARD, Harold Ernest, ARM2/c
 OSTERGREN, Erich Gustaf, FCM3/c
 OSWALD, Albert Pershing, F1/c
 OTT, Paul Franklin, S2/c
 OTTENBACHER, Samuel Evans, ARM3/c
 OTYSON, Donald Clayton, F2/c
 OUELLETTE, Wilfred Jos., F2/c
 OVERHOLT, Wm. Henry, Jr., B2/c
 OVERSTREET, Bussey Aubrey, WT2/c
 OWEN, John Carol, Jr., EM3/c
 OWEN, Leslie Gayland, S2/c
 OWENS, Glenn Franklin, S2/c
 OWENS, James Robert, EM2/c
 OWENS, William Thomas, ARM2/c
 OWNBEY, Ernest Josiah, Jr., F2/c

PACHOLEK, Peter Joseph, S2/c
 PACK, Willie Dee, CMMP
 PACZACHOWSKI, Bruno John, AMM2/c
 PADGETT, Rudder Bernard, S1/c
 PAGE, Cecil Raymond, F2/c
 PAGE, Herbert Bruce, GM3/c
 PAGE, John William, CM3/c
 PAGE, John W., Jr., B1/c
 PAGE, Warren William, S1/c
 PAGNILLO, Peter, S2/c
 PAGUIRICAN, Sinforsoso, St2/c
 PAINE, Winston Warren, EM3/c
 PAIR, George Thomas, S1/c
 PAISLEY, Robert Lee, AMM3/c
 PALERMO, James Wm., F2/c
 PALKO, Edward Hollen, ARM2/c
 PALMER, Bruce Davis, S2/c
 PALMER, Gerald Stratton, PhM3/c
 PALMER, Gilbert E., S2/c
 PALMER, Joseph Ronald, SF3/c
 PALMOS, Paul, EM3/c
 PALTANAVICH, Anthony V., BM1/c
 PALUMBO, Patrick Nick, S2/c
 PANCAKE, Toney Chilton, F1/c
 PANCOAST, Jack Edwin, MoMM
 PANKO, Alex, AS
 PANKRATZ, Wilhelme F., F3/c
 PAPNA, Felix, StM1/c

PARADISE, Grady Augustus, QM3/c
 PARHAM, James Wm., Jr., StM1/c
 PARISH, Bartow H., AMM2/c
 PARISH, Rodrick D., Jr., CM2/c
 PARK, Charles Mann, F3/c
 PARK, William Edward, S2/c
 PARKER, Archie James, AOM2/c
 PARKER, Charles Darnell, S2/c
 PARKER, Charles Gurdon, EM2/c
 PARKER, Charlie Warren, Y2/c
 PARKER, David Lee, StM3/c
 PARKER, George Wm., S1/c
 PARKER, Richard Edward, StM2/c
 PARKER, Robert Boyce, S2/c
 PARKER, Thaddeus, PhM2/c
 PARKER, William Russell, F2/c
 PARKHURST, Charles R., F1/c
 PARKS, Harold Melvin, SC3/c
 PARKS, John Benjamin, MM2/c
 PARMELEE, Erwin Clark, CCMP
 PARMENTER, Melvin Wayne, F2/c
 PARNELL, Thomas, Jr., F1/c
 PARRAMORE, Robert Travis, F3/c
 PARRINGTON, John J., Cox.
 PARRISH, Leon Gilbert, AMM3/c
 PARRISH, Mark Levon, F1/c
 PARSONS, Charles Herbert, S1/c
 PARSONS, Claude Leroy, S1/c
 PARSONS, Ernest Dean, S1/c
 PARTEN, George Warren, PhM3/c
 PARTIN, Wm. H., S1/c
 PARZIALE, Carmine A., TM3/c
 PASCALE, Louis Frederick, EM2/c
 PASHKEWICH, William, F1/c
 PASTOR, Joseph John, S2/c
 PASTRE, Raymond Harold, S2/c
 PATCH, Clifton Francis, CMMP
 PATE, John Randall, S2/c
 PATIN, Elmo John, StM2/c
 PATISON, Herbert Leroy, WT2/c
 PATPALAK, Andrew Thomas, S2/c
 PATRICK, Joe Lester, S1/c
 PATSEL, Arlie McKinley, S1/c
 PATTERSON, Clarence C., MM1/c
 PATTERSON, Donald Kenneth, GM3/c
 PATTERSON, Ephram Hampton, CMMP
 PATTERSON, Gerald, S1/c
 PATTERSON, Geo. A., Jr., F3/c
 PATTERSON, Harry Joseph, EM2/c
 PATTERSON, James L., Jr., StM1/c
 PATTERSON, K. C., StM1/c
 PATTERSON, Ronald Keith, SF1/c
 PATTON, Cleveland, S2/c
 PAUL, Bertis Irvin, MoMM
 PAUL, Cornelius, Jr., StM2/c

PAULSEN, Vernon Kenneth, FCM1/c
PAULSON, Mahlon Frederick, RM2/c
PAUR, Clifford, MM2/c
PAWIELSKI, Anthony, MM1/c
PAWLUS, Joseph Charles, S1/c
PAYNE, James Roberts, MM1/c
PAYNE, John Barnwell, AMM3/c
PAYNE, Oattie Estes, S2/c
PAYTON, Walter Collis, S1/c
PEACE, Alonzo Franklin, BM2/c
PEACOCK, George Wilmer, Cox.
PEAKE, Frederick Obrecht, GM3/c
PEARCE, Leroy Deely, F3/c
PEARSON, Arthur Thomas, EM3/c
PEARSON, James W., AMM1/c
PEARSON, Raymond Bertis, F1/c
PEASTON, Elmer Francis, AMM3/c
PEAVY, William F., Jr., SK2/c
PECHACEK, Ermin Joseph, SM2/c
PECORARO, Santo Frank, CM2/c
PEDEN, Carl, Ck1/c
PEDERSEN, Peder M., CCMA
PEDERSON, Harold Oliver, WT1/c
PEEBLES, Kenneth Norman, HA1/c
PEELE, Oliver Worth, AMM3/c
PEGUEROS, Juan C., St3/c
PENDERGAST, Edward Wm., BM2/c
PENDLETON, Robert Clay, S1/c
PENLEY, Charles Hubert, S1/c
PENMAN, Albert Hamilton, F2/c
PENNOCK, Charles Hollis, CMMF
PENNOCK, Ralph Ira, GM3/c
PENNYBACKER, Frank H., SF3/c
PENOLA, Fred Howard, SM3/c
PENTON, Fred Wilkerson, RM3/c
PEOPLES, Buford Dale, F2/c
PEPE, Joseph, F3/c
PEPPER, Louis, F3/c
PEREZ, Joseph, F2/c
PEREZ, Mauro, Cox.
PERINO, Mike, Cox.
PERKINS, Avery Evander, S1/c
PERKINS, Edgar Adelbert, MM2/c
PERKINS, Junius Loring, CGMP
PERKINS, Orie Dalton, CPhM
PERKINS, Robert Paul, S1/c
PERKINS, William Henry, SF1/c
PERLING, Richard Charles, RM3/c
PERRIN, Ernest E., F3/c
PERRY, Aubra R., Jr., S1/c
PERRY, Carmen Samuel, S1/c
PERRY, Harry Edwin, F2/c
PERRY, Leo Edward, ACRM
PERRY, Paul Edward, S1/c
PERRY, Vernon Thomas, TM2/c

PERRY, William Edward, CPhM
PERRYMAN, Paul, GM2/c
PERSONS, Robert Gerald, S2/c
PERUGINI, Alexander Jos., S1/c
PERUGINI, Frank Antonio, S1/c
PETE, Arthur, StM2/c
PETE, Leo John, F2/c
PETERS, Charles, Jr., F2/c
PETERS, Charley Joseph, FCM3/c
PETERS, Harry Erwin, S2/c
PETERS, Hugh Atkinson, Cox.
PETERSEN, Herman Frederik, GM2/c
PETERSOHN, James Warren, S1/c
PETERSON, Anthony James, S2/c
PETERSON, Ernest Vernon, WT1/c
PETERSON, Francis, GM2/c
PETERSON, Fred Erick, F1/c
PETERSON, Harvey O., MoMM
PETERSON, Layne Woodrow, AM3/c
PETERSON, Lennart O., GM2/c
PETERSON, Lester Norman, GM2/c
PETERSON, Oscar Verner, CWTA
PETERSON, Robt. Lee, S2/c
PETERSON, William, Jr., S1/c
PETKE, Chas. Henry, RM1/c
PETO, Louis, S1/c
PETRI, Bruce Arnold, Y2/c
PETRICK, Vernon Leroy, AMM1/c
PETROSKI, Peter Paul, CBMP
PETRYKOWSKI, John, MM2/c
PETTERSON, Eric Conrad, S1/c
PETTIT, George Winston, F1/c
PETTIT, Robert Lee, CMA
PETTRY, James Carmie, QM2/c
PETTRY, Tom Hartsel, ARM2/c
PETTY, Forrest, SC1/c
PETTY, Harland Hugh, GM2/c
PFORTMILLER, Lester R., AM2/c
PFYL, Werner Floyd, FCM2/c
PHELPS, Bernerd Phillip, ARM2/c
PHELPS, Frank Eugene, S1/c
PHELPS, Herbert Laverne, F2/c
PHEND, Robert A., S2/c
PHILIPS, Walter R., Jr., S2/c
PHILLIPS, Chester, StM2/c
PHILLIPS, Chester F., Jr., PhM1/c
PHILLIPS, Clifford Turner, ARM3/c
PHILLIPS, Duane Eugene, S2/c
PHILLIPS, Edward Stanley, GM3/c
PHILLIPS, Emory Lawrence, WT1/c
PHILLIPS, Gifford Eugene, S1/c
PHILLIPS, Harold Gordon, S1/c
PHILLIPS, Jack Harvey, S2/c
PHILLIPS, Jack Hewin, S2/c
PHILLIPS, James Jay, S2/c

PHILLIPS, John Henry, StM2/c
 PHILLIPS, Raymond Joseph, S2/c
 PHILLIPS, Robert, Jr., F1/c
 PHILLIPS, Robert Clifton, BM1/c
 PHILLIPS, Thomas Edward, S1/c
 PHILLIPS, William A., Jr., ARM3/c
 PHILLIPS, William W., Jr., S2/c
 PHILPOTT, James Marion, EM3/c
 PHIPPS, Clifford Lonzo, SoM3/c
 PHLEGAR, Philip Eldridge, FCM2/c
 PIACUN, Nicholas Frank, F1/c
 PICARD, Melvin Peter, F2/c
 PICCIANI, William Ernest, S2/c
 PICHETTE, Norman M., S2/c
 PICKEL, Bernard Joseph, S1/c
 PICKETT, John Louis, BM1/c
 PIGOU, Aswell Lovelace, S2/c
 PIELES, Edward Michell, S2/c
 PIER, Joseph Stephen, AerM
 PIERCE, Aloysius Jos., CSMA
 PIERCE, Harry, S1/c
 PIERCE, James Francis, PhM3/c
 PIERCE, Louis Lee, FCM1/c
 PIERCE, Marvin Leslie, S2/c
 PIERCE, Theodore Glenn, S2/c
 PIERCE, Willie Dan, SC1/c
 PIERCY, Ralph Delbert, MM2/c
 PIERPOINT, Charles B., F1/c
 PIERSON, Celoin August, BM2/c
 PIKE, Amos Fred, F2/c
 PIKE, Charlie Boyd, Jr., F3/c
 PIKE, James Donald, S1/c
 PILGRAM, Walter Edward, CEMA
 PINCE, Francis Floyd, EM3/c
 PINDELL, Clifford Magee, CAPA
 PINDER, Louis Patrick, F3/c
 PINEDA, Apolonio, St3/c
 PINGER, Louis William, CBMP
 PINKHAM, Arthur Wm., S1/c
 PIPES, William Riley, ARM2/c
 PIPPIN, Edd, Jr., SF2/c
 PIPPIN, Willie Morgan, S2/c
 PIRO, Charles, S2/c
 PIROG, Roman George, F2/c
 PIRONE, Ralph Antonio, F3/c
 PITNER, Kelly Mayfield, WT1/c
 PITT, Howard Wm., Jr., S1/c
 PITTMAN, Allen Coleman, F2/c
 PITTMAN, Robert Floyd, S2/c
 PITTS, Cecil Charles, AS
 PITTS, Richard, StM1/c
 PITZER, Leonard, StM2/c
 PLAHN, Ben Milton, Y2/c
 PLANT, Burel Lemar, F3/c
 PLANTE, Hubert, S2/c

PLAS, Justin John, S2/c
 PLATT, Paul Franklin, S1/c
 PLEMMONS, John Curtis, MM2/c
 PLEMONS, Joe Wheeler, MM1/c
 PLETO, Tony Roger, ARM3/c
 PLOFF, John Frederick, S1/c
 PLOTTS, Philip Edward, AMM2/c
 PLOWDEN, Lee Earnest, StM1/c
 PLUMLEE, James Paul, ARM1/c
 PLUMLEY, Leo David, S1/c
 PLUNKETT, Robert Dale, S2/c
 PLYBON, Robert Theodore, BM2/c
 PLYMALE, Dorsel E., S2/c
 POARCH, John Trammell, F1/c
 POGUE, Alven Craven, CWTP
 POGUE, Freddie Wilson, GM3/c
 POHL, Lester, S2/c
 POISSANT, Duane Larson, M1/c
 POITRAS, Joseph Leo, S1/c
 POLAND, Eugene Richard, S2/c
 POLANOWSKI, Theodore F., EM3/c
 POLHEMUS, Willis, F3/c
 POLIDORI, Bennie John, EM1/c
 POLITO, Salvatore Thomas, S1/c
 POLK, Ray Aubrey, S2/c
 POLLEY, Arthur Henry, S2/c
 POLLITT, James Durham, S2/c
 POLOMARES, Manuel F., AS
 POLONIAK, Peter Robert, S2/c
 POLSTON, Francis Samuel, S2/c
 PONCE, Lulian, F3/c
 PONE, Leonard Edward, GM3/c
 PONTANILLA, Cecilio, St1/c
 POOL, Robert John, RdM3/c
 POOLE, Edward A., Jr., FCM3/c
 POOLE, Harry Ellington, SC1/c
 POOLE, Hilton Gordon, CEMP
 POOLE, Lawrence Eugene, AOM2/c
 POOLE, Minor Butler, GM1/c
 POPOVICH, Gabriel, S1/c
 POPOVICH, Robert George, S2/c
 POPPLEWELL, Wilbur H., QM2/c
 PORCH, Troy W., RM1/c
 PORCS, John Joseph, EM3/c
 PORTER, Claude Wilson, SF3/c
 PORTER, Joseph Gideon, TM3/c
 POSCHADEL, Edward, Jr., F1/c
 POSCHKE, Robert Duane, S2/c
 POSEY, William Cullen, S1/c
 POSS, Henry Bowdion, S1/c
 POST, Arnold Charles, S2/c
 POTHIER, Dolor, WT1/c
 POTRATZ, Albert Richard, S2/c
 POTTER, Leo Dale, EM2/c
 POTTER, Sheldon Anthony, SM3/c

POTTRATZ, Stanley Arthur, FCM3/c
 POTTS, Thomas Henry, S2/c
 POTVIN, Ovila Laurence, Ptr3/c
 POUND, Robert Leslie, GM2/c
 POVILITIS, Anthony, S1/c
 POWELL, Clarence Daniel, Cox.
 POWELL, Floyd Alvin, M2/c
 POWELL, Gearold Eugene, S2/c
 POWELL, Kenneth William, GM1/c
 POWELL, Norman Allen, S1/c
 POWELL, Reese, F1/c
 POWELL, Virgil Ezril, Jr., S1/c
 POWELL, William Thomas, GM2/c
 POWERS, Billy Alfa, ACMM
 POWERS, Richard John, F3/c
 POWERS, Robert Lansing, Cox.
 POYNTER, Russel True, Cox.
 POYTHRESS, Joseph E., Jr., GM2/c
 POZELNIK, Joseph F., S2/c
 PRATER, Vernon Wiley, S1/c
 PRATT, Jesse David, CWTP
 PRATT, Lyman Milford, F1/c
 PRENTICE, Richard Merlin, F1/c
 PRESCOTT, Paul Wesley, S1/c
 PRESLAK, Peter, S1/c
 PRESLEY, Sam Davis, AMM1/c
 PREVATT, Barden W., S2/c
 PREWITT, Jene Ray, F3/c
 PRICE, Aubrey Evan, RM1/c
 PRICE, Charles Henry, MM1/c
 PRICE, Chester, F2/c
 PRICE, Edward Clifton, BM1/c
 PRICE, Isaiah, Jr., StM2/c
 PRICE, John, CMMA
 PRICE, Martin Owen, S1/c
 PRICE, Randle, ACMA
 PRICE, Warren Clyde, S1/c
 PRICE, William Edward, TM3/c
 PRICE, William Leslie, GM3/c
 PRICHARD, Junius Dallas, S2/c
 PRIEST, James Sidney, S2/c
 PRINCE, Dallas Southard, QM3/c
 PRINCE, Pearl Greison, S2/c
 PRINDLE, Franklin Theo, S1/c
 PRINGLE, Walter Gordon, SM2/c
 PRITCHARD, William L., AS
 PRITCHETT, Merton Leon, S1/c
 PRITCHETT, Warren Neal, F1/c
 PRIVETT, Johnnie Lee, S2/c
 PRIVETT, Sherman, Cox.
 PROCTOR, William R., F2/c
 PROFITT, Arnold Woodurth, AS
 PROPER, Raymond, S1/c
 PROUDFOOT, Junior, MM2/c
 PROUGH, Harold C., SF1/c

PRUDEN, James Norfleet, StM2/c
 PRUDENTE, Paulino, NCox.
 PRUETT, George Floyd, S1/c
 PRUSASKI, Joseph Francis, BM2/c
 PRYOR, Ray S., MM1/c
 PUCKETT, Calvin Richard, F2/c
 PUGH, Leonard X., F1/c
 PULLEN, Everett Thomas, S1/c
 PULLEN, Robt. H., S1/c
 PULLEN, Samuel Franklin, SC3/c
 PULLIAM, Charles W., Jr., F2/c
 PUMPHREY, Harry Christoph, AOM3/c
 PURDY, John Milton, CQMA
 PURGETT, Robert Leroy, SM3/c
 PURINTON, Howard Wm., Cox.
 PURSLEY, Robert Henry, S2/c
 PURVIS, Arthur William, F1/c
 PURVIS, Thom Atwood, Jr., ARM1/c
 PUSTELNY, Michael Joseph, F2/c
 PUTNAL, Clabe Winston, F3/c
 PUTNAM, Chelsea, Jr., RM2/c
 PUVIS, John Fletcher, S1/c
 PUZINES, John Joseph, WT2/c
 PYE, Guy E., GM3/c
 PYE, William, S1/c
 PYLES, Robert Lee, StM2/c

QUAGLIARIELLO, Vito Jerry, S1/c
 QUAIL, Alvin Edward, S1/c
 QUALLEN, Charles Nicholes, AM3/c
 QUANDE, Kenneth Melvin, S1/c
 QUARTEMONT, Lloyd A., S1/c
 QUERRY, Miles Junior, F2/c
 QUESENBERRY, Willis E., AS
 QUETSCHKE, Henry Rudolph, F1/c
 QUEY, Mario, CGMA
 QUICK, Donald Leo, AOM2/c
 QUICK, Ray Wilbur, F3/c
 QUICK, Robert Patricia, S2/c
 QUINLAN, Philip Douglas, S1/c
 QUINLIVEN, Dennis Wade, Cox.
 QUINN, John William, CBMP
 QUINN, Rudolph Walter, F2/c
 QUINNELLY, Walter Wills, S1/c
 QUINTERS, Bernard, TM3/c
 QUIRONG, Tomas, NS
 QUITANO, Guillermo L. G., StM1/c
 QUIZMUNDO, Manuel, SC1/c

RABKIN, Israel, S2/c
 RABY, Edward Wesley, StM1/c
 RADER, George W., SC2/c
 RADER, Merle A., MM3/c
 RADIGAN, Frederick Harry, F1/c
 RADZINSKI, George Smith, MM2/c

RADZINSKI, Victor F., MM2/c
 RAFFETY, Elbert Lee, CAPA
 RAGAT, Ambrosio, MM1/c
 RAGLAND, Bertram Lee, MM2/c
 RAIMER, Stanley Earl, SC3/c
 RAINWATER, Robert Daniel, S2/c
 RAITT, Frank, ARM2/c
 RAMOS, James Flores, S2/c
 RAMSDEN, Marvin Lee, Cox.
 RAMSEUR, Claude Russell, S2/c
 RAMSEY, Curtis Dick, S1/c
 RAMSEY, Eugene James, AM2/c
 RAMSEY, Garry Wayne, AMM3/c
 RAMSEY, Harry, Ck2/c
 RAMSEY, Maunsel Edward, MM1/c
 RANDALL, Norman Henry, F1/c
 RANDALL, Raymond Paul, MoMM
 RANDALL, William Howard, RM2/c
 RANDOL, Mack Warren, S1/c
 RANDOLPH, Robert Lee, S1/c
 RANDT, Joseph Ausher, F1/c
 RANEY, Herbert Leftright, S1/c
 RANIERI, Christ R., ARM2/c
 RANIO, Albert Guy, S2/c
 RANKIN, Galen Belmont, S2/c
 RANKIN, Harry Delbert, S2/c
 RANKIN, Marion Harrel, GM3/c
 RANNELLS, Raymond L., S1/c
 RASBERRY, Mahlon Eldrige, S2/c
 RASCHELLA, Patrick F., AS
 RATCLIFFE, William E., MM1/c
 RATTI, Raphael Joseph, F1/c
 RAULSTON, Robert Edwin, EM2/c
 RAVANO, Epifanio C., SC2/c
 RAVIN, John Crockett, TM1/c
 RAWLS, Wheeler Holden, AMM2/c
 RAY, Clarence Wendell, S1/c
 RAY, Francis Warren, F1/c
 RAY, Glen Edward, RM3/c
 RAY, Harry Finley, CMMP
 RAY, James Thomas, SC1/c
 RAY, John Elmer, S2/c
 RAY, Norbert Lorraine, WT2/c
 RAY, Orval Franklin, AS
 RAY, Thomas Richard, S1/c
 RAYFORD, Kenneth Moore, PhM2/c
 RAYMOND, Warner, SF3/c
 RE, Frank A., F2/c
 READ, John Francis, F2/c
 READ, Robert Frederic, PhM
 REAGAN, George Hubert, CWTP
 REALIN, Mariano, St3/c
 REAVES, James Sanders, S2/c
 REAVES, John R., CSKP
 REAVIS, Fred, AMM3/c

REBOJA, Fermin, NMM1/c
 RECALDE, Pedro, StM1/c
 RECCIUS, Kenneth Melton, S2/c
 RECH, Roy Frederick, S1/c
 REDDEMAN, William F., F1/c
 REDDING, Caleb Richard, F2/c
 REDFERN, Doyle Glover, RM2/c
 REDMAN, Melvin Francis, S1/c
 REDMAN, Sidney Leo, GM3/c
 REDMON, Alexander, MM1/c
 REDMOND, Charles Junior, S2/c
 REDMOND, Robert Eugene, SM3/c
 REED, Alvin Simms, S1/c
 REED, Clarence O., RM2/c
 REED, Francis Albert, GM2/c
 REED, James J., PhM2/c
 REED, Kenneth Joe, S1/c
 REED, Paul Michael, SF3/c
 REED, Stephen Barnett, SK2/c
 REESE, Alexander, WT2/c
 REESE, Frank, WT1/c
 REESE, George Tyson, S1/c
 REEVES, Billie, S1/c
 REEVES, James Olen, S2/c
 REEVES, John Frederick, EM1/c
 REEVES, Raymond Peery, F3/c
 REEVES, Tilmon James, MM1/c
 REFF, John James, S1/c
 REGANOLD, Robert William, S2/c
 REGEIG, Joseph Michael, S2/c
 REHMERT, George Ira, S1/c
 REIBE, Richard Dwight, AS
 REICHEL, Henry Neil, S2/c
 REICHERT, Harold George, Ptr3/c
 REID, Algie Durham, AS
 REID, Leonard Robert, S2/c
 REID, Lewis Pinkney, SC2/c
 REID, Lyle Victor, ARM1/c
 REIFSCHNEIDER, Louis Wm., AMM1/c
 REILLY, Jeremiah William, GM3/c
 REILLY, Robert Emmet, Bkr3/c
 REIMEL, Blaine Cornelius, S1/c
 REIMER, John William, Jr., ACMP
 REINER, Robert Carl, EM3/c
 REINERTSON, Rich G., AOM2/c
 REISTETTER, John Steven, CGMA
 REITER, Wm. L., F2/c
 REITMEYER, John Paul, SF2/c
 REITZEL, Howard Edward, S1/c
 RELERFORD, Nathaniel Lee, StM1/c
 REMICK, Daniel Joseph, GM3/c
 REMMERS, Henry Franklin, BM2/c
 REMPALAKIS, Alex Pantelis, MM1/c
 RENCH, Bernice Neal, S2/c
 RENDALL, Thomas Edward, CMMA

RENGER, Lawrence Harold, FCM3/c
 RENNER, Johnny A., ACRM
 RENTFRO, John Jefferson, MM1/c
 RENZOW, John, ARM3/c
 RESLEY, Floyd Theodore, F3/c
 RESSINGER, Robert Russell, S2/c
 REYNOLDS, Jimmie Reed, StM1/c
 REYNOLDS, Joseph James, Y3/c
 REYNOLDS, Robert Leroy, S2/c
 REYNOLDS, Roscoe Mitchell, StM1/c
 REYNOLDS, William Lee, TM3/c
 REYNOLDS, Wm. Leeroy, CWTP
 REZNICEK, Gilbert Stanley, Y1/c
 RHINEVAULT, Clair Mondell, CM1/c
 RHODES, Robert Charles, S2/c
 RICE, Arvil, S2/c
 RICE, Francis Andrew, S1/c
 RICE, John Maxwell, Cox.
 RICE, William, StM2/c
 RICE, William George, PhM2/c
 RICH, Benjamin Butler, F3/c
 RICH, Merlin Jack, ARM2/c
 RICH, Rodney Steward, GM3/c
 RICHARD, Dale Ivan, EM2/c
 RICHARD, Jack, S2/c
 RICHARDS, Gilbert Roland, S2/c
 RICHARDS, John Anthony, S1/c
 RICHARDS, Llewellyn, AOM3/c
 RICHARDS, Richard Gene, S2/c
 RICHARDS, Thomas Louis, F3/c
 RICHARDSON, Robert Curtis, S2/c
 RICHARDSON, Houston F., F1/c
 RICHARDSON, Warren Jay, S2/c
 RICHESIN, Franklin Delano, ARM3/c
 RICHMOND, Elmer Eugene, WT1/c
 RICHMOND, Glenn Francis, F2/c
 RICHTER, Thomas Claude, MoMM
 RICHTER, Walter Max J., ARM3/c
 RICHTER, Werner Max, MM2/c
 RICIGLIANO, Frank John, S2/c
 RICKEL, James W., Jr., EM3/c
 RICKLEY, Robert Daniel, AMM3/c
 RIDENHOWER, Carroll Theo, EM1/c
 RIEGER, Richard Raymond, TM3/c
 RIERSON, Thomas J., Jr., Cox.
 RIFLEY, James William, S2/c
 RIGGS, Forrest Stephen, MM2/c
 RIGGS, Russell Babbitt, AP2/c
 RIGGS, John Lamb, EM1/c
 RIKARD, John Everett, S1/c
 RILEY, Chester C., Jr., StM1/c
 RILEY, John Lee, Jr., AMM2/c
 RILEY, Willard Virgil, GM1/c
 RINCK, Robert Wilson, F1/c
 RING, Joseph Lincoln, CM1/c

RINGUS, Julian Gustan, BM2/c
 RISAN, Alvin Willie, MM1/c
 RITCHEY, Doyle Leon, ARM2/c
 RITCHEY, J. D., S2/c
 RITCHIE, Bill Earl, S2/c
 RITCHIE, Julius, S2/c
 RITSKO, Earnest Wm., F2/c
 RITTER, Edward Blain, GM3/c
 RITZINGER, Joseph Leo, WT1/c
 RIVERA, Roque Ralph, S1/c
 RIVERA, Timoteo, Ck2/c
 RIVES, John T., Jr., Ptr3/c
 RIX, Gilmore V., PhM3/c
 RIZZI, Rosalio Mario, S1/c
 ROACH, John Perry, S1/c
 ROACH, Robert Dixie, S2/c
 ROBARDS, Michael, AP2/c
 ROBBINS, Elozie Tenson, S2/c
 ROBBINS, John H., S1/c
 ROBERSON, Hayes Edward, Jr., S2/c
 ROBERSON, Leroy Raulston, CSKA
 ROBERTS, Bryant Henry, SK2/c
 ROBERTS, Clifford A., S1/c
 ROBERTS, Edgar Vernon, F1/c
 ROBERTS, Eugene, BM2/c
 ROBERTS, Herschel T., Jr., AMM2/c
 ROBERTS, Nathan Anthony, F1/c
 ROBERTS, Samuel B., Jr., Cox.
 ROBERTS, Sidney Ewing, Jr., MM2/c
 ROBERTSON, Carley C., S1/c
 ROBERTSON, Herman Odell, Bkri/c
 ROBINS, Charles Edward, S1/c
 ROBINSON, Bernard Gordon, AMM2/c
 ROBINSON, Frederick F., BM1/c
 ROBINSON, Henry, StM2/c
 ROBINSON, James Calvin, SF2/c
 ROBINSON, John Edward, S2/c
 ROBINSON, J. E., SC2/c
 ROBINSON, James Lee, Jr., S1/c
 ROBINSON, Jesse Herschel, ARM1/c
 ROBINSON, Lester C., Jr., MM2/c
 ROBISON, Robert Alexander, CM2/c
 ROBLE, Leonard Adlebert, BM2/c
 ROBSON, William, GM3/c
 ROCHESTER, Edgar Davis, AMM3/c
 ROCK, Robert Frederick, MM1/c
 RODRIGUEZ, Martin B., S1/c
 RODRIGUEZ, Pedro Liberato, S2/c
 RODRIGUEZ, Raymond, S1/c
 ROE, George Daniel, SC2/c
 ROEBUCK, George Benjamin, GM3/c
 ROEBUCK, Lemuel D., Jr., SK3/c
 ROESEL, John Joseph, CSKA
 ROFSTAD, Roy Henry, S2/c
 ROGALLA, Emil Joseph, GM1/c

ROGERS, B. R., PhM2/c
 ROGERS, Carl Penner, S2/c
 ROGERS, Cecil Otis, CMMA/c
 ROGERS, Charles Ethbert, S1/c
 ROGERS, Clinton W., RM1/c
 ROGERS, Edward Keith, S1/c
 ROGERS, Elmo L., S2/c
 ROGERS, Eugene Owen, S2/c
 ROGERS, George Arthur, SK2/c
 ROGERS, Ivan L., HA2/c
 ROGERS, Jack Ellis, Jr., S1/c
 ROGERS, Joe B., EM2/c
 ROGERS, Lester Charles, GM3/c
 ROGERS, Louie, S2/c
 ROGERS, Marvel Dean, S1/c
 ROGERS, Mason Bacot, CM3/c
 ROGERS, Norris Clifton, CM3/c
 ROGERS, Patrick Anthony, S2/c
 ROGERS, Robert Laurence, FCM3/c
 ROGERS, Robert Wesley, S1/c
 ROGERS, Russell A., Jr., FCM3/c
 ROGERS, William Payne, GM3/c
 ROHLOFF, William, S2/c
 ROHRBACH, Melvin F., S2/c
 ROHRER, Frederick J., Jr., CMoM
 ROLAND, Earnest Frank, F3/c
 ROLLEN, Roy Leonard, Ck2/c
 ROLLINGS, Cleo Alonzo, F1/c
 ROLLINS, Benj. C., AOM2/c
 ROLLINS, Edward Earl, F2/c
 ROLLINS, Ray Howard, CBMP
 ROMANO, Bernard Francis, F1/c
 ROMANO, Donald Charles, SF3/c
 ROMANO, Prospero Pat, S2/c
 ROME, Diosdado, CCKA
 ROMERO, Newman, MM2/c
 ROMINE, Stacy, S2/c
 ROMM, Stanley, PhM1/c
 ROMO, Frank, Jr., SF1/c
 RONNING, Albert Arthur, AP2/c
 ROOF, Stanley Homer, F3/c
 ROOF, Gordon Leroy, Mus1/c
 ROOF, William David, MM2/c
 ROPER, Sydney Lee, S1/c
 ROSA, David, S1/c
 ROSARIO, Tomas Rivera, StM2/c
 ROSCOE, Richard W., ARM3/c
 ROSCOE, Samuel Henry, Jr., Bkr2/c
 ROSE, Harold Lloyd, AS
 ROSE, Joseph Edmons, GM3/c
 ROSE, Paul Raymond, MM1/c
 ROSE, Warner William, Cox.
 ROSEK, John Adolph, S1/c
 ROSELAND, Merwin Rex, S2/c
 ROSENBERG, Carl Bernard, S2/c
 ROSENDALE, Alfred Gordon, S1/c
 ROSENDALE, Harold Dewey, SF1/c
 ROSENFELT, James Lowell, F1/c
 ROSENOW, William Carl, MM1/c
 ROSKEY, Charles Robert, F2/c
 ROSS, Arthur Ray, WT2/c
 ROSS, George Alvin, S2/c
 ROSS, Harold Eugene, F3/c
 ROSS, Jack Hailey, AOM2/c
 ROSS, Louis Homer, F3/c
 ROSS, Lyndon Orville, F1/c
 ROSS, Raymond Howard, CWTA
 ROSS, Rd Gerald, SC3/c
 ROSS, Robert Alexander, SM3/c
 ROSS, Robert Tillman, S1/c
 ROSS, Sye, S2/c
 ROSSIO, Jean Elmore, S1/c
 ROSSON, George Bobo, Y2/c
 ROSTY, Gordon Oscar, AMM2/c
 ROTH, John T., MM2/c
 ROTH, Louis, S1/c
 ROTH, Vernon Jacob, M1/c
 ROTHUEBBER, Lawrence Jos., SK2/c
 ROTSEL, Robert Oliver, ARM3/c
 ROTT, Charles Jacob, S2/c
 ROTT, Edward Young, Jr., AOM3/c
 ROUNDY, Rosco Simpkins, RM3/c
 ROUNTREE, Wilton Davon, S2/c
 ROUSER, Charles W., Jr., ARM2/c
 ROUTLEDGE, Gerald Wm., S2/c
 ROW, Cleo Frank, MM1/c
 ROWELL, Marshall Leland, S2/c
 ROWLAND, James Russell, CPhM
 ROWLEY, Harry Cade, S1/c
 ROWLEY, Richard Harvey, MM1/c
 RUCKER, Thomas, Jr., S1/c
 RUDDY, John Laurence, S2/c
 RUDE, Milton Darwin, TM2/c
 RUDOLPH, Henry Francis, F1/c
 RUDOLPH, John William, S1/c
 RUEGER, Robert Woodrow, MM2/c
 RUESS, Karl Woodward, PhOM
 RUFF, Adam, S1/c
 RUFFNER, Harold Gilbert, EM2/c
 RUGENSTEIN, Arthur A., MoMM
 RUIZ, John, S2/c
 RUMPLE, John Walter, F1/c
 RUNDALL, Wayne Calvin, F2/c
 RUNGE, Herman Wm., F3/c
 RUNYAN, Garvyn Delno, CCSP
 RUNYON, Ancie, EM2/c
 RUNYON, Frank Clarence, CYP
 RUPERT, Dale Elton, SF3/c
 RUPINSKI, Henry Anthony, S1/c
 RUSCH, Walter, RM3/c

RUSH, Arthur Lynn, MM1/c
 RUSHING, Harold Anderson, M2/c
 RUSHTON, Lowell Glendon, SK3/c
 RUSS, James Sanford, S1/c
 RUSS, Robert Charles, F2/c
 RUSSELL, J. M., S1/c
 RUSSELL, John Kenneth, S1/c
 RUSSELL, Johnnie, StM2/c
 RUSSELL, Orville Lee, CM1/c
 RUSSELL, Robert Donald, F2/c
 RUSSO, Stanley Irving, BM2/c
 RUST, Charles W., Jr., FCM3/c
 RUSTT, Norman Kenneth, S2/c
 RUTH, Charles Douglas, F2/c
 RYAN, Ernest Harold, MM1/c
 RYAN, George Patrick, FCM2/c
 RYAN, Harry Walter, AMM3/c
 RYAN, Loyal, Jr., S2/c
 RYAN, Thomas Francis, F3/c
 RYAN, William Hamilton, SC3/c
 RYBINSKI, Joseph Victor, RM2/c
 RYCHLEWSKI, Walter Leo, F2/c
 RYMAN, Donald Ivar, S2/c
 RYMER, Charles Jesse, MoMM

SAAF, Courtland Philip, S2/c
 SABAK, Michael, PhM3/c
 SABO, Stephen, F3/c
 SACCOMANNI, Patsy, S1/c
 SADLER, Harold Bliss, AS
 SADLER, Leonard Morris, F3/c
 SAHLBERG, Harold Eric, AMM3/c
 SAJ, John Stanley, CEMA
 SAJOVIC, Jack Clyde, Cox.
 SAKALES, Thos., AS
 SALAVA, Frank, FC3/c
 SALAWA, Theodore., EM3/c
 SALDIVAR, Manuel R., PhM3/c
 SALERNO, Alfonso Joseph, S1/c
 SALIBA, George, SC3/c
 SALISBURY, Herbert Raymon, S2/c
 SALLEE, Bruce Terry, FCM3/c
 SALPETER, Harding Irving, AS
 SALVO, Joseph, WT1/c
 SAMPSON, George R., Jr., MM2/c
 SANARIS, Catalino, St1/c
 SANDEL, Lloyd George, MM1/c
 SANDERS, Angelo Carl, S2/c
 SANDERS, Floyd O., StM1/c
 SANDERS, Howard Alfred, MoMM
 SANDERS, Layman Morris, MM2/c
 SANDERSON, Frederick D., TM1/c
 SANDERSON, Paul Vernon, S1/c
 SANDLIN, Lawton, BM2/c
 SANDMANN, Karl Lother, Y2/c

SANDRIDGE, Lloyd Wayne, GMMF
 SANDS, William Wayne, ARM3/c
 SANFORD, Walter Edward, S2/c
 SANNER, William John, SK3/c
 SANPEDRO, Sotero, Ck3/c
 SANZARI, Alfred Angelo, F3/c
 SAPNO, Pedro, St2/c
 SAPPINGTON, Jewel B., S1/c
 SARAVOLATZ, Joseph Milan, MM1/c
 SARE, Parker Elliot, MM2/c
 SASSAMAN, David Noecker, Y2/c
 SATTERFIELD, James A., F2/c
 SATTERFIELD, Kenneth R., Y1/c
 SAUER, Frank Arthur, S1/c
 SAUL, James Edward, Cox.
 SAUNDERS, Sidney Melvin, AS
 SAUNDERS, Wm. H., CBMA
 SAVO, Viljo Albert, EM1/c
 SAWHILL, William Franklin, ARM3/c
 SAWYER, Cecil D., S2/c
 SAWYER, Glenn Calvin, S1/c
 SAWYER, Robert Lee, SK1/c
 SAWYER, Warren Arthur, S1/c
 SAXER, Lawrence Edward, S1/c
 SAYERS, Robert Rouse, ACMM
 SCACCHITTI, Angelo Arnold, Y3/c
 SCAFF, Henry Franklin, SM3/c
 SCAGLIARINI, Amerigo, CM3/c
 SCALES, Wallace Franklin, S1/c
 SCANLIN, Robert Lee, EM2/c
 SCANLON, Francis, S2/c
 SCAPPAROTTA, Raymond J., CM3/c
 SCARBOROUGH, Frank A., Jr., S2/c
 SCARBROUGH, David Kent, SoM3/c
 SCARBROUGH, Willie Lee, AOM3/c
 SCHADL, Frank George, AMM3/c
 SCHADLER, Emil, CCStd
 SCHAEFER, Ernest Gustav, Mus1/c
 SCHAEFER, Wallace Edward, F1/c
 SCHAEFFER, Samuel, Jr., WT2/c
 SCHAEFFER, John, MM2/c
 SCHAIELL, Thomas Wm., GM3/c
 SCHAMP, Delbert Dale, S1/c
 SCHANTZ, Lloyd H., MM2/c
 SCHECK, George Frank, WT1/c
 SCHECK, Theodore George, ARM3/c
 SCHEIBLER, Clarence T., CEMP
 SCHENK, Robert Earl, F3/c
 SCHERPIK, William R., Jr., M2/c
 SCHIRMER, Chester N., F1/c
 SCHLAUDT, Emil, Jr., MM1/c
 SCHLEHER, Paul Arthur, FCM1/c
 SCHLEIGH, Marion Glen, MM1/c
 SCHMITT, Harold Baylor, S1/c
 SCHMITT, Henry Louis, MM2/c

SCHNACKEL, Louie G., Jr., F2/c
 SCHNEE, Joseph Robert, F1/c
 SCHNEIDER, Albert Jos., F1/c
 SCHNEIDER, William Robert, S1/c
 SCHNEIDER, Wm. T., Cox.
 SCHNELL, Elmer V., TM3/c
 SCHNIEDER, Paul Bernard, S1/c
 SCHOLL, William F., Jr., SM1/c
 SCHREINER, Gale Vernon, BM2/c
 SCHRENK, Edwin Dennis, S2/c
 SCHRODER, Raymond Walter, GM1/c
 SCHROEDER, Delbert E., Y2/c
 SCHROEDER, Leroy, CSKP
 SCHULER, Alfred, PhM2/c
 SCHULER, Norman Frank, MM2/c
 SCHULTZ, Clifford Devere, AMM2/c
 SCHULTZ, John Frederick, F1/c
 SCHULTZ, Leo Lester, F2/c
 SCHUMACHER, Stanley Jos., CBMP
 SCHUMANN, Elmer Taylor, CQMP
 SCHWARTZ, Edward Joachim, FGM2/c
 SCHWEDT, Morris, S2/c
 SCHWENTORUS, Theodore Edw., PhM1/c
 SCHWERDT, Arthur John, QM1/c
 SCIARPELLETTI, Americo M., Bkr2/c
 SCOBIE, Esmond Harry, MM1/c
 SCOGGINS, Dallas Monroe, S1/c
 SCOTT, Aaron Eugene, BM2/c
 SCOTT, Arthur Paul, MM2/c
 SCOTT, C. W., Jr., CM2/c
 SCOTT, Dan Ragsdale, S2/c
 SCOTT, Geo. J., S2/c
 SCOTT, Paul William, PhM2/c
 SCOTT, Roy Roger, SoM3/c
 SCRIBNER, Harry Carville, RM1/c
 SCRIMGEOUR, Robert Festia, GM3/c
 SCROGGINS, Ted Harry, RM2/c
 SCROGGINS, Wilson Enoch, BM2/c
 SCRUGGS, Bryan Egbert, Y2/c
 SCULLY, Frederick J., Y2/c
 SCULLY, George John, F3/c
 SCULLY, Joseph V., Jr., S1/c
 SEADOR, Max Labiano, S2/c
 SEALE, James, S2/c
 SEALEY, Carl Edward, MM1/c
 SEALOCK, Herman E., S1/c
 SEARS, Arthur Gerald, WT1/c
 SEARS, Horace Thomas, CEMP
 SEARS, Vernon Leonard, S1/c
 SEASTRAND, George M., SC2/c
 SECKMAN, Buster Benton, SC3/c
 SECKORA, Merlin Marvin, AS
 SECORD, David Duane, S1/c
 SEDGWICK, Bobby Wayne, AS
 SEDGWICK, Joseph C., Jr., S2/c
 SEELY, Arthur Jefferson, SM1/c
 SEIDEL, Alfred G., EM2/c
 SEIDEL, Herman C., CMMMP
 SEIDELMAN, Carl Elmer, AMM1/c
 SEIF, Morris, S2/c
 SELF, Eugene Hal, Y3/c
 SELF, George Luther, S2/c
 SELF, Lee Jerome, S2/c
 SELL, Frank Michael, S2/c
 SELLARS, Joe F., S1/c
 SELLE, Harry Gamaliel M., S2/c
 SELLERS, Milan, CBMP
 SELLERS, Roger Gene, EM3/c
 SELLET, George Rudolph, F3/c
 SELLS, Orville Carl, MM1/c
 SELOYNT, Stanley Steven, S2/c
 SELTZ, Stephen Stanley, S1/c
 SELVIG, Donald A., RM2/c
 SEMPEK, Louis John, S2/c
 SENESE, Carmine Ralph, AMM3/c
 SENISE, Raymond J., ARM3/c
 SENNE, Harvey John, S1/c
 SENTELIK, Alex, FCM1/c
 SERAFINI, Robert, S1/c
 SERAMBA, James Kendall, S1/c
 SESSIONS, Herman Maxwell, MM1/c
 SESTACK, Albert Joseph, S1/c
 SETTLEMIRE, Alonzo R., WT2/c
 SEVERSON, James Phillip, ARM2/c
 SEVERSON, Ordiss T., ARM3/c
 SEXTON, George Lee, TM2/c
 SEXTON, Vincent Wilson, WT2/c
 SEYMOUR, John Gilbert, Mus1/c
 SHADWICK, Joseph Barbec, HA2/c
 SHADY, Max Eugene, AOM3/c
 SHAFER, Carl George, SC3/c
 SHAFFER, Henry Franklin, ARM1/c
 SHALITTA, Simon, S2/c
 SHAMP, James Benjamin, S2/c
 SHANAHAN, Joseph Edward, S1/c
 SHANNON, Richard Eugene, S1/c
 SHANNON, Richard W., RM3/c
 SHANNON, Wayne Egbert, S2/c
 SHAPIRO, Myer Harold, F1/c
 SHARP, Elmer, CMA
 SHARP, John Thomas, ARM3/c
 SHARR, John Joseph, SF3/c
 SHAVER, Alvin Don, AMM3/c
 SHAVER, Ivan Eugene, S1/c
 SHAW, Clyde Elder, SF2/c
 SHAW, Freddie, Jr., StM1/c
 SHAW, Thurman Allen, F3/c
 SHAW, Wendell Arnold, BM2/c
 SHEA, John Patrick, Jr., S2/c
 SHEA, Richard J., EM3/c

SHEAHAN, Martin Albert, S2/c
 SHEARER, Marshall Allison, MoMM
 SHEDLOCK, Victor Frank, GWTA
 SHEEHAN, John Francis, CQMA
 SHEETS, James Remus, MM1/c
 SHEETS, Lloyd, TM3/c
 SHEPACK, Joseph Peter, MM2/c
 SHEPARD, Ishler Vinson, F1/c
 SHEPHERD, Charles Alfred, S1/c
 SHEPHERD, James Trumel, AS
 SHEPPARD, Liston Sylveste, S2/c
 SHEPPARD, William Morris, F1/c
 SHERMAN, Everett Russell, S1/c
 SHERMAN, Frank, HA1/c
 SHERMAN, Robert Edward, S2/c
 SHERON, Arthur Lee, S1/c
 SHERWOOD, Joseph Rowe, AS
 SHIDLER, Arthur Seth, EM1/c
 SHIELDS, John Walter, S1/c
 SHIELDS, John W., HA1/c
 SHINABERY, Willard Edwin, F2/c
 SHINGLE, Robert Ward, SF1/c
 SHINN, George, WT1/c
 SHIPPY, Rex Robert, S1/c
 SHIRK, Albert Edward, MM2/c
 SHIRLEY, Anthony Bradford, S1/c
 SHIRLEY, Dowdy B., SM3/c
 SHIRLEY, Frank Howard, FCM1/c
 SHIVER, Howard, S1/c
 SHOCKEY, Donald Paul, Cox.
 SHOCKLEY, Carlos Edward, MM2/c
 SHOFNER, Walter, SM3/c
 SHOOK, Claude Anderson, F1/c
 SHOOK, Willis Charles, MM1/c
 SHORT, Roy Jack, ARM3/c
 SHOTT, Joseph Michael, MM1/c
 SHOULDERS, Robert Maurice, RM2/c
 SHOUSE, Dale Eugene, S1/c
 SHOVE, Robt. G., F1/c
 SHOVLIN, John J., Jr., S1/c
 SHOWALTER, Scott Isaac, S2/c
 SHROYER, Robert Walter, S2/c
 SHULER, Joseph Clifton, AM2/c
 SHYNE, David Loyola, PhM2/c
 SIDORSKI, Joseph T., Jr., S2/c
 STEBLER, Jerome, S1/c
 SIEGFRIED, Leroy Glenn, WT2/c
 SIEGLE, Walter Orville, S2/c
 SIERS, Nicholas, S1/c
 SIERUTA, Zigmund, SF3/c
 SIKES, William Lee, Jr., F1/c
 SIKORA, Stephen Jacob, MM2/c
 SILVA, Keith Bernard, S2/c
 SILVA, Robert Joseph, MM1/c
 SILVA, Robert Milton, CSA

SILVER, Nathan, ARM3/c
 SIMCOKE, James Oliver, FCM3/c
 SIMMERING, Chas. Harvey, S1/c
 SIMMONS, Kenneth Wayne, S1/c
 SIMON, Floyd Anthony, ACRM
 SIMON, James Joseph, F3/c
 SIMONSEN, Stanley C., MM2/c
 SIMPSON, Charles Wyatt, F2/c
 SIMPSON, Ernest Gene, StM3/c
 SIMPSON, Louis Gordon, WT2/c
 SIMPSON, Sanford, SF3/c
 SIMRELL, William Alton F., F3/c
 SIMS, Laurence, ARM2/c
 SIMS, Robt. Wm., F2/c
 SINGER, John L., S2/c
 SINGLETARY, Grady R. M., S2/c
 SINK, Dwight Gray, S1/c
 SIPES, Robert Lawson, CMMP
 SISSON, Ezra, Ck2/c
 SITKAUSKAS, John Frank, AOM3/c
 SIZEMORE, Sidney Otus, MoMM
 SKELTON, William O., Jr., S2/c
 SKINNER, Robert G., AMM2/c
 SKIPPER, Jens, MoMM
 SKIRATKO, John, GM1/c
 SKOOG, Alva Leonard, BM1/c
 SKORDELIS, Michael, S2/c
 SLABAUGH, Jack, F2/c
 SLACK, Hayward, S1/c
 SLAEBY, Willard Bonita, MM2/c
 SLATER, Frank Olga, S2/c
 SLATER, Lavern August, S1/c
 SLATER, Richard Carl, EM3/c
 SLATTERY, Allan William, Y1/c
 SLAYDEN, Billy G., S2/c
 SLIGH, Thomas Edward, S2/c
 SLINK, Robert Kline, SC1/c
 SLOAN, Ralph Edward, MM1/c
 SLOUGH, Thomas Glen, S1/c
 SLOUGH, William Richard, MoMM
 SMALL, Warren, ARM1/c
 SMALLNN, Robert Leroy, AMM3/c
 SMALLWOOD, James Earl, AOM3/c
 SMALLWOOD, John Edward, Ptr1/c
 SMART, William, MM2/c
 SMETANA, Pete, BM2/c
 SMISEK, Lada, CMMP
 SMISER, William Kline, FCM1/c
 SMITH, Archibald Peter, WT2/c
 SMITH, Arthur Edwin, S2/c
 SMITH, Berties Glenn, AS
 SMITH, Carlyle Geo., Ptr3/c
 SMITH, Carroll Adolphus, AS
 SMITH, Charles Lloyd, S1/c
 SMITH, Charles S., Jr., PhM1/c

SMITH, Clarence Alex, EM1/c
 SMITH, Clayton Frederick, FCM3/c
 SMITH, Clen Newton, S2/c
 SMITH, Clyde, StM2/c
 SMITH, Dale Robert, S2/c
 SMITH, Don Eugene, MM1/c
 SMITH, Duward Lee, S2/c
 SMITH, Earl Christian, F2/c
 SMITH, Edward Allen, WT2/c
 SMITH, Eli Lincoln, StM2/c
 SMITH, Elmer Alvin, MM1/c
 SMITH, Elmo Craddock, SC2/c
 SMITH, Elton Dean, S2/c
 SMITH, Francis Joseph, SM3/c
 SMITH, Francis William, F1/c
 SMITH, Fred Cecil, EM2/c
 SMITH, George August, Cox.
 SMITH, Glenn Arnold, EM3/c
 SMITH, Glenn Wesley, S2/c
 SMITH, Harding Alfred, F1/c
 SMITH, Harry Alvin, SM3/c
 SMITH, Henry Clay, F2/c
 SMITH, Herbert Austin, Mus1/c
 SMITH, Howard Robert, MM2/c
 SMITH, Ivan Basil, S2/c
 SMITH, Jack, F3/c
 SMITH, James Monroe, AMM2/c
 SMITH, Jesse R., Jr., MM1/c
 SMITH, Jim Dillehay, S2/c
 SMITH, John Arthur, Jr., QM3/c
 SMITH, John Howell, CEMP
 SMITH, John Harold, EM1/c
 SMITH, Joseph, RM3/c
 SMITH, Keith E., F2/c
 SMITH, Laroy H., EM2/c
 SMITH, Leonard Quinton, S2/c
 SMITH, Marion Monroe, MM2/c
 SMITH, Melvin Earl, MM2/c
 SMITH, Morris Edwin, S2/c
 SMITH, Olen Newell, SK2/c
 SMITH, Oliver S., Jr., S2/c
 SMITH, Orlando Randolph, ACOM
 SMITH, Raymond Curtis, AM3/c
 SMITH, Robert Arthur, ARM2/c
 SMITH, Robt. G., PhM1/c
 SMITH, Robt. L., BM2/c
 SMITH, Robert Lee, PhM3/c
 SMITH, Robert Lloyd, S2/c
 SMITH, Robert Maurice, AOM3/c
 SMITH, Stanley Clair, PhM3/c
 SMITH, Stanley S., PhM3/c
 SMITH, Thayne Charles, TM2/c
 SMITH, Vernon Clark, EM2/c
 SMITH, Vernon Marcell, F3/c
 SMITH, Walter R., Jr., S2/c

SMITH, William Crossan, MoMM
 SMITH, William Lance, S2/c
 SMITH, William Shepard, AMM2/c
 SMITH, Willie Allen, StM2/c
 SMITHSON, Charles Estyl, F3/c
 SMOCK, Earl Frank, GM3/c
 SMYTH, Francis Edward, Y3/c
 SNEED, Thomas Paul, Ck2/c
 SNEED, William Marion, S2/c
 SNEEDEN, Floyd Bagley, F1/c
 SNESAR, Joseph Frank, S2/c
 SNIDER, John Robert, S1/c
 SNIDER, Manning, MM2/c
 SNINGSACK, Theodore M., S2/c
 SNOW, Kenneth George, Cox.
 SNOW, William Kelly, CWT
 SNYDER, Christie John, S2/c
 SNYDER, Glenn Allen, F2/c
 SNYDER, Glenn Latrell, GM3/c
 SNYDER, Victor Mark, SF3/c
 SOARES, Henry George, BM2/c
 SOARES, Norton Henry, SM3/c
 SOBEK, Bela, S2/c
 SOLDMAN, Roy Frank, S1/c
 SOLIDAY, Sam Henry, S2/c
 SOLLIS, Milton Bernell F., S2/c
 SOLOMON, Jerome Alvin, Y2/c
 SOLTAU, Wilbur Eugene, AMM3/c
 SOMMERFELD, Walter Ruben, S2/c
 SOPER, Arnold Everett, PhM2/c
 SORENSEN, James Kenneth, SC3/c
 SORENSON, Eugene Merrill, S2/c
 SOULE, Irvin G., GM3/c
 SOULE, Leroy Walter, S2/c
 SOUTHARD, John Joseph, AS
 SOUTHARD, Rawlings Arbor, AM3/c
 SOUTHER, Ernest Otto, M2/c
 SOUTHERLAND, William R., F1/c
 SOUTHWICK, Jack Melvin, S1/c
 SOUZA, Antone Dias, S2/c
 SOWELL, James Walker, MM1/c
 SOWLE, James Henry, SC2/c
 SOZA, Mike George, S1/c
 SPAETH, Alvis, S1/c
 SPANENBERG, Kenneth J., GM3/c
 SPANGLER, Edwin L., Jr., ARM2/c
 SPANGLER, Robert Earlo, S1/c
 SPARKS, Burt Monroe, FCM2/c
 SPARKS, Calvin Coolidge, SC3/c
 SPARKS, James William, SF2/c
 SPARKS, Mirra John Howard, MM1/c
 SPARKS, Neal Richard, ARM3/c
 SPATA, John Justin, S2/c
 SPAULDING, Paul, TM3/c
 SPAULDING, Ronald Gibson, Cox.

SPEARS, James Leonard, F2/c
 SPECK, Charles John, Cox.
 SPEENBURG, Clinton Andrew, WT2/c
 SPEIZRO, Alfonso, BM2/c
 SPELL, Aaron Earl, GM3/c
 SPENCER, Harold Arthur, ACMM
 SPENCER, Harrison Leonard, S1/c
 SPENCER, John Glen, F1/c
 SPENCER, Mason D., S2/c
 SPENCER, Melvin Everett, CMMA
 SPIER, Obra Gerald, S1/c
 SPILLERS, M. L., SC3/c
 SPILLMAN, Gene Harding, WT2/c
 SPILMAN, Thomas P., RM3/c
 SPINNER, Herman Charles, EM3/c
 SPISHOK, John, WT1/c
 SPLAWN, Charles Marion, MM2/c
 SPOHR, Thomas Richard, PhM3/c
 SPRATT, Jack Roland, S1/c
 ST. JOHN, James Wesley, S1/c
 STACK, Johnie Franklin, S1/c
 STACK, William Moore, S2/c
 STAFFAN, Waylon Burton, S2/c
 STAGG, Roy Joseph, SC3/c
 STAHL, John Joseph, WT2/c
 STAHL, Lewis Clifton, S2/c
 STAHL, William Leland, S2/c
 STALCUP, Merle Stanley, BM2/c
 STAMAND, Leo Roger, F3/c
 STAMBAUGH, Ray Jacob, F1/c
 STAMBAUGH, Wm. Henry, ARM1/c
 STAMPER, Wm. Maurice, M2/c
 STANBOROUGH, Thomas Wm., Jr., BM1/c
 STANDFIELD, Clifton, ST3/c
 STANLEY, Edwin, CM3/c
 STANLY, Clealand Duane, AOM1/c
 STANSBERRY, John Thomas, S2/c
 STAPLETON, George W., Jr., F1/c
 STAPLETON, James Patrick, S2/c
 STAPLETON, Robert George, S1/c
 STAPLETON, Roy Pierce, WT1/c
 STAPLETON, William Lee, GM3/c
 STARK, Howard P., Sr., MoMM
 STARK, Jos. Peter, SF3/c
 STARKS, Wm. Gordon, S2/c
 STARMER, Victor Warren, BM2/c
 STARR, Roscoe Merrill, PhM2/c
 STARR, Roy Elmer, GM3/c
 STARRETT, Edwin Earl, TM3/c
 STASKO, John, Jr., SF3/c
 STAUB, Stanley Harry, ARM3/c
 STAUSEBACH, Clarence A., Jr., AMM3/c
 ST. CLAIR, George Joseph, EM1/c
 STEBBINS, Carl Cadmus, RM3/c
 STEELE, Charles Aron, SC2/c
 STEELE, Roy Lerson, Jr., S2/c
 STEERE, James Edward, MM2/c
 STEFFE, Merlin Maynard, FCM3/c
 STEGING, Ewald Henry C., PhM3/c
 STEINERT, Herbert, MM2/c
 STEINIGER, Charles E., F2/c
 STEINOW, Glenn Robert, F2/c
 STELLING, Henry George, AM1/c
 STELLUTO, Alphonse Chas., S2/c
 STEPHENS, Benjamin R., WT1/c
 STEPHENS, Clyde Erwin, F3/c
 STEPHENS, Evan Dale, S2/c
 STEPHENS, Geo. C., AMM1/c
 STEPHENS, Robert H., S1/c
 STEPHENS, Roy B., F3/c
 STEPHENSON, Charles H., S1/c
 STERLING, James Wendell, WT1/c
 STERN, George Morris, S1/c
 STETZEL, Frank Edward, QM2/c
 STEUART, Geo. Alexander, S2/c
 STEVENS, Calvin Ray, S1/c
 STEVENS, Emmett Charles, F3/c
 STEVENS, James Willard, RM3/c
 STEVENS, Joseph John, S2/c
 STEVENS, Leroy Warren, StM3/c
 STEVENS, Ray, S1/c
 STEVENSON, David Rex, S1/c
 STEVES, Royal John, S2/c
 STEWART, Arlie Boyd, Jr., S2/c
 STEWART, Donald Archie, S2/c
 STEWART, Frank Earl, SK3/c
 STEWART, Guy Alton, BM2/c
 STEWART, Henry Oscar, S2/c
 STEWART, Ian Hamilton, S1/c
 STEWART, Morris Edwin, GM3/c
 STEWART, Ralph Wm., Jr., PhM2/c
 STEWART, Roy William, F1/c
 STEWART, Stanley V., SK3/c
 STEWART, William, GM3/c
 STIERWALT, Morris Aven, S2/c
 STILWELL, Leroy, GM3/c
 STINCIG, Edward Thomas, S1/c
 STINSON, Jim Burke, AM3/c
 STINSON, Walter Mason, CPhM
 STIRES, Geo. E., F1/c
 STIVERSON, James S., MM2/c
 ST. JEAN, William Joseph, S2/c
 ST. JOHN, James Godfrey, EM3/c
 STOCKER, Harry Edmond, F3/c
 STOJAK, Walter Stanley, S1/c
 STOKES, Alfred Lennides, CGMP
 STOKES, Richard Pleasant, S1/c
 STOLTE, Raymond Louis, S2/c
 STOLZ, Vernon Henry, AMM2/c
 STOLZER, Karl V., ARM3/c

STONE, Francis Merrill, S1/c
 STONE, George Louis, AS
 STONE, Milton Eugene, MM1/c
 STONE, Oscar Callaway, SF3/c
 STONE, Wesley Howard, QM3/c
 STORM, John Victor, S2/c
 SToudenMIRE, Robert L., StM2/c
 SToughton, Frank Edward, WT2/c
 STovall, William Blanton, PhM1/c
 STovall, William Coy, CTCP
 STOVES, Theodore, StM2/c
 ST. PIERRE, David Adelard, WT1/c
 STRADTNER, Carl Ulrich, Cox.
 STRAKA, Joseph Julies, SK2/c
 STRAKA, Willie, S2/c
 STRANATHAN, Dale C., CMMA/c
 STRAND, Nels Axel Wm., B2/c
 STRASBURG, Kenneth Louis, S1/c
 STRAUB, Cyril Edward, SK2/c
 STRAUB, Eugene Neter, GM2/c
 STRAUS, David H., Jr., SK2/c
 STRAUSS, Sam Seymoure, S1/c
 STREET, Charles Raborn, F1/c
 STREETS, Melvin Harold, F2/c
 STRELCHIK, William George, S1/c
 STRETCH, Robert Eugene, F1/c
 STREY, Elmer F., Cox.
 STRIDER, Owen Albert, Jr., S2/c
 STRIEGLER, Herman F., EM1/c
 STRINGER, Loyd Elwood, MM1/c
 STRINGER, Walter Douglas, ARM3/c
 STRINGHAM, William Seymour, Cox.
 STROBEL, Harold Wesley, FCM1/c
 STROESSNER, Ludwig Anton, ART2/c
 STROM, Arthur Richard, S2/c
 STROM, Burton James, ARM3/c
 STROMBERG, Gene Victor, Y2/c
 STRONG, David Edward R. W., CM2/c
 STRONG, Elton McCalip, Jr., S2/c
 STROUD, Herschel Eugene, F2/c
 STROUP, Merle John, S2/c
 STROUSE, Ernest, WT2/c
 STROZDAS, Craig Leo, S2/c
 STRUBLE, Harold Lloyd, AS
 STUART, Champ Terry, ARM1/c
 STUART, Charles E., EM1/c
 STUART, Marvin Eugen, S1/c
 STUART, Walter Edward, MM2/c
 STUBBLEFIELD, Donald F., S1/c
 STUDSTILL, Jerry Evans, Y2/c
 STUERKE, Oscar Frederick, GM3/c
 STUERMER, Everett Max, MoMM
 STUKEY, Bertie McClellan, S2/c
 STULL, Robert Neal, S2/c
 STUMPFEL, Herbert Charles, S1/c
 STURDIVANT, John Steve, Y3/c
 STURMS, Leonard Mathis, F2/c
 STUTE, William Hart, AP2/c
 SUBASIC, Nicholas Francis, S2/c
 SUEL, Jas. T., S1/c
 SUGGITT, Francis A., Jr., S2/c
 SULLINS, Clifford, S1/c
 SULLIVAN, Albert Leo, S2/c
 SULLIVAN, Donald Lester, SM2/c
 SULLIVAN, Francis Henry, Cox.
 SULLIVAN, George Anthony, SF3/c
 SULLIVAN, George Thomas, GM2/c
 SULLIVAN, John Edward, S1/c
 SULLIVAN, Joseph Eugene, S2/c
 SULLIVAN, Kenneth Lee, SK3/c
 SULLIVAN, Madison Abel, S2/c
 SULLIVAN, Paul Patrick, PhM1/c
 SULLIVAN, William Thomas, S1/c
 SULT, Alfred P., Jr., S1/c
 SUMLIN, Jesse, StM3/c
 SUMMERS, George Ed, F1/c
 SUMMERS, James Alfred, S2/c
 SUMMERS, Lewis Ross, Y1/c
 SUMRALL, John Wesley, Jr., MM2/c
 SUR, Ernest Keaculi, S2/c
 SURBER, James G., SC3/c
 SUROFCHEK, Steven, SC1/c
 SUTHERLAND, Sam, Jr., BM2/c
 SUTTLES, Robert, BM2/c
 SUTTON, Donald Frank, RM3/c
 SUTTON, George C., S1/c
 SUTTON, Harold Lloyd, F2/c
 SWAIN, Calvin Cooley, WT2/c
 SWAN, George Washington, F3/c
 SWAN, Luther Lawron, S2/c
 SWANK, Francis Delno, S1/c
 SWANSON, Charles Walter, SC1/c
 SWANSON, Harlan Valencius, QM2/c
 SWANSON, Harry Theodore, CTMA
 SWANSON, Leo Frank, SC3/c
 SWAPP, Warren David, F2/c
 SWARTWOOD, David N., S2/c
 SWARTZ, Clifford A., S1/c
 SWARTZ, Lawrence Lewis, S1/c
 SWARTZ, Paul Rudolph, RM2/c
 SWEENEY, Max Eaken, CWTP
 SWEENEY, Willis Harold, S2/c
 SWEET, Charles Edward, AS
 SWEET, Orville Lewis, EM1/c
 SWEEZEY, Ralph Beecher, S1/c
 SWENNING, Gust Junior, SF2/c
 SWENSEN, August John, Jr., S1/c
 SWICK, Robert Harold, S1/c
 SWIFT, John B., EM1/c
 SWINDELL, Thurman R., AOM1/c

SWITZER, Raymond W., Cox.
SWOPE, Russell Barnard, EM3/c
SYKES, William David, MM1/c
SZAPOUSKI, John Anthony, WT1/c
SZENAY, Joseph Paul, S2/c
SZYMANSKI, Edward Robert, SF2/c

TABACZYNSKI, Joseph M., S2/c
TABUJARA, Miguel, ST1/c
TACKET, Walker, S2/c
TADJE, Frank Carl, CQMP
TAGALONI, Charles, CBMA
TAIENAO, Jesus Cruz, StM2/c
TAIMANGLO, Joaquin Jesus, Ck3/c
TAIT, William A., Jr., S2/c
TAJKOWSKI, Richard Henry, CCSA
TALBERT, Elmer Edgar, SF2/c
TALBOT, Warren A., PhM2/c
TALBOTT, Alvin T., S2/c
TALO, S1/c
TAMSI, Segundo, Ck2/c
TAORMINA, Enrico Erasmus, S1/c
TAPIA, Joseph, Ck2/c
TAPLER, Joseph Stephen, Bgm1/c
TARKA, Edw. J., AS
TARKINGTON, Claude F., MM2/c
TARTER, Robert Wesley, S2/c
TATE, Frank Raymond, F2/c
TATGE, Clifford, S2/c
TATUM, Clyde Thomas, BM1/c
TAUAESE, Musi/c
TAULBEE, Arnold, WT1/c
TAUZIN, Sully Joseph, AS
TAVERLAW, Dell, StM2/c
TAYLOR, Billy Buxton, S2/c
TAYLOR, Charles Harry, CPhM
TAYLOR, Dan Edward, F1/c
TAYLOR, Dean Alton, RM3/c
TAYLOR, Douglas Shelbert, BM2/c
TAYLOR, Elza Allen, S2/c
TAYLOR, Emmett Shaw, CM3/c
TAYLOR, Franklyn S., Jr., CMMA
TAYLOR, George Edward, S1/c
TAYLOR, Harold Carleton, MM1/c
TAYLOR, Homer Lee, MM1/c
TAYLOR, James Emberry, HA1/c
TAYLOR, Jim, F1/c
TAYLOR, Paul James, MM1/c
TAYLOR, Robert Leroy, GM2/c
TAYLOR, Roy Edwin, S2/c
TAYLOR, Russel H., S1/c
TAYLOR, Wayne Earl, CMoM
TAYLOR, William Harrell, SC2/c
TEAL, Ellwin Albert, ARM3/c
TEAVER, William Thomas, MM2/c

TEDFORD, Kenneth W., S2/c
TEICHMAN, Robert Thomas, S2/c
TEMPLETON, Samuel A., GM1/c
TEPNER, Ray Henry, S1/c
TEPUS, George, ARM3/c
TERLIZZI, Angelo, S1/c
TERLUK, John Joseph, S2/c
TERPENING, Charles E., Jr., S1/c
TERRY, Chas. Dermont, F1/c
TERRY, Wayland Jerome, S1/c
TESLA, Joseph Francis, S2/c
TESSMER, Irvin George, BM1/c
TESSON, Raymond E., AM3/c
TESTA, Silvino, StM1/c
TEUFEL, William Raymond, S2/c
TEW, Douglas Holcomb, MM2/c
THACKER, Jean Francis, S2/c
THAMER, George Frederick, S1/c
THANOS, Leonard, S2/c
THATCHER, Alden P., Jr., S1/c
THAU, Willard Albert, MM1/c
THERIAC, John Edward, F3/c
THERRIAULT, Joseph Alvert, Y2/c
THEW, Richard Ridley, FCM1/c
THOM, Robert Lawrence, AMM3/c
THOMAS, Chester, CMMP
THOMAS, David Dale, SC2/c
THOMAS, Douglas Levi, ARM3/c
THOMAS, Edward, FCM2/c
THOMAS, Everett Junior, S2/c
THOMAS, George Firman, S1/c
THOMAS, Howard Griffith, Cox.
THOMAS, James, StM1/c
THOMAS, Jefferson F., Sr., Cox.
THOMAS, John, CM2/c
THOMAS, L. V., ARM3/c
THOMAS, Melvin Willard, BM1/c
THOMAS, Orville A., TM3/c
THOMAS, Robert Martin, WT1/c
THOMAS, Theodore R., S2/c
THOMAS, Walter Albert, PhoM
THOMAS, William Dwayne, SK3/c
THOMPSON, Carl Allen CSFA
THOMPSON, Charles Ernest, S2/c
THOMPSON, Charles P., MM2/c
THOMPSON, Clyde Carl, Cox.
THOMPSON, Donald Walton, S2/c
THOMPSON, Edw. Leroy, S1/c
THOMPSON, Elza Laymond, MoMM
THOMPSON, Ferree E., Jr., S1/c
THOMPSON, Henry Lee, CMMA
THOMPSON, James Wm., S2/c
THOMPSON, John, MM2/c
THOMPSON, Leland Earl, S2/c
THOMPSON, Myron Morgan, AMM3/c

THOMPSON, Raymond Dale, S2/c
 THOMPSON, Sidney Curtis, BM2/c
 THOMPSON, Tom, MM2/c
 THOMPSON, Wilfred Nick, ARM2/c
 THOMSON, John Scott, S2/c
 THORN, Harry Carl, F3/c
 THORNER, James Henry, RM3/c
 THORNSBURG, Kermit Lee, MM2/c
 THORNTON, Edw. Douglas, StM3/c
 THORNTON, Robt. W., CM2/c
 THORPE, Leonard Arnold, F3/c
 THORPE, Norman William, S2/c
 THORPE, William Raymond, AMM3/c
 THUMANN, Arthur Joseph, CEMA
 THUMS, Alvin Jacob, F2/c
 THURSTON, Earl F., QM1/c
 TICE, Thomas Green, S2/c
 TICHACEK, Elmer Theodore, SM1/c
 TIEMENS, Edwin Carl Peter, F1/c
 TIERNEY, John Joseph, S2/c
 TIGNER, John Joseph, S2/c
 TIGNER, Gerald Roscoe, MoMM
 TILGHMAN, Henry Edward, F1/c
 TILLEY, James Arthur, S1/c
 TILTON, Howard Joseph, F2/c
 TIMBS, William Elton, S1/c
 TIMCHECK, John Andrew, S1/c
 TIMEUS, Gerald, S2/c
 TIMKO, Nicholas, CWTa
 TINKER, William, S2/c
 TIPPS, John Dewey, FCM3/c
 TIPTON, Robert Edward, SC3/c
 TITTSWORTH, James David, AMM2/c
 TODD, Joseph Vance, RM3/c
 TODD, Lester V., Cox.
 TODD, Merwin Kenneth, GM2/c
 TODD, William Vincent, S1/c
 TOLL, Kenneth Eugene, AMM2/c
 TOLLBERG, Maynard Wm., WT2/c
 TOLLEY, Robert Richard, SC2/c
 TOMLIN, Edward V., CPhM
 TOMPKINS, Archie M., AMM2/c
 TOMPKINS, James W., GM3/c
 TOMPKINS, Wilbur John, S1/c
 TONER, Philip James, S2/c
 TONEY, Victor Nally, S1/c
 TONNE, James Richardson. AS
 TONZO, Dominic, AS
 TORJUSEN, Edmund John, M2/c
 TORNILLO, James V., Jr., RM3/c
 TOROSIAN, Toros Nubar, F1/c
 TORRES, Edelmiro, S2/c
 TORREY, Guy Ellicott, S1/c
 TOTH, Albert G., AMM2/c
 TOTTH, John, Sr., S2/c

TOWELS, Duane Willis, S2/c
 TOWNER, Cornelius O., Jr., S1/c
 TOWNSEND, Curtis, S2/c
 TOWNSEND, Deforest, StM1/c
 TOWNSEND, Shelby Ray, F3/c
 TOWNSEND, Thomas Robert, AOM2/c
 TRACY, Delbert William, CRMA
 TRADEWELL, Thomas Howard, SF1/c
 TRAHEY, Robert Thomas, MM2/c
 TRAINOR, Charles Chester, RM3/c
 TRAINOR, Omar Leo, Jr., S2/c
 TRAMPE, Ervin Erick, ARM2/c
 TRAVINEK, Anthony John, MM2/c
 TRAVIS, Albert, W., Jr., F2/c
 TRAVIS, Elmer James, Jr., S2/c
 TRAVIS, Thomas Milton, MM2/c
 TRAVIS, Wayne Inglis, Bkr2/c
 TRAVISS, Byron Allen, S2/c
 TREACE, Harold Theodore, S2/c
 TREMBLEY, Richard Allen, S2/c
 TREST, Guy Colon, GM1/c
 TREVINO, Amado, Jr., S1/c
 TRIPLETT, June V., F1/c
 TRIPLETT, William Frank, S1/c
 TRIPP, Robert Wesley, S2/c
 TRIPP, Ted Jackson, F1/c
 TROCHECK, Joseph Edward, AS
 TROLAN, Joseph, AS
 TROTTER, Neal Junior, WT2/c
 TROUTT, William Smith, FCM3/c
 TROWBRIDGE, Robert E., S1/c
 TROXIL, Joseph George, MM2/c
 TRUE, Erle Ray, F3/c
 TRUE, George Sumner, WT2/c
 TRUEHART, Harry Carnell, StM2/c
 TRUSH, John Stanley, MM1/c
 TUBBS, Arthur Warren, SF3/c
 TUBBS, Zed Hanley, S1/c
 TUBRE, Henry Oran, S1/c
 TUCK, George Thomas, GM2/c
 TUCK, Thomas Stanley, EM2/c
 TUCKER, Clarence, FCM3/c
 TUCKER, Ernest Eugene, Jr., S1/c
 TUCKER, Francis Jos., Cox.
 TUCKER, George Earl, F1/c
 TUCKER, Henry Warren, PhM3/c
 TUCKER, Joe Wayne, S2/c
 TUCKER, John Thomas, S2/c
 TUCKER, Paul Clifton, Jr., S1/c
 TUCKER, Wm. E., Mus3/c
 TULLOCH, Jerome Clouston, F1/c
 TULLOCH, Paul S., WT2/c
 TUNNELL, Thadeus O., Jr., S2/c
 TUNNER, Thomas Lanson, S2/c
 TUPAS, Lorenzo, St3/c

TURCO, Daniel Donato, S2/c
 TURNBULL, William C., Jr., SK3/c
 TURNER, Charles Douglas, PhM1/c
 TURNER, Charles Emmett, F3/c
 TURNER, Harley Jamer, C2/c
 TURNER, Jack Monroe, Cox.
 TURNER, John William, AMM3/c
 TURNER, Ralph Moten, S2/c
 TURNER, William James, F1/c
 TURNER, William John, MM1/c
 TURNER, William Thomas, StM1/c
 TUROCY, John Alfred, SC1/c
 TUSSING, Donald Frederick, AOM3/c
 TUTERA, John, S2/c
 TUTTLE, Fred, S2/c
 TUTTLE, Nelson O., Jr., MM2/c
 TWEEDALE, Melvin Howard, S2/c
 TWOREK, Henry Thomas, Bkr2/c
 TYLER, Chas. Hylbert, SK3/c
 TYLER, Emery Earl, Jr., F2/c
 TYLER, Wells A., Bkr3/c
 TYNAN, Joseph M., Jr., S2/c
 TYNDAL, William Earl, S1/c
 TYRPAK, Elias, GM1/c
 TYSON, Alfred J., CRMA

UGRIN, John Chas., Cox.
 ULLMANN, Albert, S2/c
 ULMER, William James, F1/c
 ULRICKSON, Ernest Edw., S1/c
 UMPHRESS, Thos. Jackson, AM1/c
 UMPLEBY, Eugene Edgar, CWTA
 UNDERHILL, Geo. H., Cox.
 UNDERWOOD, Chester D., MM2/c
 UPTON, Harold Wormack, StM2/c
 URBON, Stanley Edward, S2/c
 USRY, Homer Leon, F3/c
 UTTER, Roy Alfred, AMM3/c
 UZZELL, George Washington, S1/c

VAHLKAMP, Henry Wm., SF3/c
 VALDEZ, Ernest Ramon, S1/c
 VALDEZ, Robert, S2/c
 VALEK, Antone G., Jr., AMM1/c
 VALENTE, Kenneth F., S1/c
 VALENTI, James Vincent, SC3/c
 VAN ANTWERP, Daniel K., F1/c
 VANCE, Victor Dewitt, S2/c
 VANDERKAMP, Burton L., RM3/c
 VANDER VEER, Dick Richard, S2/c
 VANDERWERF, Irvin Alvin, S1/c
 VANDE WALLE, Frank, Jr., GM3/c
 VANDRILLA, Steven Roland, S2/c
 VAN DUSEN, Warren, S2/c
 VAN DUSSELDORP, Ivan, F2/c

VAN DYKE, Dewitt T., Jr., B1/c
 VAN FLEET, Donald, WT1/c
 VAN GEEM, Carl Edward, GM3/c
 VAN HASSEL, Harold Wm., S2/c
 VANHOOSER, Ross Gailon, EM3/c
 VAN METER, Don Douglas, EM1/c
 VANN, Lewis, StM2/c
 VANN, Robert Rager, F1/c
 VANSICKLE, Charles R., Prtr3/c
 VAN TILBURG, Robert Blossom, HA1/c
 VANUCCI, Eugene John, F2/c
 VAN VALKENBURG, Donald, S1/c
 VAN WOGGELUM, Marshall F., F3/c
 VARGA, Arnold, F1/c
 VARGO, Bernard Edmund, S2/c
 VARJABEDIAN, Benjamin, EM2/c
 VARNUM, John Wesley, SC2/c
 VASQUEZ, Augustine Martin, S2/c
 VASQUEZ, Fernando, S1/c
 VASS, Frank Imery, Jr., S2/c
 VASSAR, Gilford, Jr., StM2/c
 VAUGHAN, Russell Joseph, AOM2/c
 VAUGHN, John Laythan, S2/c
 VAUGHN, Thos. A., WT2/c
 VDOVIN, John, S1/c
 VEATOR, Manual Cardoz, MM2/c
 VECCHIONE, August Geo., Jr., SM3/c
 VELASQUEZ, Gilberto, S2/c
 VELASQUEZ, Manuel John, S2/c
 VELKIE, Charles Patrick, GM3/c
 VELLA, Tom, SC3/c
 VELOSO, Ildefonso, St1/c
 VENETZ, Harold Morris, EM3/c
 VERMILLION, Carl King, CBMA
 VERNON, Clarice J., M2/c
 VERNON, Walter, GM1/c
 VESELOSKY, Mike, S1/c
 VESSELS, Harry Joseph, SM1/c
 VEST, Jack Robert, S2/c
 VETH, Walter Raleigh, MM1/c
 VETTER, Charles F., Cox.
 VIAL, Richard Cowan, S2/c
 VICKNAIR, Andrew William, AMM3/c
 VICTORY, Roy J., StM1/c
 VIEGELMANN, Otto, CMMA
 VIETMEIER, Milton Lester, S2/c
 VILLANI, John, S1/c
 VINGENT, William Lee, PhM2/c
 VINESKEY, Edmond Alfred, S2/c
 VINSON, Bobby Ford, S2/c
 VINTON, Donald Edward, QM3/c
 VINTON, Donald Gene, BM2/c
 VIRCHOW, Leroy Frank, BM1/c
 VITELLO, Joseph, AS
 VOGAN, Jack C., MM2/c

VOGE, Almar Emil, AMM3/c
 VOLLRATH, Frederick T., S1/c
 VOLLUM, Ole Christopher, CBMP
 VOLPE, Anthony, Cox.
 VOLZ, Leo Peter, Jr., PhM2/c
 VOZAK, Leo Carl, RM3/c

WADE, Edw., AS
 WADE, Hollis Dean, S1/c
 WADE, Paul, MM2/c
 WADE, Willie Lovell, StM1/c
 WADLEY, Othello F., StM2/c
 WAGNER, Edward James, S2/c
 WAGNER, Walter John, S2/c
 WAGONER, Dan Edward, S1/c
 WAGONER, Martin Francis, S2/c
 WAHLERS, Donald Fredric, F2/c
 WAITE, Everett Fred, MM2/c
 WAITES, James, StM2/c
 WALDRON, Douglas Warren, S1/c
 WALDROP, Harold Roscoe, WT1/c
 WALDVOGEL, Hugo Wesley, F2/c
 WALEN, Chester Norman, S1/c
 WALFORD, Earl Rolland, AM3/c
 WALKER, Allen Flanigan, ARM2/c
 WALKER, Carl A., S2/c
 WALKER, James Charles, AOM3/c
 WALKER, James Owen, ARM3/c
 WALKER, Kenneth W., F1/c
 WALKER, Paul Ray, Cox.
 WALKER, Prosper Edw., StM3/c
 WALKER, Robert Byron, F3/c
 WALKER, Russell Henry, PhM3/c
 WALKER, Thomas Joseph, S2/c
 WALKER, Vernon Vincent, PhM2/c
 WALKER, Wilburn Jerry Lee, F1/c
 WALKER, William Moore, BM2/c
 WALKER, Wm Scott, StM2/c
 WALL, Ralph John, S2/c
 WALLAGE, George Albert, F2/c
 WALLAGE, J. D., S2/c
 WALLAGE, John, S2/c
 WALLAGE, John Arnold, FCM3/c
 WALLACE, Kenneth Patrick, F2/c
 WALLACE, Stuart Henry, S2/c
 WALLAN, Arthur, Jr., AS
 WALLEN, Pershing George, GM3/c
 WALLEN, Samuel Elmer, S1/c
 WALLING, Lowell Arthur, S1/c
 WALLNER, Frank Lucas, S2/c
 WALMSLEY, Bernard Paul, S1/c
 WALSH, Francis Michael, S2/c
 WALSH, Frank David, S1/c
 WALSH, Frank Wm., S2/c
 WALSH, Leo William, S2/c

WALTER, Clyde Elmer, AMM3/c
 WALTER, Melvin Hillary, F3/c
 WALTERS, George Louis, CWTP
 WALTERS, Richard Jean, F3/c
 WALTERS, Thomas James, S1/c
 WALTMAN, Jesse Baker, WT2/c
 WALTON, Charles Orin, AMM2/c
 WALTON, Dallas Marril, Cox.
 WALTON, George Dempsey, CBMP
 WALTON, Harold Eugene, F2/c
 WALTON, Leland Herbert, S2/c
 WALTON, Willie J., Jr., StM1/c
 WALZ, Reynolds Guy, S2/c
 WANER, Martin Michael, S2/c
 WANN, Walter Carl, Jr., PhM2/c
 WARBURTON, Robert Henry S2/c
 WARD, Frank C., EM3/c
 WARD, Frank Lewis, ARM3/c
 WARD, James B., AOM3/c
 WARD, James Robert, F3/c
 WARD, Lawrence Edward, FCM3/c
 WARD, Norman Russell, S2/c
 WARD, Paul, SF1/c
 WARD, William Buchanan, Jr., ACMA
 WARDELL, Thomas Tilton, Cox.
 WARDRIE, Ivan Forest, S2/c
 WARE, Joseph Douglas, ARM3/c
 WARE, Weldon Wallace, GM3/c
 WARNER, Donald Andrew, F1/c
 WARNER, Ralph Ellsworth, RM2/c
 WARNER, Richard Ray, S1/c
 WARNER, Robert Henry, S1/c
 WARREN, Earl Lee, StM2/c
 WARREN, Ellis E., EM2/c
 WARREN, Eugene Revella, F3/c
 WARREN, George Buford, S2/c
 WARREN, Roland Henry, MM2/c
 WARRICK, Calvin Douglas, S2/c
 WARRICK, Edward Robin, CEMA
 WASHBURN, Marshall Austin, S1/c
 WASHBURN, Richard Cota, S2/c
 WASHBURN, Herbert R., S2/c
 WASHINGTON, James D., StM3/c
 WASSMER, Victor Albert, S2/c
 WASSON, Theodore Robin, AOM2/c
 WATERBURY, Chesley Harold, CCSA
 WATERHOUSE, Carl V., ACM3
 WATERS, William Dale, SM3/c
 WATFORD, Samuel Lee, St1/c
 WATKINS, Henry F., HA1/c
 WATKINS, Jack Barbee, Y2/c
 WATKINS, James Harold, WT1/c
 WATKINS, Joseph Frank, MM2/c
 WATKINS, Lewis Albion, BM1/c
 WATKINS, Vernon C., SF2/c

WATSON, Claude Newman, CWTA
WATSON, Daniel M., Jr., MM2/c
WATSON, Edwin M., BM1/c
WATSON, Elmer Leroy, CYA
WATSON, Garlin Julian, CMMP
WATSON, Henry F., AMM2/c
WATSON, James Berry, Jr., Cox.
WATSON, Joe Charles, AMM1/c
WATSON, John Francis, SF3/c
WATSON, Miad Irving, S2/c
WATT, Robert E. Lee, S2/c
WATTS, George Elton, S2/c
WATTS, Irle Monroe, Jr., AOM3/c
WATTS, Lester Ray, GM3/c
WAWRZYNOWICZ, Andrew John, S2/c
WAY, Jack Gifford, S2/c
WAY, Roland Albert, F3/c
WEADE, Claiborne H., CTMA
WEAK, Raymond William, GM2/c
WEATE, William Henry, SC2/c
WEATHERLY, Elbert Jackson, MM1/c
WEAVER, Forrest Vernon, ARM3/c
WEAVER, Normand Edgar, CRMA
WEAVER, Virgil Lee, S1/c
WEAVER, William Rutledge, Y3/c
WEAVER, Woodrow, B1/c
WEBB, Arthur Holland, EM1/c
WEBB, Bowmer, CBMP
WEBB, Durward, CYA
WEBB, Harry Edward, BM2/c
WEBB, Herbert Leon, Cox.
WEBB, Idus Felder, MM1/c
WEBB, Joseph Clifford, CMMP
WEBB, Roy, CWTP
WEBB, Wm. Henry, GM3/c
WEBBER, Norman, S2/c
WEBER, Anthony, WT2/c
WEBER, Burton Robert, BM1/c
WEBER, George Henry, WT1/c
WEBER, Henry, S1/c
WEBER, John, CBMP
WEBER, John A. Wm., MM2/c
WEBER, Raymond Edward, S1/c
WEBRE, Clarence Jos., S2/c
WEBSTER, John Thomas, FCM3/c
WEBSTER, Raymond Eugene, EM2/c
WEDER, Ronald Oswald, F3/c
WEEKLEY, Ezra Everett, S2/c
WEEKLY, Robert Adair, GM3/c
WEEKS, Harold Francis, S2/c
WEEKS, Robert H., Jr., CGMA
WEEKS, Virgil Lewis, PhM1/c
WEEKS, William James, S2/c
WEEL, Sylvan George, F1/c
WEIGKUM, Henry, SC2/c

WEIDNER, Louis Herman, SM3/c
WEIHS, Alfred Peter, F1/c
WEIL, Charles Allen, RM3/c
WEIL, Herbert Bernard, SC3/c
WEIMER, Ray Henry, SF2/c
WEINBERGER, Russell V., S2/c
WEINSTEIN, Joseph R., F2/c
WEIS, Leonard M., RM3/c
WEITOWIC, Philip, F3/c
WELCH, Bradford Dearbon, CM2/c
WELCH, Donald Francis, FCM2/c
WELCH, Earl Hermond, CCSA
WELCH, Robert Hiram, AMM2/c
WELCH, Warren Henry, Jr., S2/c
WELLMAN, Art Earl, Jr., F3/c
WELLMAN, William Wenston, S2/c
WELLS, Donald Allen, S1/c
WELLS, Earl John, FCM3/c
WELLS, Edward Roy, CYA
WELLS, John Harrison, TM2/c
WELSH, Andrew Joseph, MM1/c
WELSH, Wm. H., S1/c
WELTER, John Frederick, MM1/c
WENDELL, Ralph Clair, BM2/c
WENRICH, Russell Charles, GM3/c
WENTWORTH, Vern Leroy, F3/c
WENTZ, Harry Phillip, S1/c
WERLY, William Gustav, S1/c
WERNER, William Thomas, M2/c
WERT, Charles Reo, S2/c
WERTEEN, Edwin Loid, GM3/c
WERTH, Fred, F2/c
WEST, Benjamin H., Jr., AMM2/c
WEST, Garnold Richard, S1/c
WEST, George Willis, S1/c
WEST, James Clyde, AMM3/c
WEST, James Sudeth, S1/c
WEST, Jesse Orvel, MM2/c
WESTER, William, GM1/c
WESTLUND, Wilfred Ira, Cox.
WESTON, Arthur Dick, BM1/c
WESTON, Robert Leonard, F3/c
WETZEL, Orien R., F1/c
WHALING, Robert Gerard, S1/c
WHATLEY, Raymond Wallace, S2/c
WHEATEN, Joseph, Jr., StM2/c
WHEATLEY, Booker T., StM1/c
WHEATLEY, Orlandaith C., F2/c
WHEELER, Jas. B., S2/c
WHEELER, Vanion Lee, S2/c
WHETSTONE, Donald Glen, AMM3/c
WHETSTONE, Owens A., Jr., S1/c
WHILLOCK, John Fredrick, F2/c
WHIPPLE, Eugene Edwin, S2/c
WHIPPLE, Kenneth Glen, TM3/c

WHITAKER, James R., Jr., EM2/c
 WHITAKER, Manuel Owen, AMM3/c
 WHITBY, James William, S1/c
 WHITCHER, Ralph Hall, S1/c
 WHITE, Billy Joe, S2/c
 WHITE, Chas. E., WT2/c
 WHITE, Charles Louis, SM3/c
 WHITE, Clarence D., EM1/c
 WHITE, Eugene Adam, S2/c
 WHITE, George L., Jr., S1/c
 WHITE, Herbert, Jr., SC3/c
 WHITE, Irby Lousin, AP1/c
 WHITE, James Arthur, CEMP
 WHITE, Jas. H., SF1/c
 WHITE, James Kenneth, GM1/c
 WHITE, James W., PhM2/c
 WHITE, Jess Willard, S1/c
 WHITE, Lester John, GM2/c
 WHITE, Paul Evert, S2/c
 WHITE, Reuben Earl, PhM1/c
 WHITE, Richard Melvin, S1/c
 WHITE, Robert Harold, S1/c
 WHITE, Robt. Leon, SC2/c
 WHITE, Roy Thomas, F2/c
 WHITE, Russell Perry, S2/c
 WHITE, Thomas Vernon, CM1/c
 WHITE, William John, S2/c
 WHITE, William Joseph, S2/c
 WHITEHEAD, Ernest F., F2/c
 WHITEHEAD, Milburn James, CTCA
 WHITELEY, Robert Leland, Bkr3/c
 WHITENDALE, Louis Martin, RM3/c
 WHITEROCK, Frank Elmer, S1/c
 WHITLOCK, Walter, Jr., StM3/c
 WHITNEY, George Melvin, S1/c
 WICKETT, Ray F., Jr., MM2/c
 WIDMEYER, Harry C., S1/c
 WIESE, John George, BM2/c
 WILCOX, Edmond Jay, WT2/c
 WILDI, Gus Arnold, AS
 WILKE, Theodore H., Jr., S1/c
 WILKENS, Paul John, S1/c
 WILKERSON, Claude M., SK3/c
 WILKINS, Fredrick James, CBMA
 WILKINS, Wilbur J., Jr., F2/c
 WILKINSON, Charles B., S2/c
 WILKINSON, Porter Vernon, AOM3/c
 WILKINSON, Raymond L., S2/c
 WILLARD, George Veon, F3/c
 WILLARD, Glenn H., AS
 WILLARD, Minot L., SK1/c
 WILLETT, Edward George, GM2/c
 WILLIAMS, Alter Lee, StM1/c
 WILLIAMS, Alvin John, AMM3/c
 WILLIAMS, Carl Leo, S2/c
 WILLIAMS, Clifford Vance, S2/c
 WILLIAMS, Daniel Woodrow, MM2/c
 WILLIAMS, David M., S1/c
 WILLIAMS, Earl John, S1/c
 WILLIAMS, Edward James, S2/c
 WILLIAMS, Francis P., Cox.
 WILLIAMS, Frank Michael, SoM2/c
 WILLIAMS, Henry Irvin, F2/c
 WILLIAMS, Houston Leon, S2/c
 WILLIAMS, James Dixon, EM1/c
 WILLIAMS, James Harrison, S1/c
 WILLIAMS, James Ueal, AS
 WILLIAMS, Joseph N., StM2/c
 WILLIAMS, Lee, S1/c
 WILLIAMS, Leonard Calvin, S2/c
 WILLIAMS, Lester Lee, MM2/c
 WILLIAMS, Lloyd Eldred, EM1/c
 WILLIAMS, Louie George, Jr., S2/c
 WILLIAMS, Lyman Darol, EM3/c
 WILLIAMS, Maurice, StM2/c
 WILLIAMS, Richard S., S1/c
 WILLIAMS, Robert, Ck3/c
 WILLIAMS, Robert Hickman, MM1/c
 WILLIAMS, Robert Raymond, MM2/c
 WILLIAMS, Russell Earl, S2/c
 WILLIAMS, Thomas Charles, PhM1/c
 WILLIAMS, Thomas Turner, StM1/c
 WILLIAMS, Wayne Rupert, SF2/c
 WILLIAMS, William B., Jr., S2/c
 WILLIAMS, Willie James, S2/c
 WILLIAMSON, John Leon, S1/c
 WILLIAMSON, John M., Jr., S2/c
 WILLIAMSON, Mansfield C., StM3/c
 WILLIAMSON, Melvin Dale, S1/c
 WILLIAMSON, Lawrence R., AS
 WILLIE, Victor Clair, MM2/c
 WILLINGHAM, W. N., S2/c
 WILLIS, Billy, S1/c
 WILLIS, Donniss W., S1/c
 WILLIS, William Edward, WT1/c
 WILLOUGHBY, George A., S1/c
 WILLSON, Charles Edward, SC3/c
 WILSON, Alfred David, S2/c
 WILSON, Charles Eugene, S2/c
 WILSON, Charley Herman, S2/c
 WILSON, Earl, MM1/c
 WILSON, Ernest Augustus, BM2/c
 WILSON, Freeman Lee, S1/c
 WILSON, George Joseph, GM3/c
 WILSON, James, S1/c
 WILSON, John Edgar, Jr., SC3/c
 WILSON, John Louis, MM2/c
 WILSON, Lee Arthur, CGMA
 WILSON, Louis Carter, M1/c
 WILSON, Nelson Maynard, SC1/c

WILSON, Norman Lloyd, ARM 1/c
 WILSON, Offa Lee, WT1/c
 WILSON, Richard C., F2/c
 WILSON, Robert Don, S2/c
 WILSON, Troy Paul, ARM3/c
 WILSON, Vincent L. Roy, S1/c
 WILSON, Wm., E., S2/c
 WILSON, William Watson, RM3/c
 WILTSHIRE, Jack, S1/c
 WIMMER, Orman Rudolph, F2/c
 WINFIELD, Harold William, S1/c
 WINGATE, Ivy Hamilton, FCM, 3/c
 WINGATE, Stanley Marvin, FCM2/c
 WINKELRIED, George David, S1/c
 WINKLER, Albion August, F1/c
 WINN, Easton Carl, MM1/c
 WINNETT, Selmer Ray, F3/c
 WINSLOW, James Herbert, RM3/c
 WINTERS, Levi, BM2/c
 WINTERS, William Francis, ARM3/c
 WINTLE, William, S1/c
 WINZENRITH, Wm. Meredith, WT1/c
 WISE, Charles Louis, S1/c
 WISE, Charles Ramsey, S1/c
 WISE, Joseph Hill, SM1/c
 WISE, Robert Benjamin, S1/c
 WISE, Robert Floyd, F3/c
 WISEGARVER, William H., MM2/c
 WISEMAN, Richard F., Jr., MM2/c
 WISENBERGER, Paul Grey, F2/c
 WISNIEWSKI, Henry S., GM1/c
 WISSEL, Walter Frank, S1/c
 WITHAM, Kenneth Willard, GM3/c
 WITHAM, Paul Homer, AP1/c
 WITHERS, Daniel Leonides, AS
 WITHROW, Alfred Eldon, F3/c
 WITT, Craig Cowan, AS
 WITTER, William Leonard, CPtrr
 WOC, Walter Ladislaus, GM3/c
 WODNICK, Lawrence James, AM3/c
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 WOOD, Charles Frederick, WT1/c
 WOOD, Donald Wayne, SK2/c
 WOOD, George Alan, S1/c
 WOOD, Harold David, S2/c
 WOOD, Lloyd Haven, B2/c

WOOD, Roosevelt, StM3/c
 WOOD, Thomas Jonathan, F2/c
 WOOD, Wilbur Irvin, S2/c
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